THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

OCTOBER 2, 1948

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In this issue

Death in the Classroom

—The shame of our firetrap schools

A Hunter's Map of the U.S.A.

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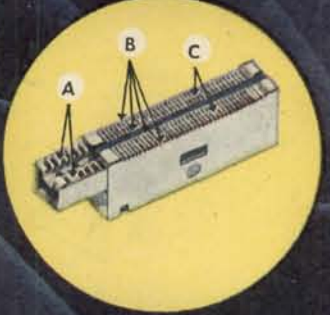
The REMINGTON CONTOUR 6

New leader of a famous line of leaders

Contour heads keep the skin taut and the whiskers erect for cleaner, faster shaving.



IMPROVED! (A) Keen-edged *Diamond-Honed* twin inner cutters. (B) Four long-hair cutting edges. (C) Increased cutting surface.

REMINGTON
6
CONTOUR

GIVE A REMINGTON . . . TO MAKE HIM HAPPY ON ANY GIFT OCCASION. IT'S THE PRACTICAL GIFT WITH A LUXURY TOUCH!

The FIVE—surpassed only by the Contour 6 for shaving a tough beard.

The FOURSOME—a popular priced shaver; ideal for a tender skin. Also available with a 6-110 volt motor for home, car or boat.

IMPROVED Blue Streak twin shaving heads on a contour...240 cutting blades *Diamond-Honed* to a keen edge...*All whisker openings always in contact with your beard;* increased cutting surface, sharper cutting blades, greater precision shaving! All these are features of the new Remington Contour 6...*features no other shaving instrument can offer you!*

You'll find the 'right' shaver for your purse and purpose in the famous line of Remington Electric Shavers—all of them now equipped with *improved* Blue Streak twin shaving heads—all of them offering unmatched shaving speed, shaving efficiency, shaving *smoothness.* And when you select a Remington, you join five million happy owners—*for more Remingtons have been sold since 1940 than all other makes combined.*

REMINGTON OWNERS: Improved Blue Streak twin shaving heads with *Diamond-Honed* cutters will fit *your* Remington, give you a smoother, cleaner shave—$3.50 at any of Remington's 106 Shaver Headquarters.

Remington prices start at $17.50 for the TRIPLE... at better stores everywhere.

SAVE $4.50! Your old electric shaver, any make, is worth $4.50 toward the purchase price of any new Remington mentioned in this advertisement. FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!—All Remington dealers are authorized to make this allowance.

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"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Model Mother Jean Rogers shows how it can work for you, too

As you can see for yourself, top model Jean Rogers has a smile that's a photographer's dream. And daughter Evin's smile shows every promise of being as bright as her pretty mother's!

"We follow the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth—*because dentists say it works!*" explains this "model" mother, of Noroton Heights, Conn. Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .

Here's the Ipana way that dentists say *works!* Jean shows you how simple and pleasant it is. Easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all teeth surfaces with Ipana Tooth Paste at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums gently as your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana smile.* Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY...

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth

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TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

**Latest national poll*

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

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NEW CAR

Add to the thrill on D-Day (delivery day) by specifying a CUSTOM BUILT MOTOROLA Auto Radio in your new car. There is a Custom Built Motorola specifically engineered for *your* new car—so don't be satisfied with anything less—now that you can have the *finest.* Your new car dealer will install your Custom Built Motorola.

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There's a Motorola Auto Radio to *fit* and *match* the car you're driving—to turn miles into smiles as it brings in your favorite programs clear and sharp, no matter where or how fast you drive—and with tone that rivals the finest living room console. Check your classified directory for nearest Motorola dealer.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

WHAT EVERY DRAFTEE SHOULDN'T KNOW

SIRS: I was alternately convulsed with laughter and filled with disgust as I read your article What Every New Draftee Should Know (Aug. 14th).

Gentlemen, the worst cuss word in the large swearing vocabulary of a drill sergeant or any other sergeant in the Army is still "individualist." The emphasis is still on obedience, not intelligence. The Regulars are in the saddle—men who have chosen a life of authoritarianism. They don't want it changed.

I know this because I was recently discharged from the "New Regular Army," having served a short enlistment, more than a year of which was spent in Japan. I know of one officer who court-martialed 55 of the men in his company, including two top sergeants, in less than a year.

No matter how big it talks about changing its way of doing things, the Army won't reform itself. It has to be reformed from the outside. Soldiers must be given a Bill of Rights similar to the one they left behind them in civilian life.

As for Howard Whitman, I think he just fell into the hands of a clever public relations officer.

ELLIOTT MCCLEARY, Polo, Ill.

. . . Is Mr. Howard Whitman suffering from megalomania or has he been paid by the government to sugar-coat the peacetime draft?

S. L. BELL, McKeesport, Pa.

. . . What a difference a few years make; when I enlisted in the Army one of the first things I was told was that "there are no gentlemen in the Army, only officers and enlisted men." Now if we are

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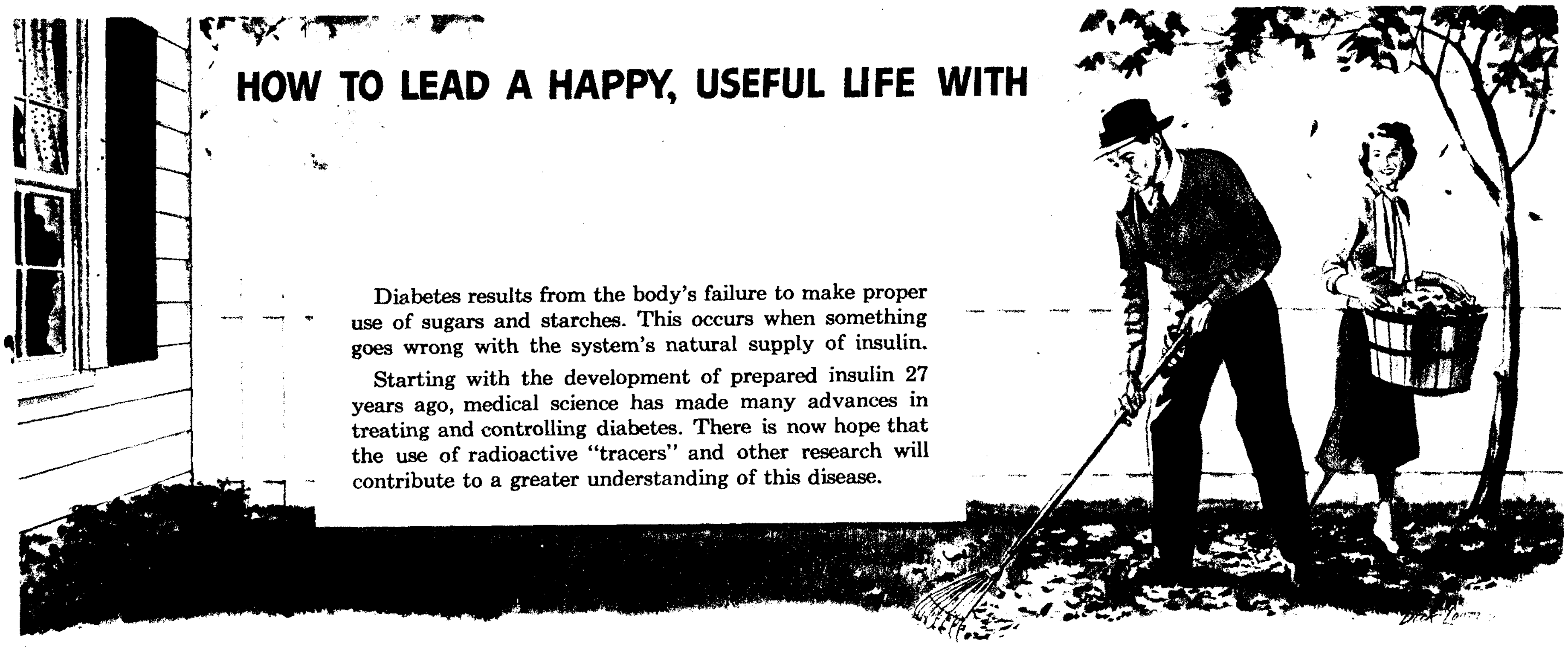
HOW TO LEAD A HAPPY, USEFUL LIFE WITH

Diabetes results from the body's failure to make proper use of sugars and starches. This occurs when something goes wrong with the system's natural supply of insulin.

Starting with the development of prepared insulin 27 years ago, medical science has made many advances in treating and controlling diabetes. There is now hope that the use of radioactive "tracers" and other research will contribute to a greater understanding of this disease.



1. Today, by utilizing current medical knowledge through close co-operation with the doctor, the average diabetic may look forward to living a happy, useful life.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

2. Prepared insulin is sometimes used when the diabetic does not produce enough for his needs. New, slower-acting insulins make possible more accurate control of diabetes.

3. Diet determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body. In some cases, by balancing diet and exercise, diabetes can be controlled without added insulin.

4. Exercise helps keep blood sugar at a safe level by using up sugars and starches. Many diabetics, by following their doctor's advice, are able to continue their favorite sports.

Early discovery helps control diabetes

A survey by the Public Health Service indicates that for every four persons known to have diabetes, there may be three others who have the disease without knowing it.

Since early diabetes has no obvious symptoms, discovery may come only when a doctor makes a urinalysis, and then if necessary, a blood sugar test.

These tests are important for those people who are most likely to get diabetes—those with a family history of the disease, and those who are overweight and past 40, particularly women. Everyone, however, should try to keep his weight down, and to have a regular medical examination which includes a check-up for diabetes.

If diabetes *is* discovered, it is reassuring to note that with good medical supervision, the average diabetic is living much longer. At age 40, for example, his life expectancy is now more than twice what it was before insulin was discovered in 1921.

To learn more helpful facts about this disease, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 118C, "Diabetes."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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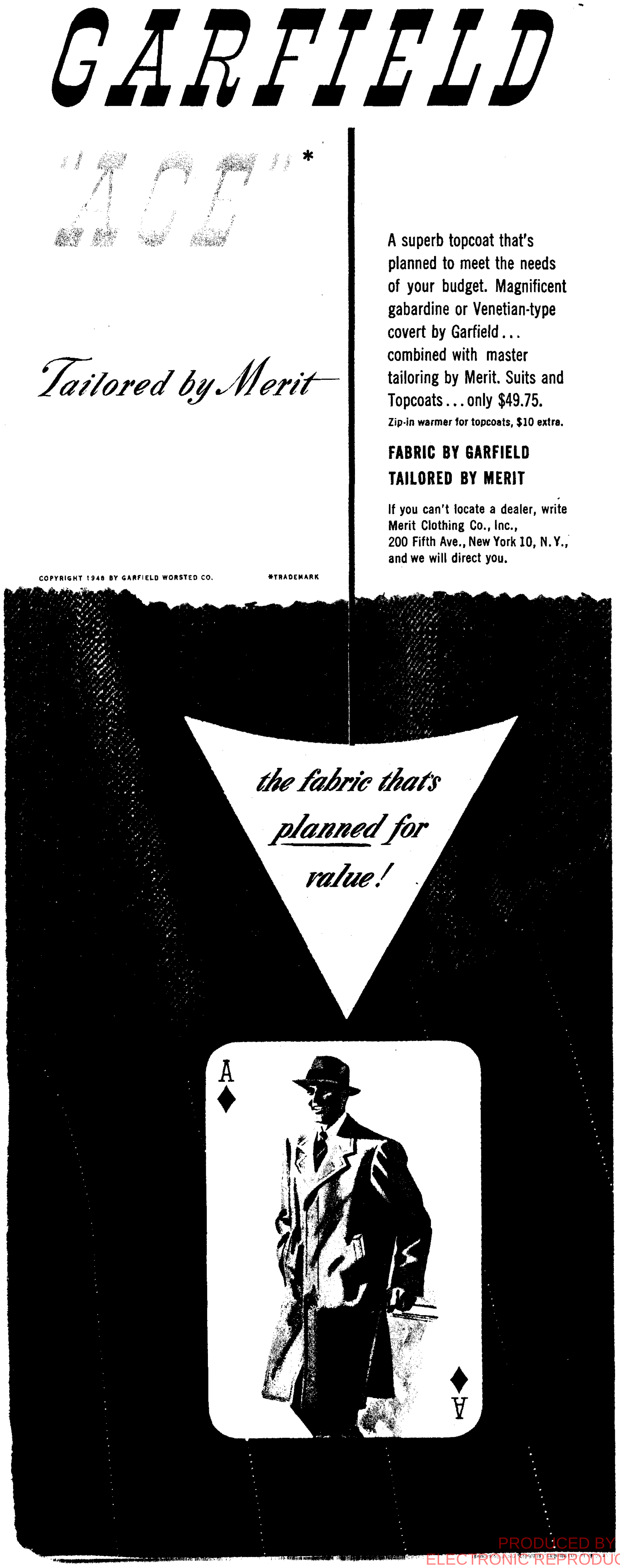
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to believe Collier's it is: "Gentlemen, we are here to serve you."

Can this be the same Army?

John L. Hooper, Portland, Ore.

HOPKINS

Editor Collier's: Thank you for the splendid Hopkins articles by Robert E. Sherwood.

Now that security considerations permit, why not publish the results of the investigation of the incident (related Aug. 21st) with the battleship Iowa, when a torpedo from an American destroyer nearly sent to the bottom the battle wagon and the President of the United States with all his leading Army and Navy officials? The public is entitled to know the facts.

J. Anthony Marcus, New York, N. Y.

STAR & DEMERIT

Dear Sirs: If you're going to throw your money away recklessly by giving a $1,000 Star Story Award in each issue, you might at least give the money to the writer who deserves it most. Frankly, I thought your first award was lousy judgment. Jack Finney ought to be ashamed to take the money for It Wouldn't Be Fair (Aug. 28th.)

If it had been up to me I would have given the dough to Anthony Steven for Rain in August in the same issue. Jack's yarn was a perfectly ordinary burlesque of a murder story, hackneyed to the last comma. Steven's story with its startling character of a modern Noah and a world which is crying for a new Biblical flood, was expertly told, and written with delicacy. It was a wonderful comment on the world of today. Wake up, editors! Maybe a $1,000 award to the editor who picks the best star story might be in line.

George Hamblersmith, Baltimore, Md.

... The Star Story Award is a wonderful idea. Collier's fiction, always tops, will now be out of this world....

Jill Jampson, Hollywood, Cal.

SPEED TRAPS

Gentlemen: You are to be heartily commended for Jack Pollack's article Traffic Traps for Tourists (Aug. 21st).

I often try to estimate the amount of the illegal profits of this community derived from this cheap racket.

I am mailing a copy of Mr. Pollack's article to a judge who tried me after I got caught in a trap, in the hope that it might shame him and the others implicated into discontinuing this abuse to out-of-the-state motorists. John D. Price, Altoona, Pa.

... Several years ago at my home place in central Florida a justice of the peace and a constable decided to pick up some extra money from out-of-state motorists. I happened along one day as a couple from Ohio were stopped. The action infuriated me and I immediately wrote a strong letter of protest to our governor. Happy to relate, the governor took prompt action and this thing was stopped immediately.

However, if Florida has more speed traps than any other state let's say so, but not let's just blanket "the South" as a horrible example. I can say that drivers on our highways in Florida from the State of New Jersey are, apparently, the worst drivers I have ever seen. However, this also may not be entirely true. There are careless drivers in every state. N. G. Sherouse, Atlanta, Ga.

... For the past 15 years I have driven all over the South and never been stopped.

Reason: I drive according to the city and state speed laws which I read on the road signs provided for that purpose.

My complaint is that there are not enough traffic officers on duty to arrest the speeders and careless drivers.

L. E. Baron, Asheville, N. C.

... Come to Detroit and find out the true facts before you smear a lot of odor that you know very little about. Many other drivers in every other spot of the U.S.A. set their own traps. Haven't you ever set one or more for yourself? Think it over.

Earl W. York, Detroit, Mich.

PITY THE POOR LANDLORD

Gentlemen: Recently I had occasion to file a petition with the OPA Rent Control for an increase in apartment rentals, under the short-form "hardship case." The whole matter could have been settled conclusively by a five-minute conference with the properly informed assistant. It took hours of my time, several applications by me, and several unnecessary and silly letters from the OPA before my petition was finally—what? Refused, of course.

How would you like an excellent six-room apartment, best location, hardwood floors, bath and garage, for $40 monthly? If you can oust the present tenant, who has been on my neck for two years, I will let you have it at that rental. Do not be surprised if the papers carry the following heading: "FRUSTRATED LANDLORD GOES BERSERK, SLAYS SIX." Yours tearfully, H. E. Merryman, Pensacola, Fla.

JUNK YARD OF THE JUNKERS

Editor Collier's: The editorial German Recovery Is a "Must" (Aug. 21st) is enough to make a G.I. swear and tear his uniform to shreds. Who said America has to be taxed to rebuild the old junk yard?

The Germans brought destruction upon themselves when they wantonly murdered 30,000,000 helpless noncombatants. If anything would make a G.I. wish to see Russia hold Berlin for the next 200 years it is editorials of that kind. It looks as though Americans never learn. Like editorials with exactly the same caption appeared in 1925.

Early Van Deventer, Pasadena, Cal.

... A strong Germany must be built to act as a bulwark to Russia....

Henry B. Slishkopf, Chicago, Ill.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE TOLSTOY

Dear Sirs: It may interest you to know that I was going to write a story for your magazine. But I find stories easier to read than write. The Bookworm, Keokuk, Iowa

RUST ON RUSTY

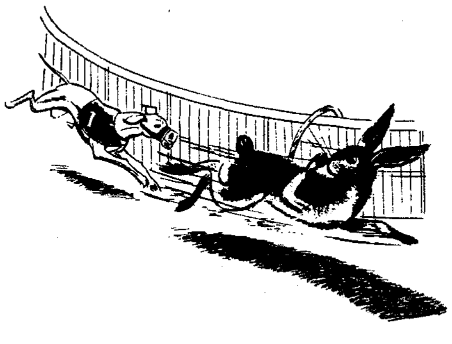
Dear Sirs: The illustration for, and the story, There Goes Rusty! (Aug. 21st), baffles me. At the starting chute at extreme right dog number one appears to be a dark brindle; as dog number one, in same race, goes over finish line he is a very light or reddish tan, a very light color for a dog. Does he run fast enough to shed the original color, or long enough to age enough to change color this much?

John W. Johnson, Fisk, Mo.

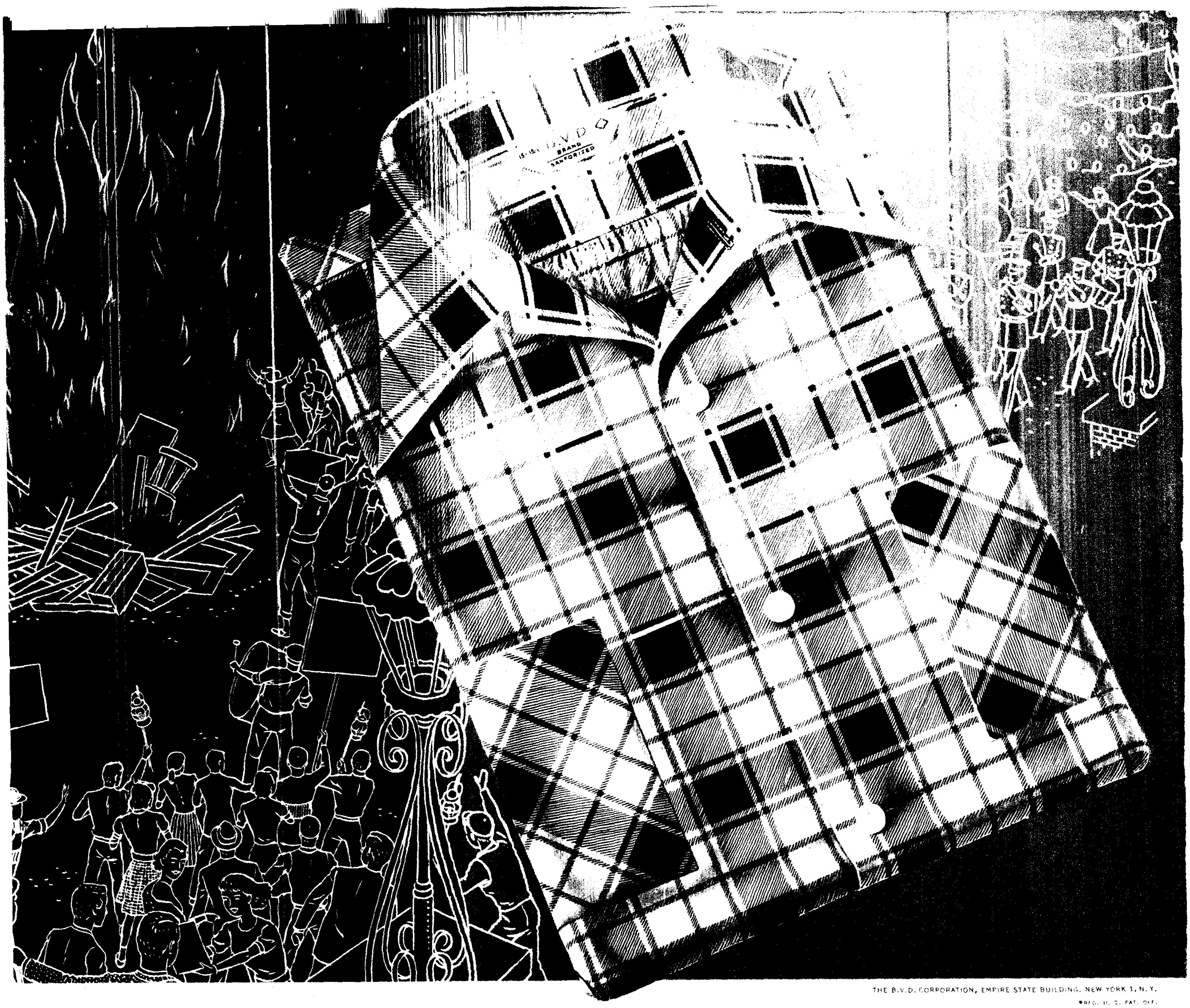
That's right, he was a brindle—but his color ran, too.

... When you headlined your story There Goes Rusty! that was the only play you gave to the mechanical rabbit. You ran pictures of about 17 greyhounds—all chasing an unseen, ghostly Rusty. But no picture of Rusty. Go chase yourselves!

Sidney Feldman, N. Y. C., N. Y.



Rusty: Finished Out of the Money



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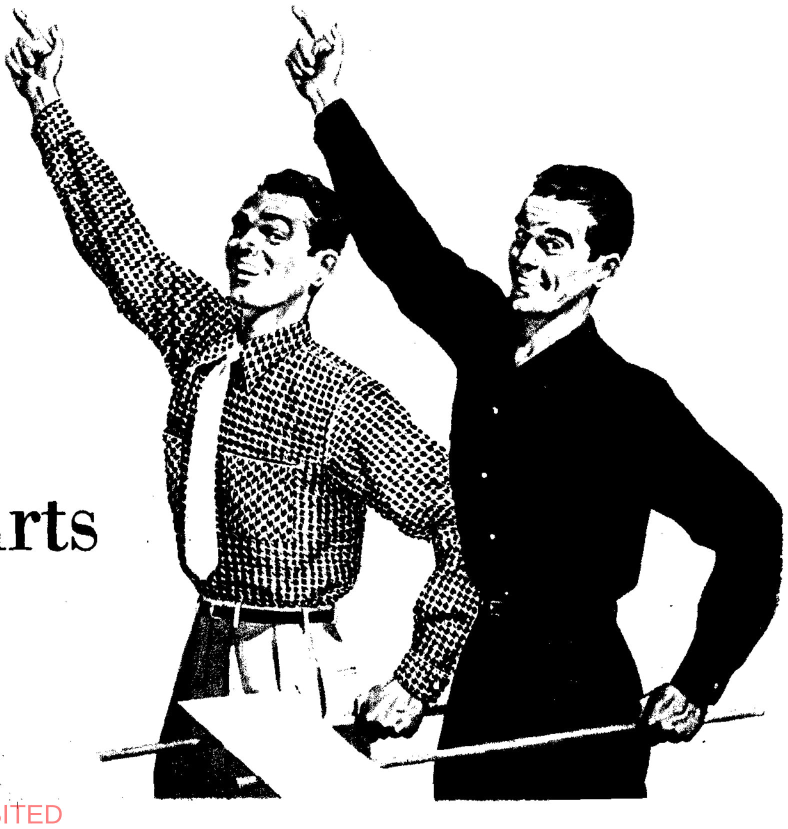

to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"

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Swim Trunks
Pajamas

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NEW HUMIDOR TOP
Locks Out the air—
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PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
I SURE LIKE THE WAY P.A. ROLLS UP FAST AND EASY TO MAKE A RICH-TASTING CIGARETTE!
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
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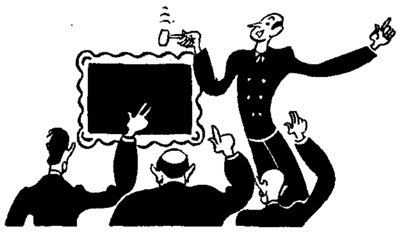
Get P. A. — Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke—in the new pocket tin with the Humidor Top that locks out the air; locks in the freshness, the flavor! Enjoy that rich taste—that tongue-easy mildness. P.A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. You'll see why Prince Albert is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

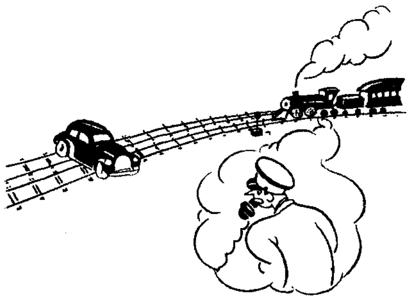
BY FRELING FOSTER

A RECORDING OF an incriminating conversation, claimed to have been obtained surreptitiously, can be faked, making the victim say anything in his own voice. To do this, a number of his records are played into a movie camera mike and their words are reproduced on film in the form of identifiable shadows. After they have been cut off and rearranged in the desired order, the hundreds of tiny pieces are pasted on the film. Then a contact print is made, played and its contents recorded on the final disk.



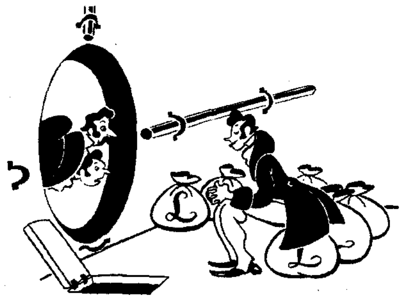
THE HIGHEST PRICE ever brought by a painting at public auction in this country was the $360,000 that was offered and accepted for Gainsborough's Harvest Wagon by the American Art Association in New York, after nine minutes of bidding, on April 20, 1928.—*By John F. Thompson, Bronx, N. Y.*

ALTHOUGH RUTGERS defeated Princeton in the first intercollegiate football game held in the United States on November 6, 1869, Rutgers did not win another game played between them until November 5, 1938. Oddly, one of the spectators at this game was Judge Irving Hall Lane, the last surviving member of the original Rutgers team, who died a few days later with the gratifying thought that he had lived to see this victory for which he had been waiting 69 years.



ONE OF THE first cases in which a mobile phone was used to prevent a railroad accident occurred recently in Dunkirk, New York, when an automobile became stuck between the tracks at a grade crossing. A taxi having a phone happened to be passing. Its driver radioed his dispatcher, and he notified a telephone company operator. Her call to the right towerman arrived just in time for him to set his signal and stop the train that would have crashed into the wedged car in a matter of minutes.

NOT LONG AFTER the Bank of England had moved into its new London building in 1800, the president was visited by a laborer who made the seemingly preposterous claim that a night prowler knowing the secret could safely and at will enter and leave the bullion room of the institution. Finally accepting the workman's proposition, the skeptical president, accompanied by associates, returned and opened the vault at midnight, found the man there and paid him the $4,000 promised after he had explained his mysterious entry. One day, while repairing a near-by sewer, he had discovered and crawled into a disused drainpipe, came upon and climbed a ladder, pushed up a trap door and found himself looking into "the world's most impregnable bank vault."



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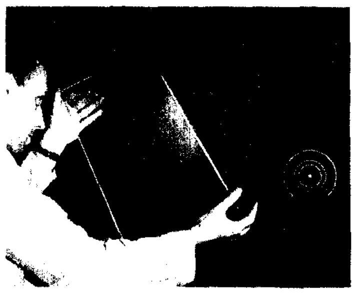
QUESTION:

What emblem is your greatest assurance of superlative style, comfort and safety in all your highway travels?

ANSWER: It is, of course, this familiar emblem, which probably means more to more people than any other in a car. It identifies standout styling. It marks deep-down comfort, planned for pleasure in every mile. And it tells you that here is the substantial protection of Unisteel construction, with steel roof, pillars and floor welded into one safe and solid unit. For this is the emblem with 40 years of coachmaking behind it—*the emblem of Body by Fisher*. To get all these craftsmanship extras—in style, comfort, safety—be sure that your next car bears the Body by Fisher emblem.



ALL-CLEAR ALL-AROUND

On cars with Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, safety plate glass is carefully tested for clarity of vision. The illuminated circles in this test must show up sharp, clear, undistorted through the glass. So *you* see better, avoid eye fatigue, and enjoy greater safety in a car with Body by Fisher.

Body by Fisher

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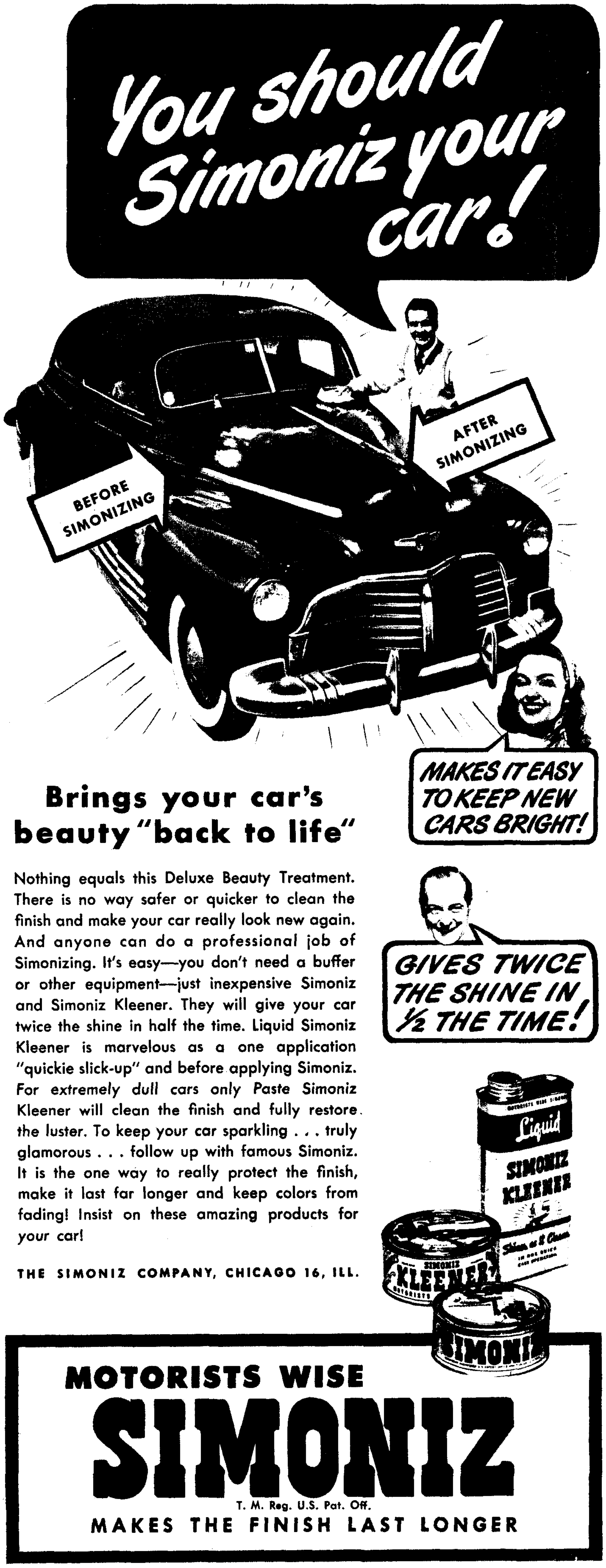
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GIVES TWICE THE SHINE IN ½ THE TIME!
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SIMONIZ KLEENER
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The Week's Work

ACCORDING to Sigmund Sameth, who reports on the illegitimate boys and girls our G.I.s left behind them (Godmother to Little Yanks, p. 24), his life is an Empty Page. He's thirty-two, for a time taught anthropology at Oklahoma, and spent a year in Labrador as a photographer. He's now building a circular house in New Jersey atop a mountain. An Army friend tipped him off about the G.I.llegitimates; Sameth has never seen the kids in the flesh; doesn't expect to adopt any but is doing volunteer work for the organization here that handles them.

EXPOSING his own beginnings as a writer, George Bradshaw, whose story The Balance of Virtue (p. 14) takes this week's $1,000 Star Award, quotes Dr. Samuel Johnson on Richard Savage: "He was therefore obliged to seek some other means of support; and, having no profession, became by necessity an author."

Mr. Bradshaw also confesses that indolence has kept him from producing more than he has in his ten years of writing (minus four for the war). The Bradshaw tote is: about 100 short stories, novelettes and serials; a hand in three Broadway shows, and several movies made from his own stories.

He confesses to no hobbies. He likes a daily swim; and he would enjoy fancying himself as a gourmet, but he hasn't a sense of smell, and he doesn't eat much. He does like to travel, and in the thirties, when "everybody was substituting motion for thought," he had houses in Budapest, Bermuda and Beverly Hills, lived in Acapulco and Athens and many wayside stations. He lives in Hollywood now, and is mostly faithful to his work. "Which I will go to any lengths to avoid," he says.

Sigmund Sameth and daughter in Central Park

WARREN ANDERSON, who dreamed up Man-Eater from Snohomish (p. 44), is a thirty-one-year-old Hollywoodian, and a veteran of the distractions of that Glamorville. "Due to the lure of pretty girls on the near-by beaches," he confesses, "it took four years to obtain two years of UCLA credits."

For the past eleven years Mr. Anderson has held clerk-type jobs in insurance, on a construction news sheet, with the Army, and with a printing house. He's still with the latter. "I took up short-story writing seventeen months ago," he reveals. The Snohomish Man-Eater is his first sale.

"AFTER going through the department stores with lady detectives, gathering our material for our shoplifting saga Hawkshaws in Skirts (p. 25)," Harmon Tupper relates, "my wife, Elsie, and I reformed some of our habits. No more do we pick up articles that fall from counters; and we hesitate to enter the premises with a carton or paper bag in hand. I sweat if Elsie's bag looks suspiciously bulgy, and Elsie pretends she doesn't know me if I happen to have as much as two packs of cigarettes in my coat pocket.

"Sometime after writing the piece, we vacationed on a nameless island. The people there don't lock their front doors. The jail's empty, and there's never been a moll-booster, buzzer or tool within miles. We'll be glad to divulge the name of this paradise on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope and several million dollars in cash."

WE TRACKED the zany Max Shulman to his lair along River Lane in Westport, Connecticut, seeking the experiences that led him to write the hilarious His Brother-in-Law's Keeper (p. 16). Mr. Shulman ignored the story, preferred to tell of his future literary plans. His next story will be about a man who lives in a walk-up apartment. Each time he stops at the turning of the stairs, he steps and bursts into laughter. "The story is called Happy Landing," says Mr. Shulman.

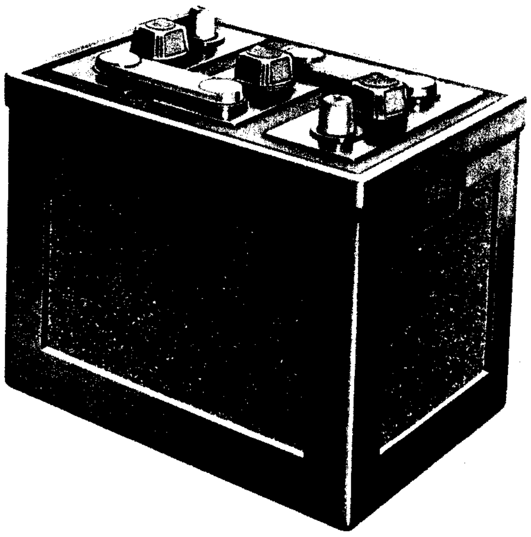
"After that," he adds, "I will do a comedy laid in a monastery. The title is The Abbot and Costello. After that I will give myself up."

This week's cover: Father & Son a-gunning. Frank Weed, Sr., standing with his pointer bitch Frankie, and his son Frankie Weed, Jr., runs a fish hatchery, shooting preserve and bird-dog training school on his 1,000-acre Housatonic Game Farm at Brookfield Center, Connecticut. Frankie, Jr., started shooting at four with a popgun that shot corks, graduated to a pistol that debouched rubber suction darts, and now operates a lightweight, especially constructed 20-gauge pump gun. Young Frank has broken 21 out of 25 at skeet, bagged his first pheasant when five, can hit a penny tossed in the air with a BB or .22, and can shoot accurately from the hip. "He'll soon be giving me lessons," cries Frank, Sr. "But I enjoy his good shots better than my own!" Ozzie Sweet shot the shot. . . . TED SHANE

Which is *really* Ginger Rogers?

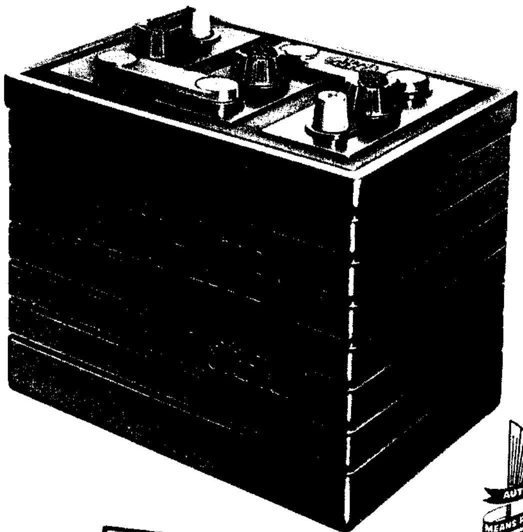
See her in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY"
(See answer below)

Batteries also look alike, but Auto-Lite Sta-ful Batteries



need water only 3 times a year . . .

IN NORMAL CAR USE



NO MATTER how much batteries look alike score yourself 100% right when you pick a new Auto-Lite "Sta-ful", the sensational battery that needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use.

And you are 100% right if you picked the girl at the left as Ginger Rogers, famous motion picture star. The girl at the right is Callie Goode, of East 46th Street, New York City, who says when she travels news photographers are constantly mistaking her for Miss Rogers.

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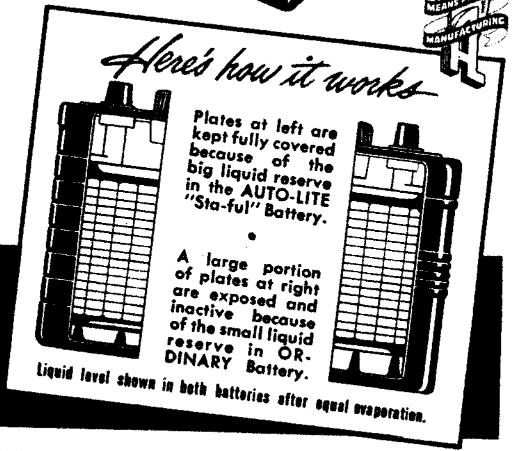

Here's how it works

Plates at left are kept fully covered because of the big liquid reserve in the AUTO-LITE "Sta-ful" Battery.

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A large portion of plates at right are exposed and inactive because of the small liquid reserve in ORDINARY Battery.

Liquid level shown in both batteries after equal evaporation.

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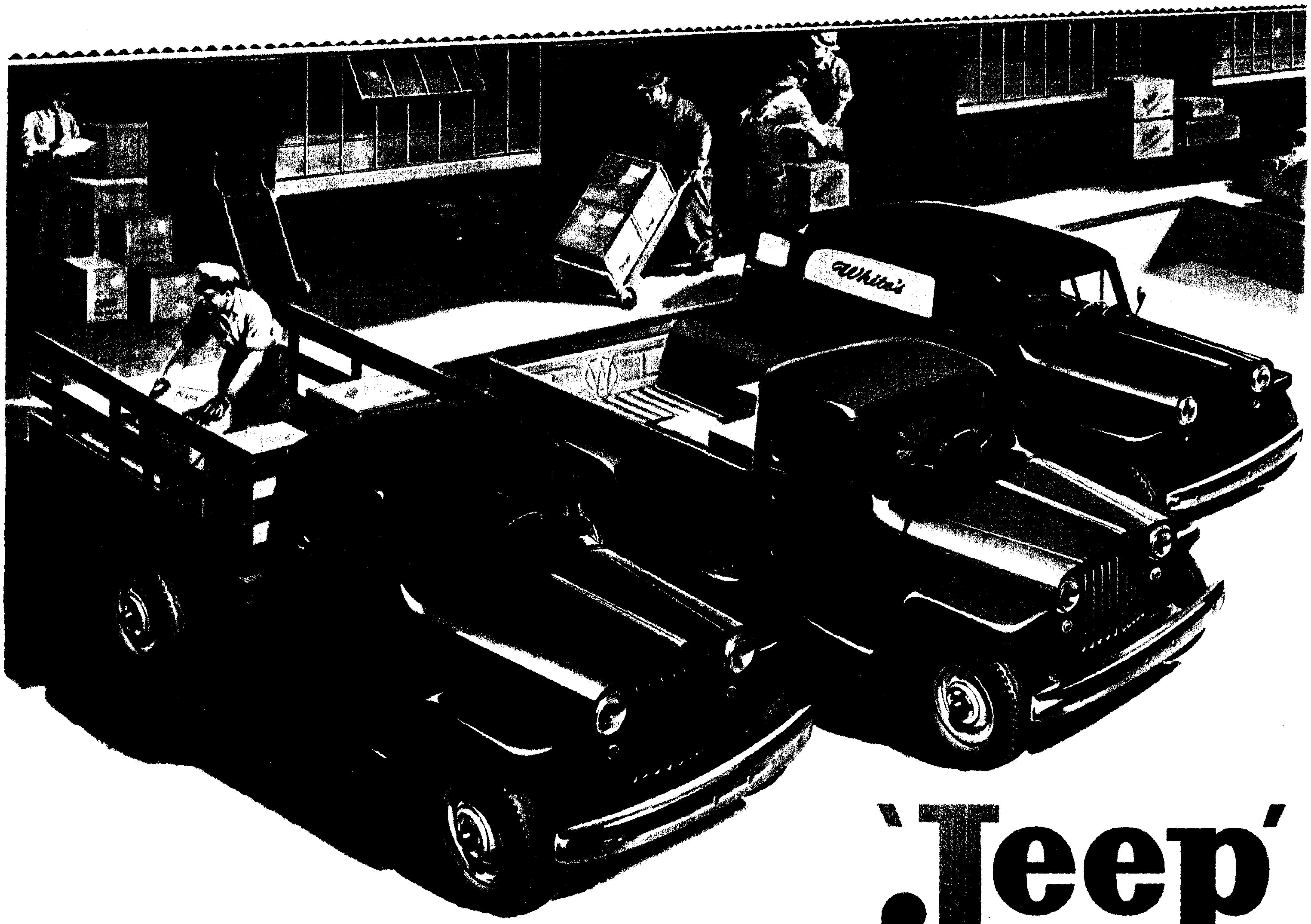

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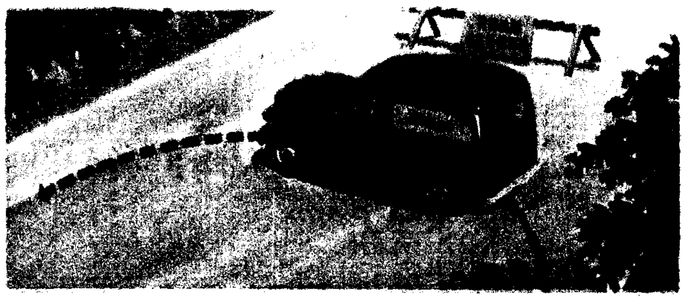

SHORTER TURNING RADIUS gives 'Jeep' Trucks maneuverability in traffic and tight places. 'Jeep' Panel Delivery turns in 35-ft. circle—2-wheel-drive 'Jeep' Truck in 42-ft—4-wheel-drive Truck in 50-ft. circle.

HIGH-CLEARANCE FENDERS make sense on trucks—less damage from scraping . . . easier to repair . . . better accessibility for changing tires or putting on chains. Headlights in protected position.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
VOL. 122, NO. 14
OCTOBER 2, 1948

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Death in the Classroom

By AMY PORTER

James McElroy, a National Fire Protection Association Engineer, carries a piece of green burlap wainscoting from the corridor walls of Atlanta's Winecoff Hotel. He tells you: "It is also used in the hallways of the school my own child attends in Winchester, Mass. It is as dangerous as dynamite. I've complained to school authorities but nothing has been done about it"

PART 1 OF TWO PARTS

IF SEVERAL hundred school children were to die tomorrow in a school fire, the entire nation would be shocked, grieved, indignant.

But national fire authorities—the ones who investigate disasters and gather nationwide fire statistics—would not, alas, be surprised. Neither would the fire chief in the enginehouse around the corner from the city public school. Nor the volunteer fireman who lives three miles from the rural consolidated school in one of the Great Plains states.

These men who make fire fighting their business know that more than half of our schools are firetraps. They know the chances are one out of two that any school child—yours, mine, theirs—is in daily danger of death by fire. They know *we have seven school fires daily*, and that, by the law of chance, sooner or later one of those fires is going to bring wholesale slaughter. It has happened before. It will happen again.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Cannon of Monroe City, Missouri, wouldn't be surprised, either. It is too late for that, with them. Their son Edward died last year in a school fire in Monroe City. Edward, aged seventeen, a member of the school band, and a member of the Future Farmers of America.

Four Die in Monroe City, Missouri

Perhaps you didn't hear about that fire. It was only a small one, not big enough to draw headlines in metropolitan papers. Only four boys died. And of the five who were badly injured, only two *still* are undergoing plastic surgery. One of these lost both ears. The surgeons are doing a wonderful job of rebuilding the ears, but it takes time. The other boy has had several operations to restore his stiff hands to some degree of usefulness. Of course, many of the boys are scarred. One of these, they say, has become very morose. He used to take part in everything. Now he keeps to himself, doesn't talk much.

It wasn't a very spectacular fire. Hundreds have to die before we take much notice. But in Monroe City, it seemed important. The townspeople raised $5,000 to help pay funeral and hospital expenses.

The cause of this fire wasn't spectacular either. It happened in the vocational agriculture workshop, a one-room wooden building. It seems that a spark from the electric welder jumped to an open pan of gasoline they were using to wash machinery parts. They weren't doing anything different that day—January 22, 1947—from what they had done for years in that same workshop, without mishap. But in a minute the place was in flames, and one boy stumbled and fell into the blazing pan of gasoline—

It isn't good practice, everyone admits that, but it is common practice in many school workshops to use gasoline in this way, not far from welders.

A man from a near-by community happened to be in Monroe City at the time of the fire. When he learned its cause, his face turned pale. "I'll bet the setup is the same in our school," he said. He jumped into his car, drove furiously to his town, Shelbina, Missouri, rushed into the school workshop, and shouted, "Stop, right now. Everybody get out of here. *Now!*" They thought he was crazy at first, then they decided he wasn't crazy.

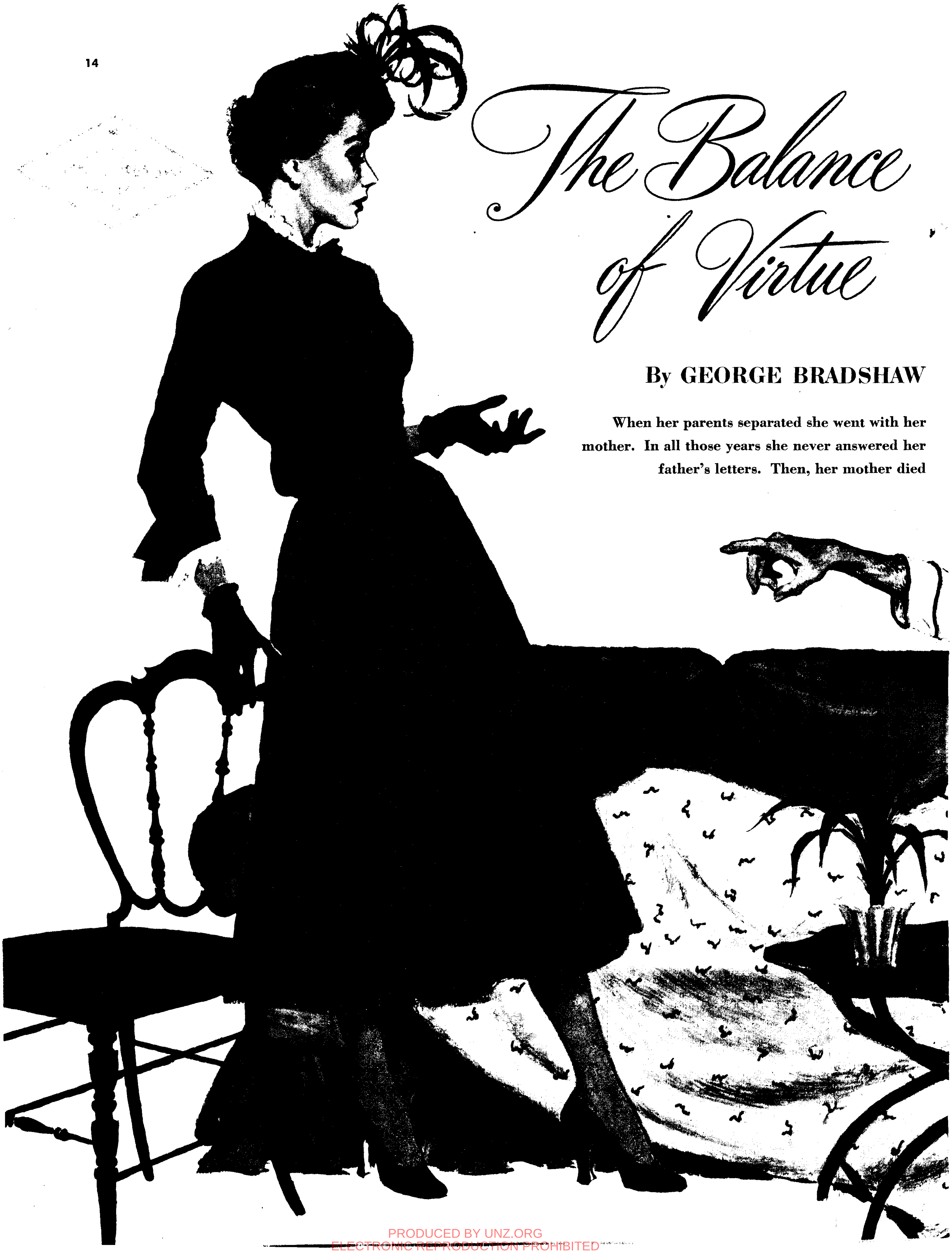
The bad workshop practice that caused this fire is no worse, surely, and not much different from the chances taken every day in many other schools. In lots of schools you'll find rickety fire escapes covered with ice all winter long. (Visualize fire-crazed children slipping and falling down them.)

You'll find overcrowded third-floor assembly rooms with only one exit and that exit partially blocked by stacks of chairs. (Suppose the tree caught fire during Christmas exercises—think of the bodies piled at the door.)

You'll find boiler-room doors, supposed to close automatically, wired back so they can't be closed. (Suppose a fire started in the coal pile there, suppose the janitor were away at the moment, suppose the first anybody knew of the (Continued on page 67)

Demands by a Brooklyn neighborhood to raze this old school building were ignored until fire struck

INTERNATIONAL



The Balance of Virtue

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

When her parents separated she went with her mother. In all those years she never answered her father's letters. Then, her mother died

I CAN'T say that I ever liked Emma Delamar much. That's an embarrassing statement to make since I was once married to her for eight months, but it is the truth.

Her voice on the telephone now, even after all this time, did not press upon any old wounds. In fact, as I listened, I felt nothing more toward her than a kind of professional annoyance, as I would have felt toward anyone who had interrupted me.

"But you must stop writing long enough to eat lunch," she said.

"No," I said, "as a matter of fact I don't."

"But when do you? I want to see you."

"Well." I knew that if for no other reason than curiosity I would see her, sooner or later. "What about six? I'll stop then."

"Good." There was a pause. "How are you?"

"Fine," I said.

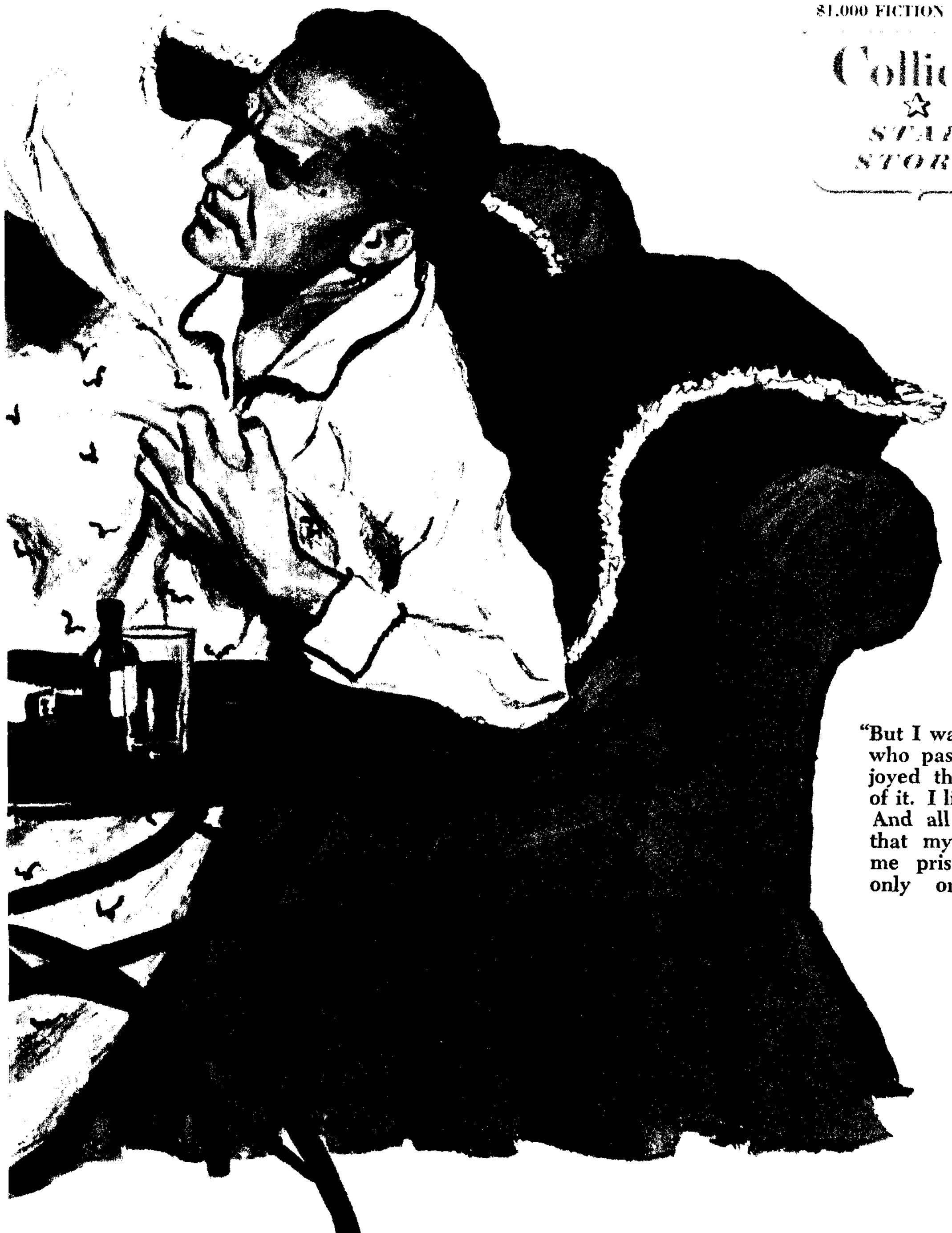
I remember when I hung up I was rather startled at that "How are you?" It had never been one of Em's habits to ask me how I was.

I might as well have had lunch with her, because I kept thinking of her, and us, all afternoon. It was not nostalgia, although that world she and I had shared had been pleasant enough, but rather a recall of scattered, unsatisfactory memories. I was uneasy at the prospect of meeting her at six o'clock. Why? I asked myself. Why now, after all these years?

"I never really liked Em much." If I could say that, why was I disturbed? Could it possibly be that it was not the absolute truth?

I had loved her, certainly there was never any question about that. She had been The Most Beautiful Girl for me. And I had never married anyone else. Yet it was also true that I had not thought of her for more than a year.

ILLUSTRATED BY WESLEY SNYDER



WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
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Collier's
☆
STAR
STORY

"But I was also a man who passionately enjoyed the world—all of it. I liked to enjoy. And all those years that my virtue kept me prisoner, I had only one objective"

But I must not start any false trails. This is Em's story, not mine. The fact that I was married to her merely gives me an advantage in telling it. She was a beautiful and sometimes lovable girl. . . .

I met her in Rome, on the Fourth of July. I was traveling that summer on the profits of my first stories. I was feeling very much in the grand tradition, sure of myself and grown up. I had reached Rome early in June and I was staying at the Hotel Russie. Rome had caught me with such fascination that I was thinking of staying and getting to work. I even remember being shown an apartment overlooking the Tiber. But Em and her mother went to Capri on the tenth of July, and I followed.

I met her on that Fourth because of a menu. The management of the Russie had arranged for its American guests a dinner with a patriotic flavor. There was *insalata General Grant*, and *Bomba Abraham Lincoln*. I was dining outside on the terrace, and when I heard a laugh, *"Bomba Abraham Lincoln,* I wonder what that is?" I turned and smiled and Em smiled back. "It's vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce," I said. So we met.

In what glaring detail it all comes back now that I begin to remember—the brandies we drank later while bus boys set off Roman candles, the talk, the drive through the city in the moonlight, the goodnights delayed— But it is not my purpose to chart the course of our love affair. We were married in Capri on the twenty-fifth of August.

It is necessary, however, for me to say something about Mrs. Delamar and Em's relation to her. Mrs. Delamar's features were small in a large round face; she was not fat, but she had no sign of a figure. Her clothes, which were expensive, all looked the same on her. She was somewhere in her early fifties, but she gave the impression of being retired, finished. Her faintly absent manner led me at first to believe she was constantly preoccupied, but I soon found out she had absolutely nothing on her mind. I remember thinking once: If you put her out on a hillside to die, she would.

Em took almost unwarranted care of her. The old lady was in no way helpless. It was simply that she seemed to have no urge to do anything that was not arranged for her. Em saw that she was almost never unoccupied; Em was forever planning, suggesting. Mrs. Delamar's response was a series of stock phrases: "Well, whatever you think, Em," "Oh, now I see," "Yes, that's very interesting, isn't it?" "I guess I'll have the same—"

It sometimes appeared to me that Em's concern for this dull woman was too fierce so that I got the impression that Em was trying to make up for something. Then at other times I was pleased at Em's responsibility. When we are married, she will transfer this care to me, I thought, and I can follow my natural inclination to be a Sybarite.

I was wrong about that.

I would be wrong and ungrateful to complain about the two months we spent in Venice on a honeymoon. We stayed at the Lido, the beach was sunny, the water was warm, the world was still young. But looking back now, without the golden haze, I can see that even then the seeds were planted that made the forest between us later.

Frankly, Em didn't trust me. I never knew why until long, long after. But then I was happy and careless, I was young and in love. What did it matter if I mislaid a suitcase or forgot to get a bathing cap she wanted?

It mattered to Em. If I couldn't even remember her bathing cap or her suitcase, it meant I was not thinking of her, and if I were forgetful in such little things, what about—

I laughed off her little fears and kissed her. She was so pretty and sunburned and sleek. "This is my honeymoon," I told her. "I bet you I don't forget I have a wife—on my honeymoon—"

We got back to New York in November. It was cold, and it never warmed up.

NOW, I have no wish to make myself out the innocent victim of a shrew. What I can say for myself is this: I never looked on our difficulties as important enough to part us.

We had difficulties. I had only the money I made from writing, and that was never any spectacular amount. We had feast or famine, but I maintained that was not an unpleasant way of existence; we were young and what the hell.

But it drove Em crazy. There is a very fine line between casualness and irresponsibility. I thought I was casual about living, Em thought I was irresponsible. An unpaid bill was to me just an unpaid bill; but to her it was proof that I was not taking our marriage seriously, and that I was not in love with her.

The details of our decline are sordid and repetitious. Money soon became the chief point of concern, and with it Em developed an attitude of scorn that I found very hard to take. It was plain, was it not, that I didn't even have the talent in my chosen profession to write a story that would sell? What did I expect her to live on? Love?

When, in the end, Em packed up and went to Reno, she had every reason to do so.

At first I felt only relief. But later as I grew calmer and healthier, I felt lonely and sad. What had happened to the passionate, beautiful girl I had loved in the gardens of Capri, to turn her into the vicious, hating woman who had left me?

Have I been able to give any clear picture of Em? I want you to see a girl who was, on the surface, desirable and good, but who was really so suspicious of life that she seemed bent on destroying, if not herself, then all relationships which might come to affect her deeply.

Look upon Em, now coming into my hotel suite at six o'clock, as someone you have never met, someone you have merely heard not very pleasant things about, someone whom, in an impersonal way, you perhaps pity, but from whom you certainly don't expect much.

Seeing her coming in smiling, dressed in all the luxurious neatness money can buy, hearing her voice, I am sure you will say: But all this talk is a lot of nonsense; here is a wonderful girl.

And to tell the truth, I agree.

"Ah," she said, looking (*Continued on page* 84)

His Brother-in-Law's Keeper

By MAX SHULMAN

His wife's brother wore his suits, smoked his cigars, and borrowed his money.

Why didn't he kick the guy out? Well, it was the year of the great housing shortage

THE obituary editor of the Evening Journal is a tall, thin, silent man named Herschel Cooper. He is called Horrid Herschel by his fellow employees. He comes to work alone, lunches alone and goes home alone. He has not smiled in 26 months.

Horrid Herschel was not always known as Horrid Herschel. Only a few years ago he used to be called Happy Herschel. He was full of quips in those days and much admired by everybody in the office, particularly by a pretty little girl in Classified Ads, named Marylou Beasley, who married him after a gay courtship.

After he had been married a few months, Herschel began to show occasional signs of melancholy. Not, it must be emphasized, because of Marylou.

The cause of Herschel's periodic gloom was Marylou's brother, Alvin. Alvin, a fat fellow with a great pendulous underlip, came to live with Herschel and Marylou. Alvin promised when he arrived that he would be leaving in a matter of days. He kept making the same promise regularly during the next four years. In that period he wore all of Herschel's suits and pawned two of them, drove Herschel's new car over an embankment, sank Herschel's sailboat, and forged Herschel's name to checks totaling slightly over $1,500.

On seven occasions Herschel threw Alvin out of the house. But Alvin always came back. Marylou would point out the obvious fact that Alvin was an unemployable and had to be taken care of, and since he had nobody in the world but Marylou, that lot fell to her. And, of course, to Herschel.

By the end of the fourth year of his brother-in-law's visit, Herschel took a book on obscure poisons out of the library and brought it home. He was sitting in the living room reading the book one Sunday afternoon—it was December 7, 1941—when Alvin lumbered in and turned on the radio. A deafening blast of jazz music bellowed forth.

"Turn off that radio," snarled Herschel.

"Aw, get hep to the jive, Hersch boy," replied Alvin.

Herschel rose white-lipped from his chair. He walked stiffly to the hearth and picked up an andiron. The andiron was poised over Alvin's head when the flash about the bombing of Pearl Harbor came over the radio. Slowly Herschel turned and, still carrying the andiron, went out to enlist.

During Herschel's absence Marylou sold their house and went to live in a furnished room near a gunpowder plant where she had patriotically found employment. Alvin rented a room in a bungalow belonging to a middle-aged couple named Friedhofer.

In January, 1946, Herschel came home with the Good Conduct Medal and a firm resolution. "Marylou," he said, putting down his barracks bag, "I never want to set eyes on Alvin again."

"All right, dear," she replied.

"We'll find us a nice little apartment and we'll live alone—alone, Marylou, do you hear?"

"All right, dear."

Part of Herschel's wishes were fulfilled: They lived alone. But they could not find an apartment. For three months Herschel searched diligently. Meanwhile they were living in hotels, moving every five days, and exhausting their savings.

One night when Herschel got home from work at the newspaper, he found Marylou waiting in the room with all their bags packed.

"Do we have to move again?" asked Herschel.

She nodded silently.

"I'll call the Stratford-Plaza."

"No," she said. There were tears in her eyes. "I'm not going to live in another hotel. I just can't take it any more. I want an apartment."

Herschel flushed with anger. "You want an apartment," he mocked. "What do you think I've been looking for since I got home? I've done everything!"

She was contrite. "I know you've been trying, darling. I'm not blaming you. But—"

"But what?"

She took both of his hands in hers. "It's about Alvin. He's found us an apartment."

"What's *the catch?*" asked Herschel suspiciously.

"No catch," she assured him. "These people Alvin has been rooming with, the Friedhofers, have an attic that they never use. Alvin persuaded them to—"

"No," roared Herschel. "Never. I'll sleep in the park before I move into the same house with that creep."

Marylou placed both hands against his chest. "You listen to me, Herschel Cooper," she said, waving an angry finger. "We are moving in there tonight. I've already signed the lease."

"How could you do this to me?" he demanded.

She climbed up on his lap. "But you don't have to see him," she said placatingly. "And anyhow, he's not as bad as you imagine. He's got a responsible job at a hamburger joint."

Herschel groaned.

She put her cheek against his. "And it's only temporary, sweetheart. We'll keep on looking for other places."

SHE went on in this persuasive vein for some hours, stroking his fevered brow as she talked, and finally he capitulated. Filled with misgivings, he went with Marylou to the Friedhofers'.

The house was twenty-five feet square, built of pavement-colored clapboard, with a peaked roof of decomposing shingles.

"It's a roof over our heads," said Marylou defensively. She rang the bell.

Alvin threw open the door, his underlip cupped in a smile of welcome.

"Hersch boy," he cried jovially. "Come in, come in." He put their suitcases down in the hall. "Nice garment," he said, fondling Herschel's new overcoat. "Just my size—Come on in and meet Mom and Pop Friedhofer."

They followed Alvin into a small parlor filled with splayed and sagging furniture. Mr. and Mrs. Friedhofer rose. They were small plump people, both in their middle forties.

"Mom, Pop," said Alvin, "I want you to meet my favorite brother-in-law."

"Alvin's been telling us," said Mrs. Friedhofer, "what a wonderful time you all had living together before the war."

"Those were the days, eh, Hersch boy?" said Alvin.

Herschel growled in his throat.

"Isn't this a charming little house, Herschel?" asked Marylou quickly.

"It's small," said Mrs. Friedhofer modestly. "Only two bedrooms. We were really crowded before our three boys got married and moved away. We always meant to build some extra rooms in the attic, but somehow we never got around to it."

"Until Alvin told us how badly you folks needed a place," added Mr. Friedhofer.

"Can I see our apartment?" asked Herschel.

"Sure thing," said Mr. Friedhofer.

They followed him into a narrow corridor. Against the wall stood a ladder which ascended to a hole in the ceiling, "We'll put in stairs later," explained Mr. Friedhofer, "when materials aren't so scarce."

"Shall we go up?" suggested Marylou with a pleading look at Herschel.

"I'll go get the bags," said Herschel.

Herschel dragged the luggage up the ladder and set it down.

"It's *not* a fancy *apartment,*" said Mrs. Friedhofer. "No froufrou or la-de-da, but I think you'll be comfortable."

Herschel looked around with mounting dismay. "Apartment" was a flagrant euphemism; this place was an attic, nothing more. There were small windows at front and back, windows which did not open, Herschel noted with a sinking heart. The ceiling was an inverted V covered with beaverboard and sloping down to join the floor boards on either side. At its highest point the ceiling was slightly under six feet high. Herschel was slightly *over* six feet high.

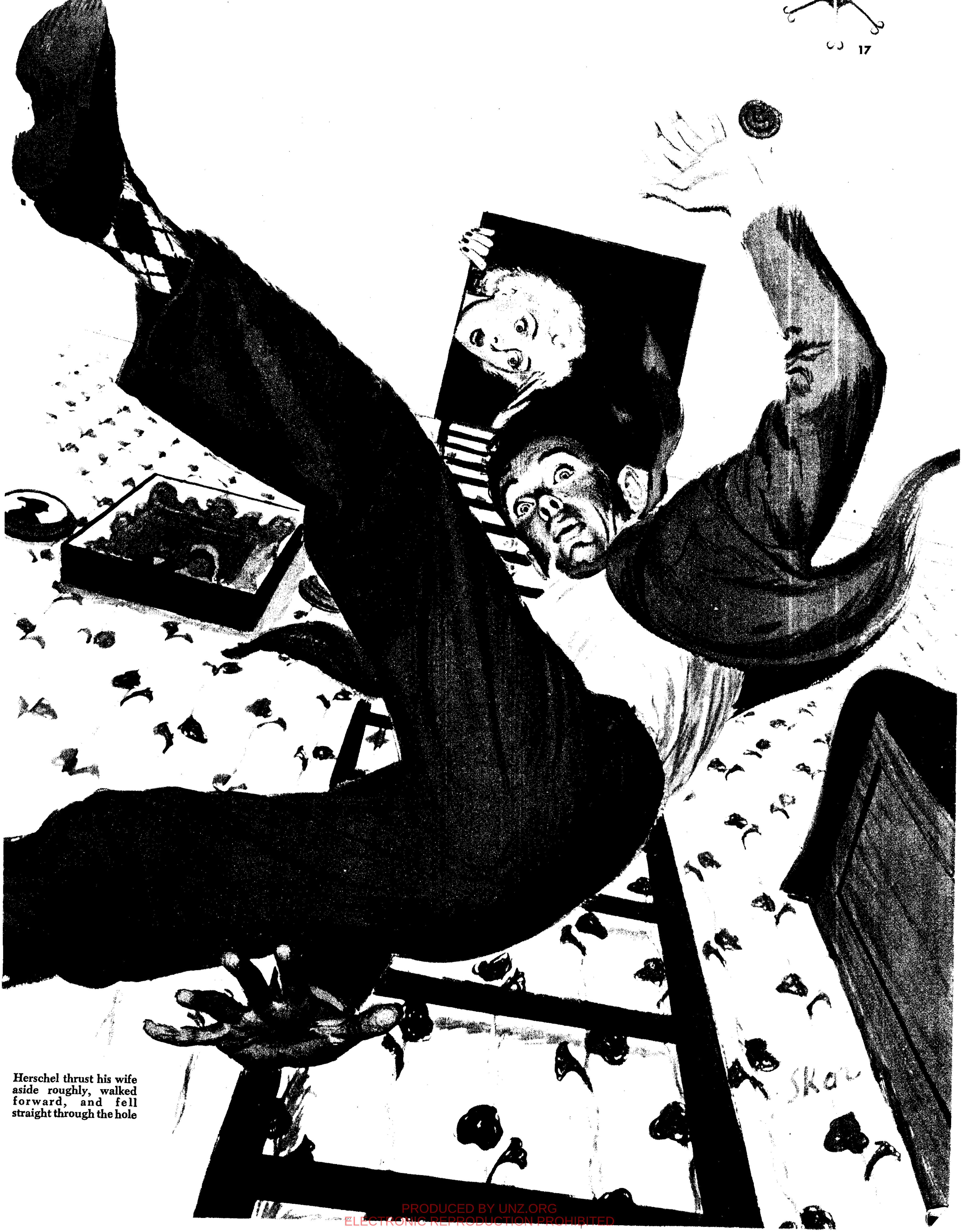
There were two rooms, separated by a beaverboard partition through which a roughly oblong hole had been hacked. The door, Herschel supposed bitterly. One room, containing an ancient day bed and two wooden chairs, was the combination bed- and living-room. The other was the kitchen.

"We'll put in a bathroom later when materials aren't so scarce," said Mr. Friedhofer. "Meanwhile you can use the one downstairs."

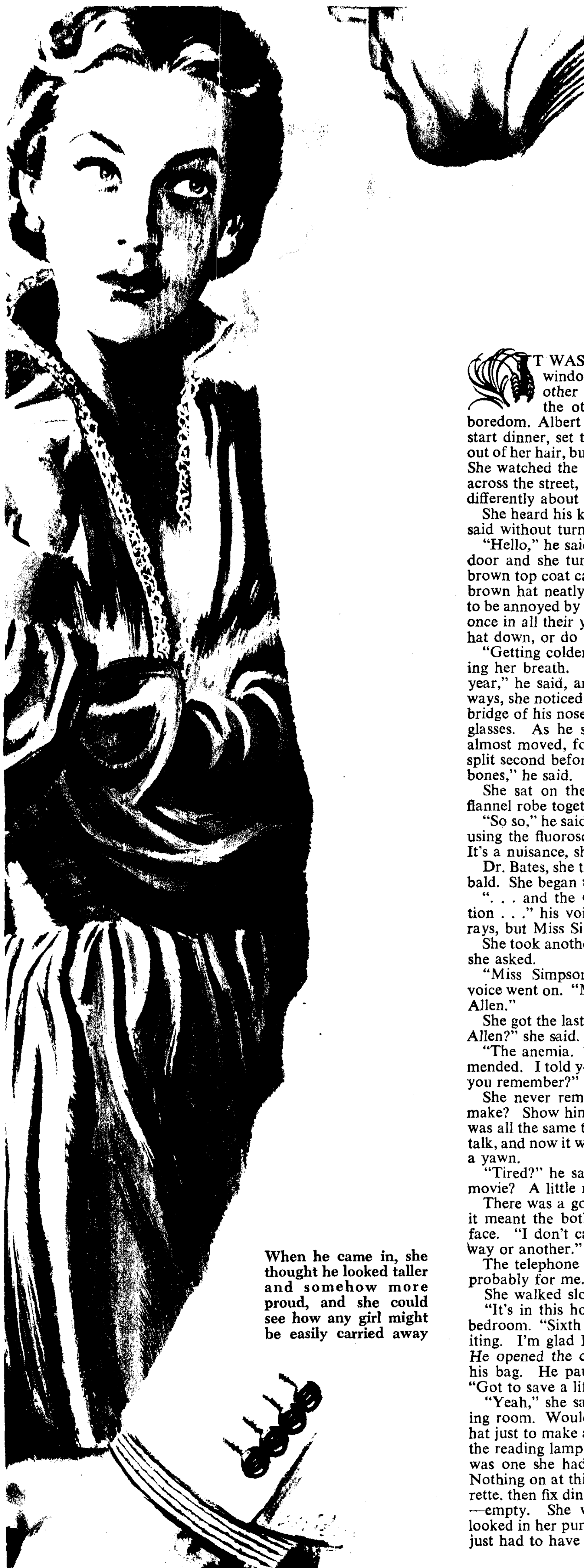
"How do you like it?" asked Mrs. Friedhofer.

"He thinks it's charming, don't you, Herschel?" replied Marylou nervously. *(Continued on page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR



Herschel thrust his wife aside roughly, walked forward, and fell straight through the hole



When he came in, she thought he looked taller and somehow more proud, and she could see how any girl might be easily carried away

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

Episode

By BEL KAUFMAN

IT WAS dusk. She stood listlessly by the window in her old flannel bathrobe. Another dull evening, she thought, like all the others. Even her face ached with boredom. Albert would be coming soon; she should start dinner, set the table, take these metal curlers out of her hair, but it was too much trouble to move. She watched the lights go on in the gray buildings across the street, one by one, and she wondered indifferently about the people in them.

She heard his key in the door. "You back?" she said without turning.

"Hello," he said. She heard him open the closet door and she turned in time to see him hang his brown top coat carefully on a hanger and place his brown hat neatly on the closet shelf. It was silly to be annoyed by things like that, but if once, if only once in all their years together he would throw his hat down, or do anything at all unexpected.

"Getting colder out," he said. She waited, holding her breath. "Got to expect cold this time of year," he said, and she let her breath out. As always, she noticed with distaste the pink flesh on the bridge of his nose pinched by his rimless octagonal glasses. As he sank into his easy chair her lips almost moved, forming the words he would say a split second before he said them. "Rest my weary bones," he said.

She sat on the couch facing him, drawing the flannel robe together. "Busy?"

"So so," he said. "Bates held me up again; he was using the fluoroscopy room just when I needed it. It's a nuisance, sharing the office."

Dr. Bates, she thought, only forty and completely bald. She began to remove the curlers one by one.

". . . and the Gordon woman—hormone injection . . ." his voice droned on, ". . . two chest X rays, but Miss Simpson did those."

She took another curler out of her hair. "Who?" she asked.

"Miss Simpson. You know, my nurse." His voice went on. "My comp case was in . . . and Miss Allen."

She got the last of the curlers out. "Who is Miss Allen?" she said.

"The anemia. The pretty one that Lurie recommended. I told you about her several times. Don't you remember?"

She never remembered. What difference did it make? Show him a pretty girl or a gall bladder, it was all the same to him. Well, they'd had their little talk, and now it was time to start dinner. She stifled a yawn.

"Tired?" he said. "Want to eat out, or go to a movie? A little recreation never harmed anyone."

There was a good movie around the corner; but it meant the bother of getting dressed, fixing her face. "I don't care," she said. "I don't care one way or another."

The telephone rang. "I'll get it," he said. "It's probably for me."

She walked slowly to the kitchen.

"It's in this house," he said, coming out of the bedroom. "Sixth floor. Abdominal pains and vomiting. I'm glad I don't have to take the car out." He opened the closet door and took his hat and his bag. He paused and gave her his little joke. "Got to save a life, you know."

"Yeah," she said. She turned back into the living room. Wouldn't you know he would take his hat just to make a call in the building? She turned the reading lamp on and picked up a magazine. It was one she had read before. Maybe the radio? Nothing on at this time. She would have one cigarette, then fix dinner. She opened the cigarette box—empty. She wandered into the bedroom and looked in her purse—no cigarettes there either. She just had to have a smoke. Sometimes Albert carried a pack in his coat pocket. She went to the closet and groped in the dark in the pockets of his coat. Nothing there but a piece of paper. She read it.

"My very dearest, it's been three long days and I feel closer to you when I write because I can't call you at home and it's hard in the office, darling . . .

"The night in your office when you sent Miss Simpson away and we were alone together and the thrill of your wonderfull mouth . . .

"I can't wait till Monday, dearest, if you only know how I feel. All yours, L."

Slowly she sat down. She felt numb and unreal. Yes, of course. It all fell into a pattern: his late hours at the office, his mysterious calls, the way he always managed to answer the telephone. Oh, what a fool, what a blind fool she had been! To deceive her like this—with a cheap, illiterate—why, she couldn't even spell.

She got up and walked uncertainly around the room. She paused before a mirror. And all this time, while she sat here, in this old bathrobe, that one was with him, in some flimsy negligee and that cheap perfume—it wasn't fair!

She would leave him at once, get a divorce. No, she must be calm. She must bide her time, wait until Monday, decide what to do.

Quickly she dropped the letter back into his coat pocket. He would be home soon; he must not know that she knew. What would he think, seeing her looking like this in the flannel robe, and her hair just out of the curlers?

SHE went into the bedroom and feverishly began to brush her hair. She put on powder and lipstick, then applied mascara to her eyes. She dabbed some perfume on her throat. You read about wives winning their husbands back. She put on her satin negligee.

When he came in, she thought he looked taller, somehow, his carriage prouder, his step firmer. That was the way a man walked, secure in the knowledge that he was loved.

"Gastroenteritis," he said. The very words he pronounced sounded important. She could see how a girl, how any girl might be carried away.

"I always say, better to live without a diagnosis than to die with . . ." He stopped, looked at her again. "Someone coming?"

At once she knew she had to tell him.

"Albert—" she said.

The telephone rang. "I'll get it," he said.

But she was too quick for him. "No, I'll get it," she said.

"Hello," said a male voice at the other end. "This is Dr. Bates. Sorry to bother you at home, but did your husband take my coat by any chance? His is still hanging here, and mine is missing. It's brown."

Of course it was relief she felt while Albert methodically checked the label on the brown coat in the closet, determined it wasn't his, and arranged with Dr. Bates to exchange it for his own. Of course it was relief she felt. She had known all along it wasn't possible.

She felt strangely empty and drained. She supposed she should take off the satin robe and start dinner. She was tired, so tired.

". . . food to stoke the engine," Albert was saying. "Want to eat out tonight?"

She looked at him, and for a moment it seemed to her that the pinched flesh on the bridge of his nose was to blame for everything dreary and dismal in her life. She wouldn't even look at you! she thought. She prefers even bald Dr. Bates to you! But the thought left her as soon as it came. There was nothing but a vast and dull indifference.

"I don't care," she said. "I don't care one way or another." ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL MILROY

Billie Burke—Her Story

By BILLIE BURKE as told to CAMERON SHIPP

Receipt of the manuscript for this article stirred the editor to wire Miss Burke and Mr. Shipp: "I seldom get this enthusiastic. You have written an oasis in a desert of lifeless stuff that covers my desk. Have fallen in love with Billie Burke." Miss Burke replied: "Your wonderful telegram makes me very happy to have put my life in your hands"

PART 2 OF THREE PARTS

A DAY or so after the Club Sixty ball at the Astor Hotel, where Somerset Maugham had taken me on New Year's Eve, 1913, and where I met Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., for the first time in my life, I ran into Ziegfeld on Fifth Avenue.

I was trotting along to my furrier, wearing a mink jacket and carrying a sable coat over one arm.

Flo Ziegfeld's dark eyes opened wide and he smiled.

"Well, Miss Billie Burke," he said, eying the furs, "I see you are the most extravagant person in the world, next to me."

"I understand, sir, that you once hitched four zebras to a cart and drove them down the Champs Élysées scattering flowers and bottles to the *midinettes*. Is that true?" I said.

"Every word of it," Flo replied. "But I never carried two fur coats at once."

His first visit to our house in Hastings was preceded by a handsomely tailored chauffeur in a Rolls Royce who delivered a tiny package containing the smallest bouquet imaginable. I was piqued by the economy of this nosegay, which was in such contrast to the extravagant playboy flowers an actress allows herself to grow accustomed to. But a little later, Flo himself arrived in a great coonskin coat with two cars and a squad of footmen and enough flowers for the Follies chorus. He said very little, just sat looking and smiling, but he stayed for tea, then for dinner, then for supper, and he told me later that he had made up his mind to stay the rest of his life if he could.

I was a confused girl that winter of 1914. I had played in New York for seven years under the astute guidance of that odd genius, Charles Frohman. Frohman had given me rollicking plays by such eminent authors as Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and Somerset Maugham. Indeed, my current vehicle was a particularly spry production for me, a lighthearted number called Jerry, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, which allowed me to romp around the stage of the Lyceum Theater in the prettiest pair of pajamas I ever owned.

But I was unhappy. My mother, who had made every decision for me all my life, was now ill and unable to advise me. I realized that possibly I had made a foolish error in leaving Sir Charles Hawtrey who might have made a more serious actress of me had I remained in his London productions. I was a frothy, redheaded comedienne, tripping blithely through insouciant plays, living like a petted princess on a cushion, and learning nothing. My ideal was the great and fascinating Réjane, the French actress who played comedy with such superb sureness and sophistication. I was beginning for the first time to take myself and the art of acting seriously.

More than that, there were some very interesting men in my life at that time. One was unhappily married, and I have always dreaded unhappily married men—they seem almost invariably to fall in love with actresses. Another was a playboy, a young millionaire. He was handsome and gay, but Ernest, my chauffeur, who oddly enough seemed to know a great deal more about him than I did, raised such a fuss over that affair, warning me ominously in Swedish, that I had to forget him. And there was a nice boy in England whose name I shan't mention.

It is at times like these, when a girl is rushed and bewildered, that desperate, unlikely things can happen. Frohman had sailed for Europe and I sadly missed his alert and, yes, loving, guardianship. The desperate, unlikely thing that happened to me I have already told. I fell in love with Flo Ziegfeld.

I think the picture most persons have of Ziegfeld is inaccurate. It seems to me that he is regarded today only as Olympian and austere, the great commanding showman, barking orders and telegrams, breaking and making careers with a flick of his hand, and never smiling. He was all that.

But the Flo Ziegfeld I knew then was gay and considerate and different; a provocative, challenging man and at the same time a worshipful suitor thoughtful enough to install a little gold telephone in his apartment with a special number, just for me. He was a divine dancer. Often during that glittering winter we would dash out to Long Island through the snow, wrapped in furs, to dance until 4:00 A.M. Flo was a nice person for a girl to be near, and yet so foreign, so mysterious, and so dangerous.

Charles Frohman called me to his office as soon as he heard I was going with Ziegfeld.

"Stop it," he said. "Ruin your career. Mustn't marry. Drop you if you do. Bad man. Also, Ziggy can't produce plays."

Oh, I laughed it off.

"I haven't the slightest intention of marrying anybody," I promised Frohman that spring.

Frohman looked at me sideways, the way he used to look up at the stage when he was rehearsing a cast, peering obliquely, like a pony.

He was not the only one who looked at me sideways. He sent people to talk to me, and the newspapers picked up the story. The sob sisters got onto it and wept purple ink about the awfulness of sweet little Billie Burke, the poor innocent, running around with the frightening Mr. Ziegfeld.

I won't say I wouldn't have gone ahead anyway. I'm sure I would have. But Frohman and his minions and the newspapers literally and absolutely played into Flo Ziegfeld's hand and pushed me into his arms.

Ungentlemanly Visitors

One day my mother was disturbed when some tough-looking gentlemen who didn't remove their hats came up to Hastings and poked around the place. They were detectives, employed by Frohman.

"Get out," Mother ordered them. "Ziegfeld isn't here."

Alf Hayman, Frohman's manager, warned me sternly.

"He's still in love with Anna Held." Alf glowered. "He still sees her, although they're divorced. Also he still sees Lilian Lorraine. Did you know that Lilian and Anna live in the some hotel? And do you understand that if you marry Ziegfeld, Mr. Frohman will drop you cold? No more plays. You'll be through."

Frohman's detectives followed me everywhere. If Flo tried to call me at the theater or to send me a note, they intercepted his messages. They even followed us to Grant's Tomb.

Now, I suppose other sweethearts have met and kissed in the general's sepulcher—Columbia University and the Barnard

(Continued on page 38)

Still handsome herself, Billie is proud as Punch of her three beautiful grandchildren. Cecilia and Florenz lean against their mother, Patricia Ziegfeld Stephenson. Billie holds Bobby. Patricia is Billie's daughter

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

Sportsman's Paradise

By **COREY FORD** and **ALASTAIR MACBAIN**

HERE are America's happy hunting grounds. Here, located according to their natural ranges across the broad map of the nation, are the grouse and quail and ducks, the rabbits and deer and wild turkeys that will furnish recreation this hunting season for over 12,000,000 licensed sportsmen and sportswomen.

How will these wild creatures ever survive that multidecibeled blast of shotguns and rifles on opening day? Who is going to protect our game supply from dwindling, perhaps even disappearing entirely?

The answer is—those same 12,000,000 sportsmen and sportswomen. For the fact is that despite the factories and the four-lane highways and the other wilderness-depleting features of our industrial civilization, our game supply is actually on the increase in many places today. Taking it from coast to coast the United States still offers an amazing mixed bag of game. And the existence of our wild life is due largely to the much-maligned little man with the gun.

Not only do his license fees provide part of the funds for the state Fish and Wildlife Commissions for game-law enforcement, restocking and game-management programs, but through voluntary contributions and the excise tax he pays on arms and ammunition, coupled with governmental appropriations, he makes possible big-scale reclamation of nesting and sanctuary areas. Ducks Unlimited, for example, a nonprofit organization of sportsmen interested in the conservation of waterfowl, has reconditioned duck propagation areas whose total extent—more than 1,250,000 acres—could hold a half-dozen cities.

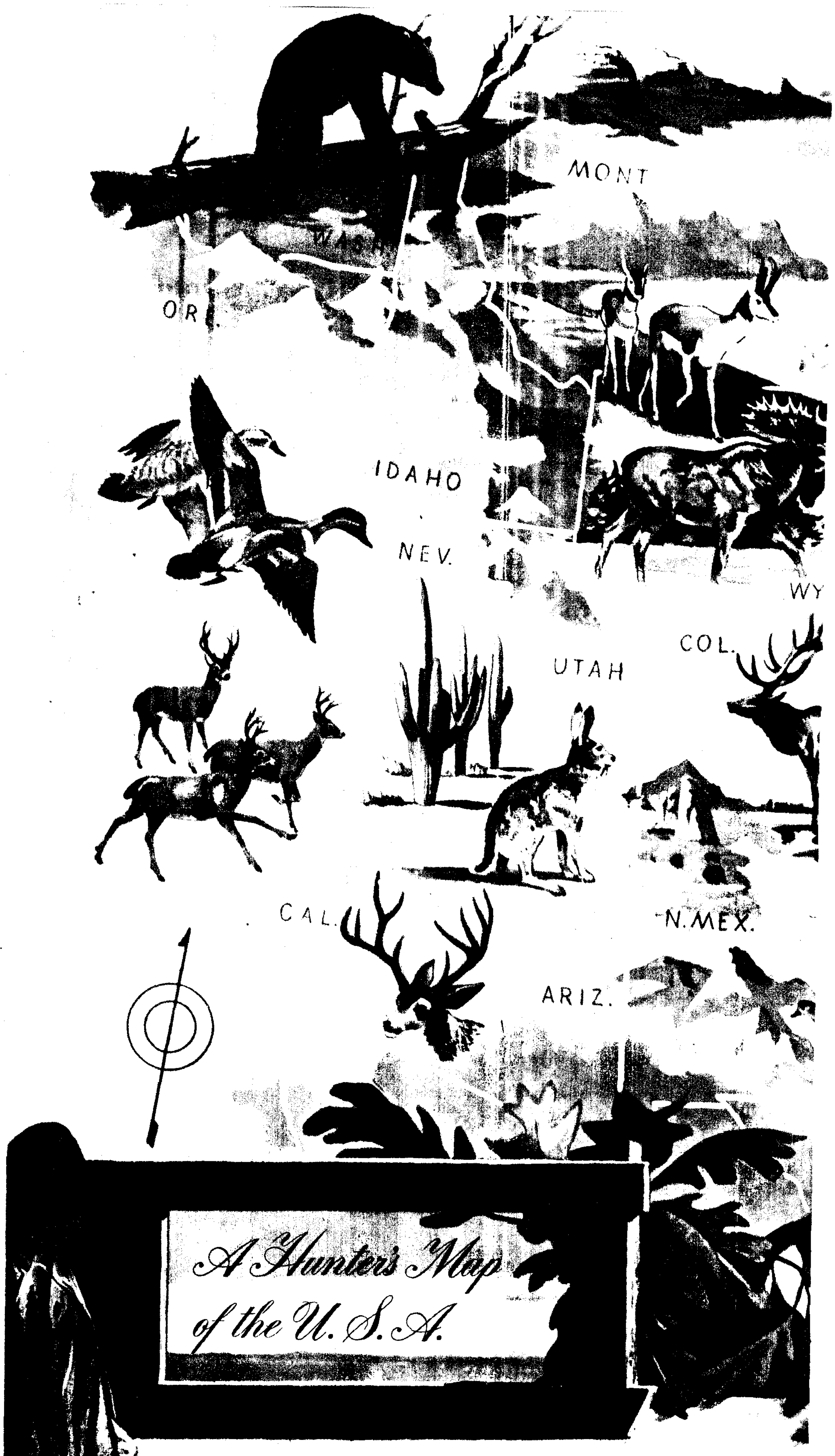
Individually, sportsmen do their good turn for wild life by fighting nonconservation-minded politicians who cast covetous eyes on state and federal game funds. They make their guns work during the off season controlling predators; they improve covers and provide winter food. Today the American sportsman appreciates wild life as one of our most valuable natural resources; he has an enlightened understanding of how to take care of it. Prohibition, the mere shutting down on hunting with no other help to the game, he has learned, is not the way to insure an abundance of wild life.

Take Farmer Jones, for example. Farmer Jones has a covey of quail in his field. His field is posted. Nobody hunts the birds. Nobody even goes near them. If there are too many males in the bunch, let them kill one another off. If crows, skunks and hawks prey on the birds—that's Nature, isn't it? If every last speck of natural food is frozen under a foot of snow—well, Nature will take care of that, too. And Nature does. One or two years later, Farmer Jones hears nary a quail whistle from his field—

Farmer Brown has a covey of quail, too; but Farmer Brown has leased his ground to sportsmen. They take only as many birds as the covey can stand. They provide seed for food patches; they set up feeding stations in winter. Result: In a couple of years there are three or four new coveys on the land.

It is thanks to the sportsmen and their enlightened guardianship, that the map of the United States is dotted with wild life today. ★★★

Reprints of this map are available, on special heavy paper suitable for framing, at ten cents each. Write to Collier's Reprint Department, Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.



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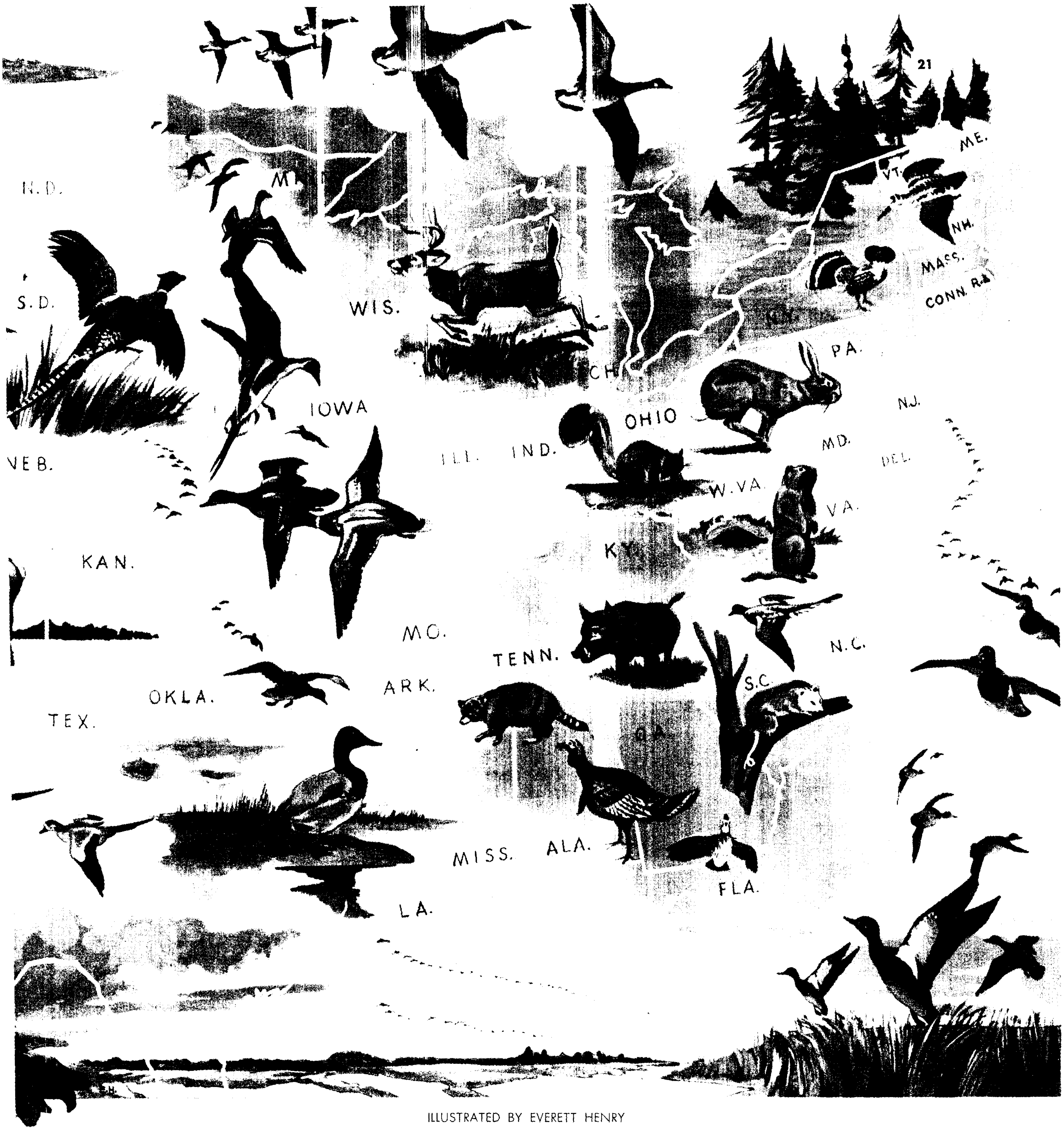
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ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT HENRY

MOOSE	Idaho, Montana, Wyoming *only.*
OPOSSUM	In most states. Consult local laws.
RABBIT	All states.
RACCOON	In 31 states. Consult local laws.
SQUIRREL	In 37 states. Consult local laws.
WOODCHUCK	Eastern half of U.S. Protected in only a few states. Consult local laws.
GROUSE	Several subspecies mostly in northern half of U.S. Consult local laws.
PHEASANT	In most Northern and Western states. Consult local laws.
QUAIL	Several subspecies, in 41 states. Most abundant in Southeast and Southwest.
TURKEY	In 14 states, mostly Southeast through Southwest regions. Consult local laws.
DOVE	Open seasons controlled by federal regulations governing migratory birds.
WOODCOCK	
DUCK	
GEESE	

Hold fast, my love

By ERIC HATCH

EXCEPT for one brief episode, Harvey Jones had never been in love. Now, sitting in the back of the resort hotel jeep as it bucked and bounced over the rocky trail that led to the base of the mountain, he was very much in love. He was, in fact, suffering—not only with love, but with the thing he was about to do because of love.

He looked up at the mountain. It was a particularly ugly mountain. It rose from a squat base, then narrowed and suddenly mushroomed out into a plateau from which a short spike curved like a beak.

He turned his eyes away from it to the girl who bounced along at his side. She looked beautiful in her leather shorts with suspenders over an open-throated white blouse and a tiny green Tyrolean hat perched on her short golden curls. Her gray eyes seemed to Harvey as soft and enticing as pussy willows growing in some spot forever just beyond his reach.

He glanced quickly toward the front of the jeep. Major Terrence Leake, tall and bronzed and British, who had climbed the Matterhorn and Jungfrau and part of Everest, was deep in conversation with the driver. Harvey reached and took the girl's hand.

"Elinor," he said softly. "Have you found out yet what you came here to find out?"

She turned to him and he saw that her eyes were troubled. "No," she said. "I thought I had—then you came. Now I don't know again. You shouldn't have come, Harvey."

Harvey looked again at Major Terrence Leake's strong profile and hated it. His heart was heavy in him and he thought about the days and nights that had followed his going to the Jacksons' dinner party in Santa Barbara. He had met Elinor Holmby there and had instantly fallen in love with her. From then on he had forgotten that he was a successful architect and engineer. He had forgotten everything except his pursuit of Elinor Holmby.

They had played together, dined together, danced together and the world had been bright because of her. Then four nights ago after a perfect evening of soft lights and soft music when he would have sworn she loved him, he stopped his car in front of the Jacksons' house where she was visiting. Suddenly she turned and kissed him and said, "That's for thank you, Harvey—and for goodby."

He had held her, desperately. "Goodby?"

"For now—anyway. I'm going up to the Sierras for a while." The pussy-willow eyes had looked away. "There's—there's something I've got to find out."

Harvey's heart lifted. "About me?"

"About you," she said and then, "and about—someone else."

That had hurt him. It had never occurred to him in the blindness of his love that there could be another man, but he had understood.

He had thought she wanted to be alone, calmly and dispassionately to decide her life. But, unable to bear his own life away from her he had badgered her address from the Jacksons and driven to the *Chalet Suisse* high in the Sierras. He had arrived the night before and had not found her alone, but sitting on a settee in the hotel lounge before a log fire, looking worshipfully at Major Terrence Leake.

Suffering as he had never suffered before, Harvey had stared for a moment, unbelieving, listening to the clipped British voice drone on about *pitons* and *Karabiner,* chasms and yawning abysses, and had watched Elinor Holmby drinking it in. Then the sheer ferocity of his stare made her turn and look up. Seeing him, she had blushed and then, seeing the hurt in his eyes, she had said in honest contrition, "Harvey, I'm so glad to see you!"

She had turned then to the man beside her. "But, Terry—this is wonderful! Harvey's got here in time to climb Baldy with us tomorrow." The pussy-willow eyes had turned back, smiling, to Harvey. "*Now* my day will be perfect!"

He had not dared admit that even being in high buildings did dreadful things to him and that the mere thought of climbing a mountain terrified him. If Elinor Holmby admired courageous jackasses, why, he would be a courageous jackass. He loved her that much.

"Harvey—" his long silence as he had sat beside her in the jeep troubled her. "Harvey, I said you shouldn't have come here. You knew I wanted to be alone."

He nodded toward the front of the jeep and Major Leake. "You mean alone with that two-legged mountain goat."

"You don't trust me," she said.

"No," he said. "I mean I love you, and I do trust you. I don't trust *him*— even if he *is* one of the dullest, long-winded ibexes I ever met." He smiled, a gentle smile. "Of course, I know he has *you* bluffed. You think of him as a romantic adventurer. You picture him standing on high peaks outlined against blue sky. You *ought* to try picturing him helping you wash the dishes on the maid's night out. That's life."

"You may have something there," she said. She answered his smile now. "You know it's funny, Harvey, I can picture you doing the dishes but not the other way—and it's sort of too bad."

"I know," said Harvey. "I can't compete with him at his own racket."

Her eyes turned angry. "If we can't share pleasures," she said, "why—"

She broke off because the car stopped. Major Leake got out, stared at the mountain, turned to them.

"Right," he said. "We'll take this easy slope first as a bit of pipe opener, then work round that first wide ledge up there till we find a crevice."

To Harvey, the easy slope looked almost perpendicular. The wide ledge that Leake was pointing to was almost invisible.

"How wide is that ledge?" Harvey asked.

Leake squinted, then nodded. "Oh, fully three inches," he said. "Now, out everyone for equipment check. Lay it on this smooth ground over here."

Harvey smiled at Elinor again. "The bossy type," he said. "Not good around the house."

She gave him a stabbing look, slipped out of the car and obediently took off her knapsack and laid its contents on the ground in a neat row. They were meager, consisting of a sandwich, a small water canteen, three small spikes, a metal ring with a steel clip on the end of it and a first-aid kit. From the car she took a small coil of rope and a miniature miner's pick, laid them beside the other things.

"Right," he said. "Now you, Jones."

Harvey, hating to obey but not seeing any graceful way out of it, picked up his paper-wrapped parcel, laid it on the ground and tore it open. It was a large parcel and it contained all the things that his partner, also an engineer, whom he had telephoned the night before, felt one man should have to enable him to shinny up one mountain. It made, when opened, quite an impressive little pile.

There was an Army blanket, half a dozen small metal spikes, a telephone lineman's boots and belt, two meathooks, an enormous coil of light nylon line, three boxes of K-rations and three wicker-covered pint bottles of very expensive brandy. On top of the pile there was a bright red slouch hat with a huge peacock's feather. Harvey promptly put on the hat, looked at Major Leake and said, "Like it?"

Terrence Leake took his mountain climbing seriously. "No," he said, abruptly, and began pawing over the other items. "What the devil are these things for?"

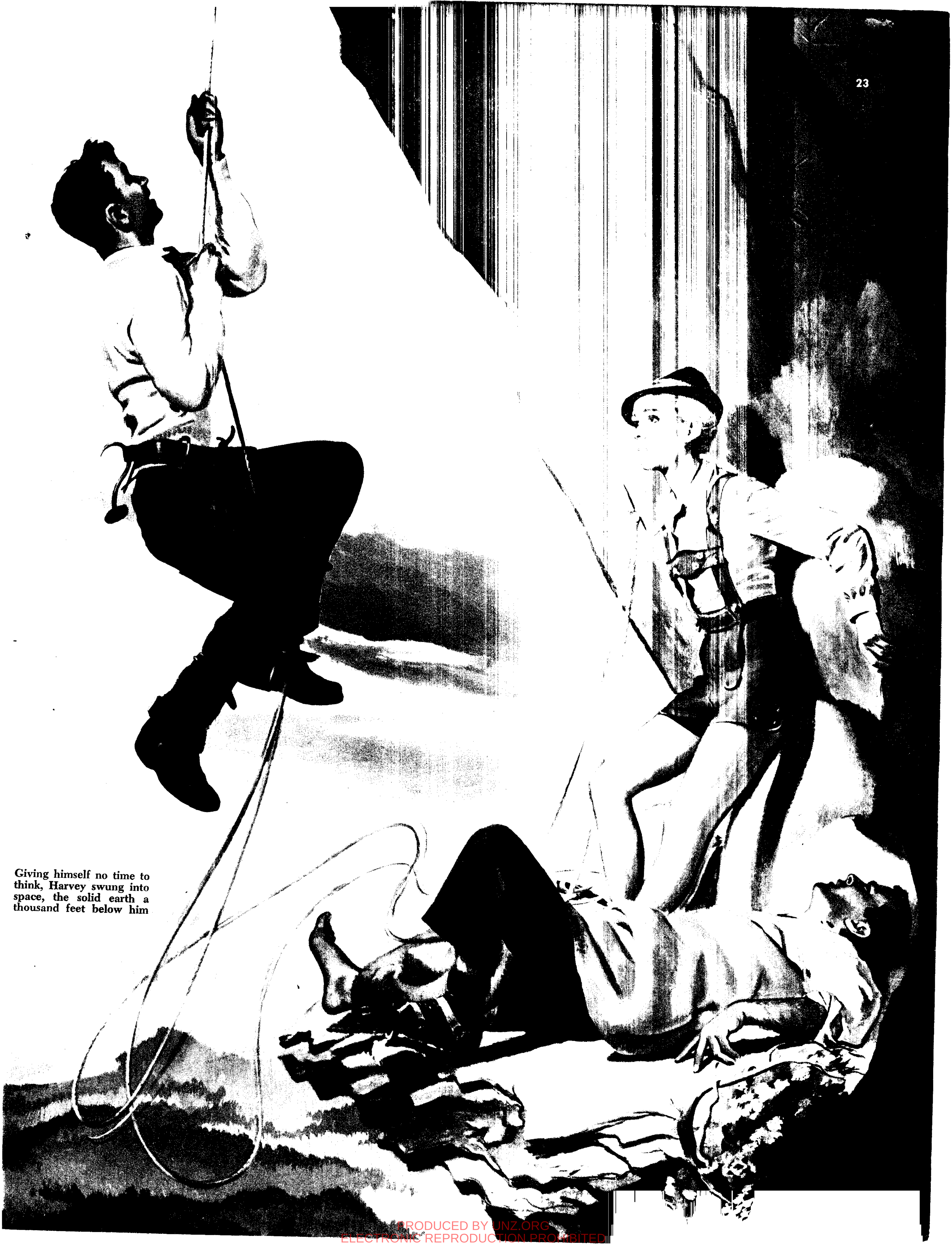
Harvey grinned. Plainly, he had Leake rattled. "I don't know what any of it's for," he said. "But I expect I'll find out as I go along."

Leake picked up the

(Continued on page 87)

Harvey got dizzy if he went as high as the second floor. But the girl he loved was a mountain-climbing fool who took along other men for company

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN OEHMAN



Giving himself no time to think, Harvey swung into space, the solid earth a thousand feet below him

Godmother to Little Yanks

By SIGMUND SAMETH

When the tragic cries of half-American war babies reached the U.S., their G.I. fathers didn't hear them. A confused U.S. government ignored them. But Miss Mary Rizzotto has come forward with her World Children's Foundation to give them hope and a helping hand

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS ENGEL

MISS MARY RIZZOTTO picked a letter at random from her desk.

"I am a Belgium girl," it said, "and I can't speak English very good, but I hope you understand. I met an American soldier in my little town. He was alone and found the time long . . . Oh, Miss, I loved him so much. Just before he left he gave me a paper saying, 'I'm father of the child.' Yes, Miss, since more than seven months I'm expecting a baby from him but I can't work now and I'm not rich. What can I do? I wrote him three times and he don't answer. Till now what I do is to cry and remember, but for my future child I want a good life. . . . Please, Miss, believe me I'm not a bad girl. I'm young and the life is heavy."

Another, from France, said:

"I met an American soldier. . . . I found I was to be a mother. I wanted to die and tried to unsuccessfully. I often cry wondering if I shall be able to make a real man of my infant boy. Life is so full of treachery."

These letters—during the past three years there have been thousands, differing only in details—come to Miss Rizzotto from grieving and desperate girls all over the world, wherever American troops have been stationed. She gets them because she runs the World Children's Foundation, the only agency that attempts to hold out a helping hand to one of the most tragic by-products of the war—the unmarried mother and her half-American child.

In fact, Miss Rizzotto *is* the W.C.F., its founder, president, mail clerk, stenographic staff and chief fund raiser. She has devoted her whole time to the organization since March, 1946, when she was granted the charter of the foundation, its purpose "to provide, regardless of race, color or creed, for the welfare of children destitute, abandoned or needy as a result of World War II."

Miss Rizzotto answers as many of the letters as she can with the limited facilities at her disposal, and in hundreds of cases she has extended concrete assistance to the young mothers. In many instances she has found the father of the child and has induced him to marry the girl or to provide for his offspring. But Miss Rizzotto's means are also limited; she is dependent upon voluntary contributions for food, clothing and money. The comparatively few that she has been able to help are only a small proportion of the thousands who need assistance.

No one has ever been able to find out how many half-American illegitimate children there are in the countries of the world where our troops have been stationed, and it is doubtful if the actual number will ever be known. In an issue of Army Times, an official of the Veterans Administration implied that there are 35,000 "potential dependents" of former servicemen in England alone. Other published estimates place a minimum of 100,000 children of American soldiers and sailors in Europe and another 100,000 in the Pacific area.

Miss Rizzotto, who studied the problem abroad as a Red Cross worker, believes that there may be one war-begotten infant for every ten Americans who served overseas. In her opinion, an estimate of 500,000 such babies would be conservative.

Whether the number of half-American babies is 100,000 or half a million, they present a terrific problem, and a problem which in the long run must be solved by this country. But nobody seems to be doing anything about it except Miss Rizzotto and her foundation, and in the final analysis Miss Rizzotto actually can do very little.

Since V-J Day, Washington has been flooded with appeals for aid from girls in Europe, Asia and Africa, but the government has done nothing; it has no policy, no plans and no figures.

State Department officials (*Continued on page* 34)

Shoplifters, professional and amateur, keep trying to get something for nothing. But they're no match for the lady detectives who guard the stores and shops

Hawkshaws in Skirts

THE canoe, a 16-foot aluminum model, had been on display all morning in one of the country's largest department stores. When a clerk wanted to show it to a customer, about the middle of the afternoon, she found it gone. A hasty check proved that no one had sold it or authorized its removal. One of the store's detectives—a woman—was called to investigate. She was scratching around for clues, and getting nowhere, when two hatless young men walked in, picked up the two paddles that went with the canoe, and calmly departed.

"Are these our people?" the detective demanded. None of the clerks knew the answer, so the sleuth decided to see where the young men went. She followed them out of the store and down the block, to a parked automobile. Lashed to the top of the car was the missing canoe.

"To think that those guys had the nerve to come back for the paddles!", the lady dick snorted, indignantly. "They thought it was a big joke, pretending to be employees and walking out with the canoe. Well, they don't think they're so smart now; they're doing a nice little stretch at Warwick Reformatory."

In another shop not long ago a store sleuth was asked to look into the mysterious disappearance of a considerable number of fountain pens. She stayed around the pen counter for a week without learning a thing. Then she began to notice a red-haired youth who had come in several times and always bought a pen. The detective was sure he was stealing, but couldn't find out how. One day a little boy and his mother came to the counter while the young man was there, looking at pens as usual. Suddenly Junior pulled excitedly at his mother's skirt.

"Hey, Mom!" he cried. "Look at that guy! He's making things fly up his sleeve!"

The lady sleuth immediately made the arrest. The thief had been snapping pens up his sleeve by means of a rubber band arrangement.

These are good examples of the slick tricks attempted every day by the thousands of professional and amateur shoplifters who operate in every American city, principally in the department stores and specialty shops. They are seldom successful, for store detectives, almost all of them women, are on hand, with their eyes open.

Every year these hawkshaws in skirts recover hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash and merchandise picked up by light-fingered thieves. A better-class store of medium size will have at least one of them on the premises, while a big emporium will employ up to 40. Most of them come up through the ranks of stock girls and clerks. They make anywhere from $40 to $100 a week and are crazy about the work.

These detecting ladies aren't slinky sirens with pearl-handled revolvers in their handbags. Rather, they look like Mrs. Average Housewife, which is one reason why they are so successful.

One of the outstanding women detectives in the country is a tiny, snub-nosed brunette and insists that she be known simply as "Betty." Betty is a veteran of 27 years in what the huge store she works for calls its Bureau of Investigation.

"I like this game," she says. "There's never a dull moment. Out on the sales floors you've got to see everything, think fast and outsmart the smartest operators. You have to know the rackets, and believe me, there are plenty!

"For instance, a woman takes a dress off the rack, drops it accidentally on purpose, kicks it into a corner, then stuffs it under her skirt when she thinks nobody's looking.

"Other women, especially young girls, impersonate charge-account customers and try to get away with a fancy wardrobe to make a hit with their men friends. Or they'll steal a $22 electric toaster one day and bring it back for a cash refund the next; we can tell by their spiel that they're not on the level.

"Dishonest employees 'forget'—that's a laugh!—they 'forget' to ring up sales and pocket the customer's money. There's no end to the angles, and we have to keep on the jump to stay ahead of the game."

Not long ago Betty was touring a sales floor when her roving eye was caught by a shopper who seemed unusually stout for the thinness of his face. She tailed him out of men's furnishings to the street and caught his sleeve the moment he was out of the store. Then, with the routine patter of store dicks, "Excuse-me-I-believe-you-have-some-of-our-property-you-haven't-paid-for," she unbuttoned Tubby's coat and revealed six stolen suits. Each was neatly hung, one on top of the other, from an ingenious yoke around the man's neck.

Artificial bulges in the human anatomy are seldom mistaken for the real thing. Detectives can tell the difference between an expectant mother and a woman pregnant with a stolen tablecloth. But once in a while suspects give store sleuths a surprise.

Detective Betty once recognized an old-time shoplifter in the store and noticed that the woman had developed a brand-new billowy bosom since they last met in court. So Betty elbowed her into the detention cubbyhole and to her astonishment, the plunder concealed in the roomy bust consisted of a battered light-housekeeping unit—a cup and plate, a knife, fork and spoon, lumps of sugar, salt and pepper shakers and a pile of mussed paper napkins.

"That moll booster was one of those floaters who tote around their own eating stuff from rooming house to rooming house," Betty explained. "I was going to let her go, but suddenly she hollered that she was going to sue me for false arrest. So I gave her a searching that shouldn't happen to a dog with fleas.

"Know what I found? Pawn tickets—eighty of 'em sewn in the hem of her skirt. It didn't take me long to find out that she'd loaded the hock shops with stuff stolen from us and almost every other place in town."

Michael J. Brown, chief of a big store's security squads, says that the worst offenders, women amateurs, account for 70 per cent of all shoplifting in stores. They begin by taking a dress, then return for a bag, gloves, costume jewelry and other accessories. Some scorn such frippery. One woman favored food—*pâté de foie gras,* truffles, caviar and other choice delicacies. She stole so that she could play Lady Bountiful to her pet charity, a home for the blind.

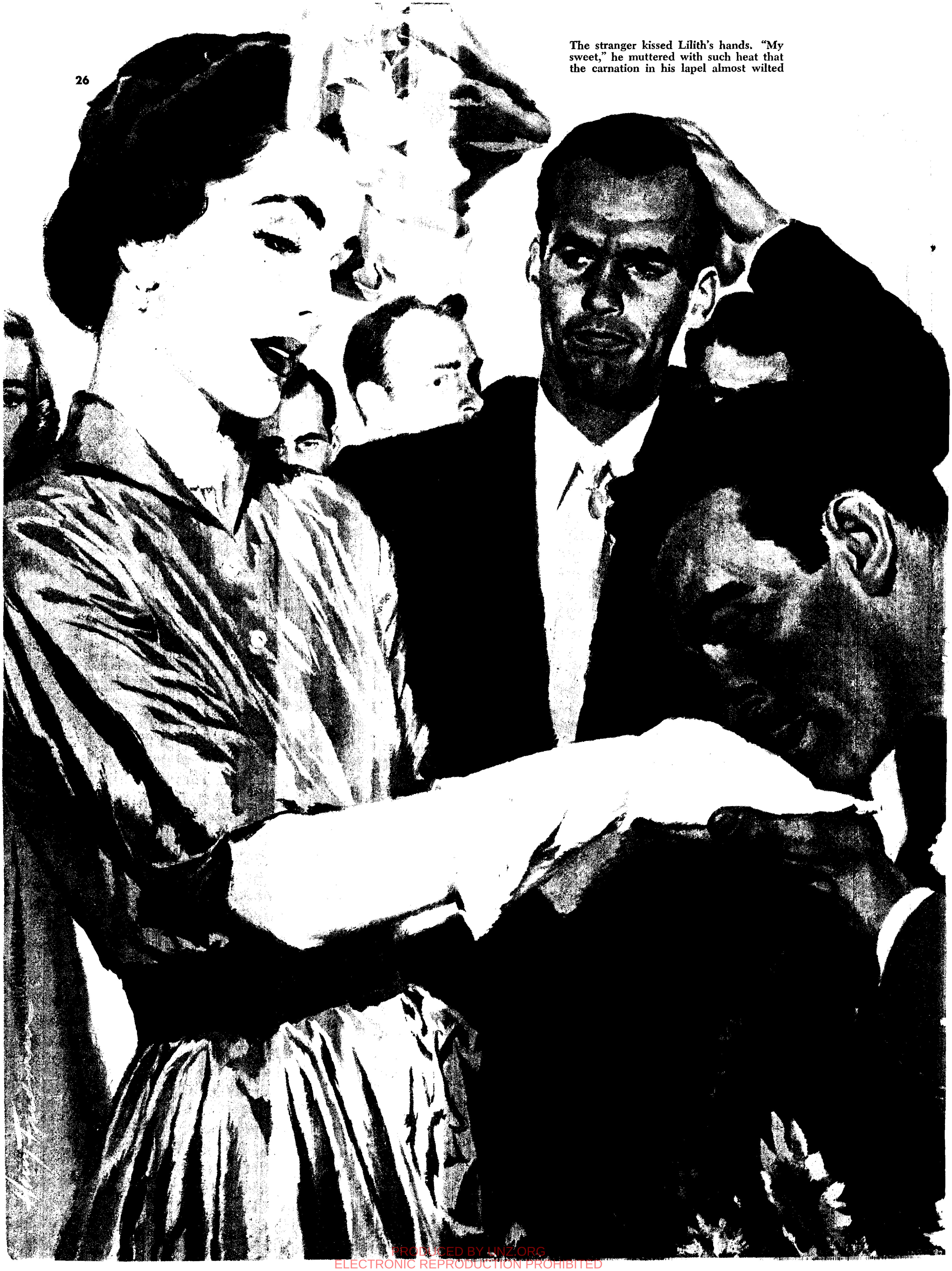
According to some authorities, professional thieves make up a dangerous 10 per cent of the larcenous population. Fences will pay only a third of valuation, so they concentrate on expensive items. One old hand, who affected the prosperous businessman's look, specialized in $45 French negligees and nightgowns until his apprehension.

A seven-year-old boy was coached by his parents to hide in built-in clothes racks and stow away in a school bag various garments dropped to him by his elders. The kid's downfall came when he got thoroughly bored with

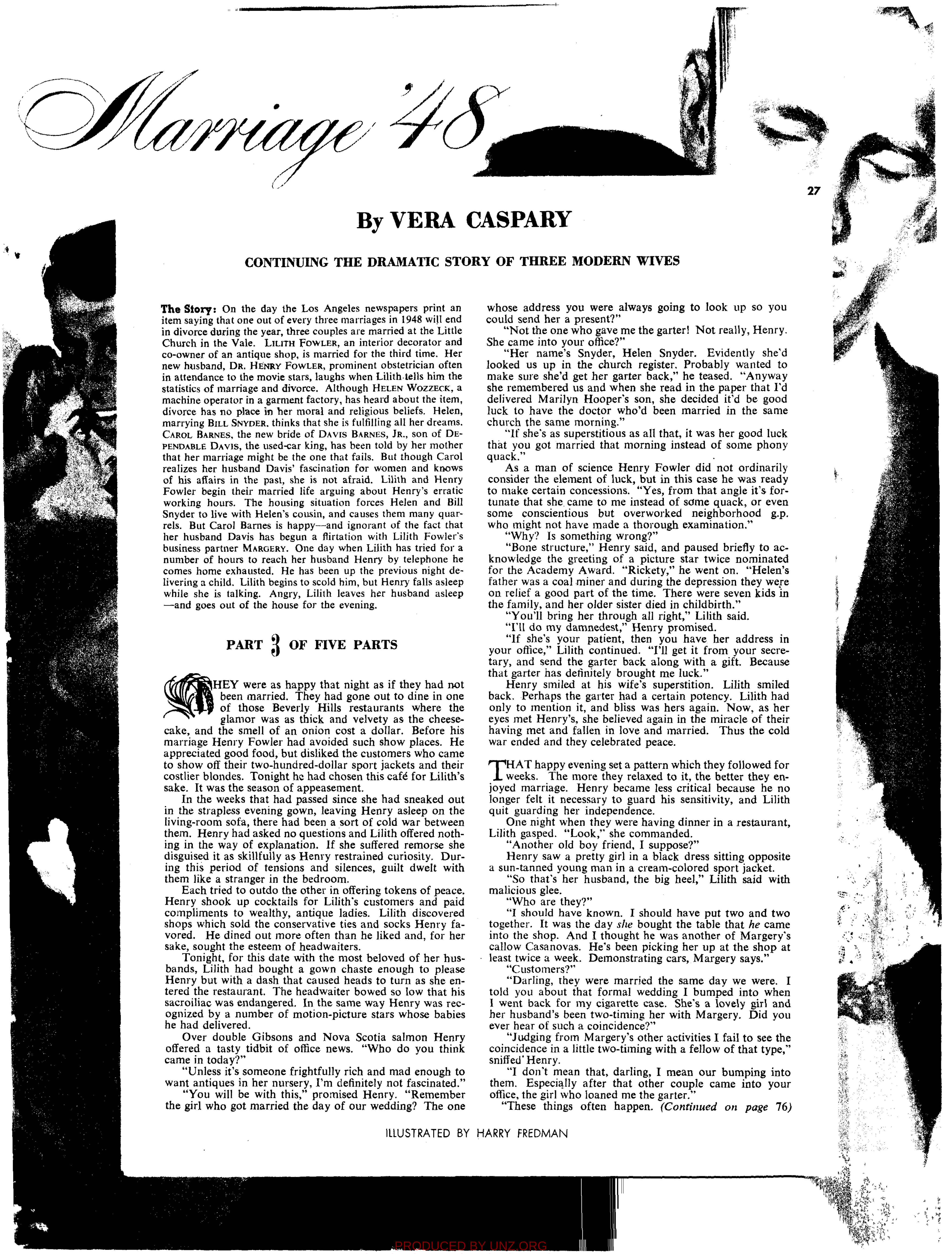
(Continued on page 73)

By HARMON and ELSIE TUPPER

SILHOUETTES BY UGO MOCHI



The stranger kissed Lilith's hands. "My sweet," he muttered with such heat that the carnation in his lapel almost wilted



Marriage '48

By VERA CASPARY

CONTINUING THE DRAMATIC STORY OF THREE MODERN WIVES

The Story: On the day the Los Angeles newspapers print an item saying that one out of every three marriages in 1948 will end in divorce during the year, three couples are married at the Little Church in the Vale. LILITH FOWLER, an interior decorator and co-owner of an antique shop, is married for the third time. Her new husband, DR. HENRY FOWLER, prominent obstetrician often in attendance to the movie stars, laughs when Lilith tells him the statistics of marriage and divorce. Although HELEN WOZZECK, a machine operator in a garment factory, has heard about the item, divorce has no place in her moral and religious beliefs. Helen, marrying BILL SNYDER, thinks that she is fulfilling all her dreams. CAROL BARNES, the new bride of DAVIS BARNES, JR., son of DEPENDABLE DAVIS, the used-car king, has been told by her mother that her marriage might be the one that fails. But though Carol realizes her husband Davis' fascination for women and knows of his affairs in the past, she is not afraid. Lilith and Henry Fowler begin their married life arguing about Henry's erratic working hours. The housing situation forces Helen and Bill Snyder to live with Helen's cousin, and causes them many quarrels. But Carol Barnes is happy—and ignorant of the fact that her husband Davis has begun a flirtation with Lilith Fowler's business partner MARGERY. One day when Lilith has tried for a number of hours to reach her husband Henry by telephone he comes home exhausted. He has been up the previous night delivering a child. Lilith begins to scold him, but Henry falls asleep while she is talking. Angry, Lilith leaves her husband asleep —and goes out of the house for the evening.

PART 3 OF FIVE PARTS

THEY were as happy that night as if they had not been married. They had gone out to dine in one of those Beverly Hills restaurants where the glamor was as thick and velvety as the cheesecake, and the smell of an onion cost a dollar. Before his marriage Henry Fowler had avoided such show places. He appreciated good food, but disliked the customers who came to show off their two-hundred-dollar sport jackets and their costlier blondes. Tonight he had chosen this café for Lilith's sake. It was the season of appeasement.

In the weeks that had passed since she had sneaked out in the strapless evening gown, leaving Henry asleep on the living-room sofa, there had been a sort of cold war between them. Henry had asked no questions and Lilith offered nothing in the way of explanation. If she suffered remorse she disguised it as skillfully as Henry restrained curiosity. During this period of tensions and silences, guilt dwelt with them like a stranger in the bedroom.

Each tried to outdo the other in offering tokens of peace. Henry shook up cocktails for Lilith's customers and paid compliments to wealthy, antique ladies. Lilith discovered shops which sold the conservative ties and socks Henry favored. He dined out more often than he liked and, for her sake, sought the esteem of headwaiters.

Tonight, for this date with the most beloved of her husbands, Lilith had bought a gown chaste enough to please Henry but with a dash that caused heads to turn as she entered the restaurant. The headwaiter bowed so low that his sacroiliac was endangered. In the same way Henry was recognized by a number of motion-picture stars whose babies he had delivered.

Over double Gibsons and Nova Scotia salmon Henry offered a tasty tidbit of office news. "Who do you think came in today?"

"Unless it's someone frightfully rich and mad enough to want antiques in her nursery, I'm definitely not fascinated."

"You will be with this," promised Henry. "Remember the girl who got married the day of our wedding? The one whose address you were always going to look up so you could send her a present?"

"Not the one who gave me the garter! Not really, Henry. She came into your office?"

"Her name's Snyder, Helen Snyder. Evidently she'd looked us up in the church register. Probably wanted to make sure she'd get her garter back," he teased. "Anyway she remembered us and when she read in the paper that I'd delivered Marilyn Hooper's son, she decided it'd be good luck to have the doctor who'd been married in the same church the same morning."

"If she's as superstitious as all that, it was her good luck that you got married that morning instead of some phony quack."

As a man of science Henry Fowler did not ordinarily consider the element of luck, but in this case he was ready to make certain concessions. "Yes, from that angle it's fortunate that she came to me instead of some quack, or even some conscientious but overworked neighborhood g.p. who might not have made a thorough examination."

"Why? Is something wrong?"

"Bone structure," Henry said, and paused briefly to acknowledge the greeting of a picture star twice nominated for the Academy Award. "Rickety," he went on. "Helen's father was a coal miner and during the depression they were on relief a good part of the time. There were seven kids in the family, and her older sister died in childbirth."

"You'll bring her through all right," Lilith said.

"I'll do my damnedest," Henry promised.

"If she's your patient, then you have her address in your office," Lilith continued. "I'll get it from your secretary, and send the garter back along with a gift. Because that garter has definitely brought me luck."

Henry smiled at his wife's superstition. Lilith smiled back. Perhaps the garter had a certain potency. Lilith had only to mention it, and bliss was hers again. Now, as her eyes met Henry's, she believed again in the miracle of their having met and fallen in love and married. Thus the cold war ended and they celebrated peace.

THAT happy evening set a pattern which they followed for weeks. The more they relaxed to it, the better they enjoyed marriage. Henry became less critical because he no longer felt it necessary to guard his sensitivity, and Lilith quit guarding her independence.

One night when they were having dinner in a restaurant, Lilith gasped. "Look," she commanded.

"Another old boy friend, I suppose?"

Henry saw a pretty girl in a black dress sitting opposite a sun-tanned young man in a cream-colored sport jacket.

"So that's her husband, the big heel," Lilith said with malicious glee.

"Who are they?"

"I should have known. I should have put two and two together. It was the day *she* bought the table that *he* came into the shop. And I thought he was another of Margery's callow Casanovas. He's been picking her up at the shop at least twice a week. Demonstrating cars, Margery says."

"Customers?"

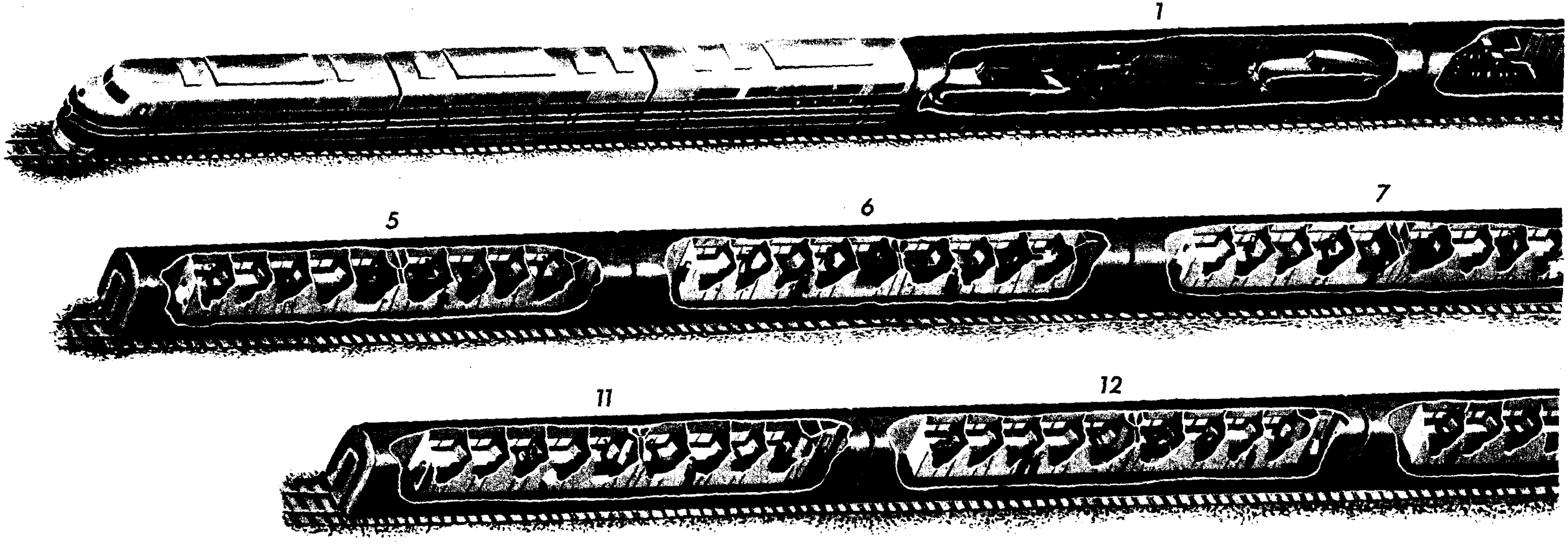
"Darling, they were married the same day we were. I told you about that formal wedding I bumped into when I went back for my cigarette case. She's a lovely girl and her husband's been two-timing her with Margery. Did you ever hear of such a coincidence?"

"Judging from Margery's other activities I fail to see the coincidence in a little two-timing with a fellow of that type," sniffed Henry.

"I don't mean that, darling, I mean our bumping into them. Especially after that other couple came into your office, the girl who loaned me the garter."

"These things often happen. *(Continued on page 76)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN



They have come a long way from the wooden, gaslit coaches on the Presidential special "invented" by President Andrew Johnson. Above is an artist's conception of the luxurious campaign trains that are on the move again, carrying politicians and their gospel into the far corners of the American hinterland

By Diesel and by steam the trains roll on. The first baggage car is loaded with sleek autos for triumphant entries into key cities. The second car is car No. 1401 on the President's train. It contains radio equipment to keep him in contact with Washington, and is leased to the government by the Baltimore and Ohio. Train crews live in the third car, and Number 4 is for the use of the press, whose nervous typewriters spew out millions of words on a campaign swing. If the newspapermen sleep at all, they grab what they can in cars 5, 6 and 7. Num-

The Campaign Trains

SOME twenty-five years ago, President Warren G. Harding distinguished himself by equipping the rear platform of his private railway car with the first electric loud-speaker ever installed on a Presidential special. As he rolled westward from Washington, the loud-speaker performed magnificently, booming Presidential rhetoric without letup at the curious crowds gathered at way stations to see and hear the President. Then, halfway across the country, the gadget turned on him.

Harding was scheduled to make an important address and the time was growing short. Striding up and down in his room on the train, he called impatiently to his valet.

"Where are my pants?"

For a moment there was no answer. Then, suddenly, the valet appeared belligerently in the doorway.

"Here," he said, thrusting a crumpled pair of trousers at the President.

"Why, they're not pressed!" President Harding protested.

"I know it," the valet said testily, brandishing a cold iron. "You used up all the juice making speeches!"

This year the politician-packed trains are rolling again, and what happened to President Harding could happen to President Truman, or Governor Dewey, for that matter. And it could be worse, for there is nothing known to man that can even approach a modern campaign train in the creation of utter confusion. A cageful of monkeys cannot generate half the turmoil that two hundred politicians and newspapermen can stir up in the circus-like atmosphere of a campaign train.

The question is: Is it all worth it? There has always been an argument as to whether long, tiring campaign trips serve any purpose other than to wear the candidates to a frazzle.

Bryan toured the country, living on sandwiches and cat naps, while McKinley stayed home and was elected. Hughes went to California, snubbed Hiram Johnson, and lost the Presidency to Woodrow Wilson, who hardly stirred from the White House. Cox stumped the country while Harding languished on his front porch and won the election. Davis outdistanced Coolidge everywhere except at the polls.

F.D.R. Preferred Open-Road Campaigns

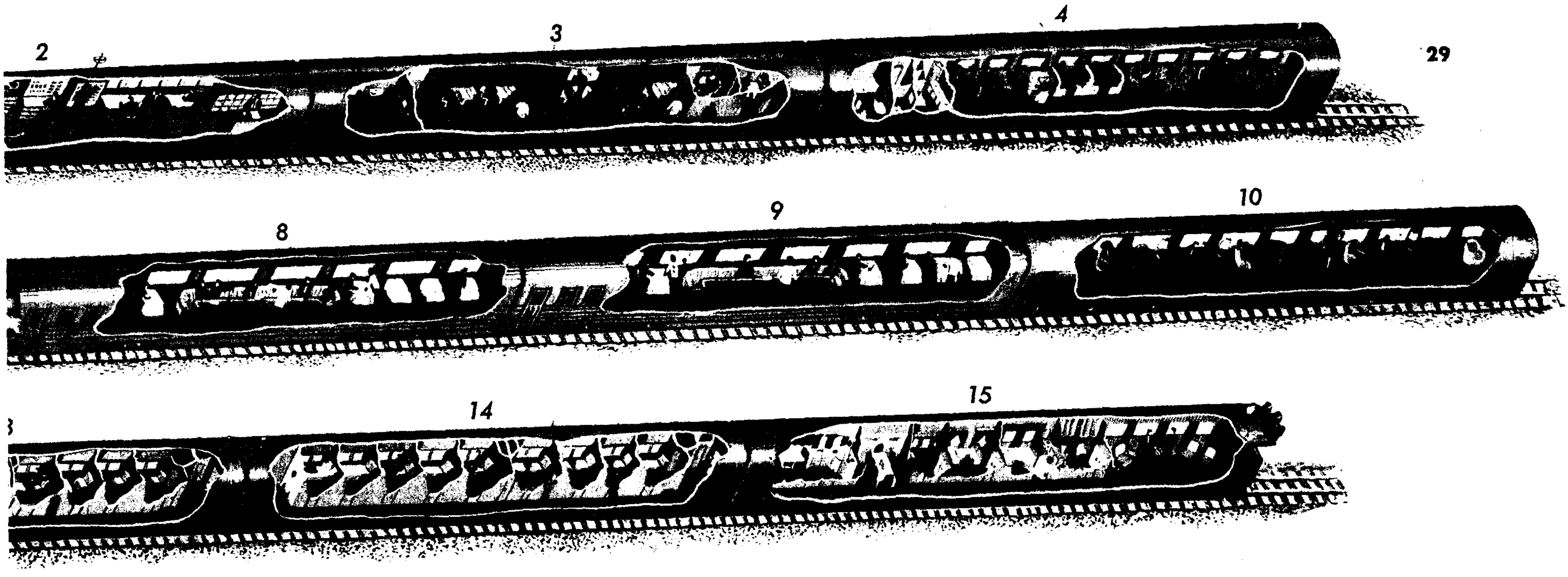
Franklin Roosevelt, on the other hand, held to the theory that personal appearances win the multitudes. The best campaigner of them all preferred the open road even though he had developed a formidable and undoubtedly more comfortable weapon in the fireside chat. While he was President, Roosevelt traveled over 350,000 miles on 399 rail trips, each of which seemed to strengthen his hold on the electorate.

The first President to ride on a railroad train at all was Andrew Jackson, who successfully chanced a short trip on the infant Baltimore and Ohio, circa 1830. Jackson's predecessor in the White House, John Quincy Adams, was involved in a wreck on the Camden and South Amboy Railroad in New Jersey at about the same time, when the wood-burning engine jumped the track, but it was after Adams had left office.

The first special hired for a purely political expedition apparently was the one used by Stephen A. Douglas in his debates with Lincoln in 1858. Lincoln, who rode in ordinary day coaches on ordinary trains, was really nettled on one occasion when his train was sidetracked near Mattoon, Illinois, to let the Douglas special pass. As though that were not insult enough, Douglas further aggravated Mr. Lincoln's sense of propriety by equipping his train with a flatcar bearing a cannon, which was fired every time the Douglas special approached the scene of a debate.

It remained, however, for Andrew Johnson to introduce the Presidential Special. He used a special train to make the first "swing around the circle," when he went as far west as Chicago and St. Louis. Congress waxed indignant over the trip on the grounds that it was beneath the dignity of a President to go direct to the people.

Among other records set by peripatetic Presidents is William Howard Taft's mark of 12,961 miles for a single rail trip. The record for inconveniencing a railroad is still held by President Grant, who, having decided to visit his old home at Galena, Illinois, caused the railroad running from Chicago to Galena to rip up its track and replace it with standard gauge in anticipation of the trip. President Harding, as previously noted, installed the first loud-speaker. That was also the first Presidential special having facilities for plugging train telephones into overhead wires for outside calls from stations along the line.



bers 8 and 9 are dining cars for the entourage and Number 10 is a club car where the campaign staff and Secret Service men can relax. The staff and Secret Service are billeted in cars 11, 12, 13 and 14, Number 14 also being used as a clearinghouse for local politicians boarding the train to meet the President or the candidate. Some trains carry a lounge converted into a work car. On the Presidential special, the last car is the Ferdinand Magellan, an armor-plated Pullman complete with galley, dining room, bedrooms, shower baths, overstuffed furniture and intimates of the President. Governor Dewey uses a private car borrowed from a railroad president. Nobody dares estimate how many babies will be kissed from the rear platform of either train but the cost of each campaign has been estimated at $22,000,000. The trains themselves will cost each national committee the minimum of 125 full fares which railroads charge for pulling special trains plus Pullman rentals of as much as $172.50 per day for the use of a special private car.

Roll Again

By COLLIE SMALL

Packed with politicians and wired for sound, the vote-getting specials are on the go again. It happens to the country every four years. Here is the story of the rail campaigns and the history of the movement

Although a railroad is not completely disrupted by the presence of a wandering campaign train on its line, it would be just as happy without it. Nothing demands such elaborate arrangements and precautions.

Generally speaking, schedules are arranged to fit the fastest regular running time between two points. A campaign special traveling nonstop between New York and Chicago on the New York Central, for example, would match the running time of the Twentieth Century Limited.

Occasionally, if the candidate gets long-winded, the schedule has to be changed completely. The Willkie train in 1940 threw the whole New York, New Haven and Hartford Rail Road out of whack when Willkie kept misjudging the length of his platform talks during a swing through New England. Scheduled stops were taken out, reinstated, taken out, and reinstated again until nobody knew what to expect.

Whereas President Truman doesn't care how fast he travels, President Roosevelt liked to mosey along whenever possible in order to enjoy the scenery more fully. Nonetheless, his schedules were unusually precise. Always the showman, F.D.R. insisted that his train leave the station when he had finished speaking. Roosevelt had an understandable horror of anticlimaxes. If his train had to take on ice and water at a stop, he wanted the chores finished by the time he was through speaking.

Some Get Left

This fetish occasionally resulted in someone's being left standing on the station platform, although newspapermen, for example, were carefully briefed on how to avoid being cut off by crowds and were usually warned by a whistle approximately two minutes before departure. The real menace, however, was not the newspapermen but the local politicians who got on and forgot to get off. These particular specimens are common distractors on any campaign train, especially when they stay aboard and then duck their fares. One retired Pullman conductor is still looking for a number of local politicians who beat him out of fares on the Hoover train.

From a standpoint of safety, most railroads do not permit a single wheel to turn when the President's or a candidate's train is passing. Those that do permit movement run their trains on "slow orders" at passing time so that they are only creeping along when passed. The custom of stopping "opposing" trains apparently dates from 1861, when President-elect Lincoln went from Springfield to Washington and the Great Western Railroad ordered every passing train stopped.

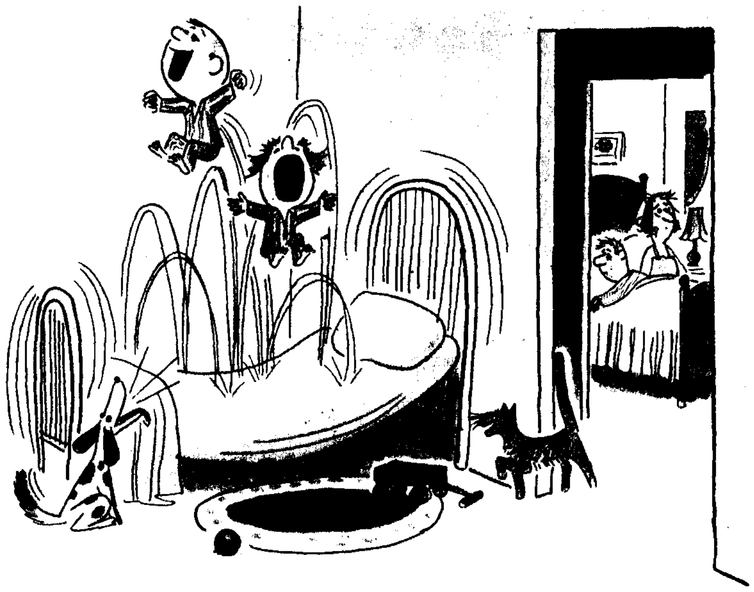
All railroads spike their switches when a campaign special rolls over the line, and deep cuts and tunnels are usually manned by watchmen posted to look out for sudden slides. A pilot engine is generally sent ahead, and occasionally a dummy train follows as a guard against the danger of rear-end collisions. The Baltimore and Ohio dispatches an electric handcar ahead of campaign trains on the theory that it is easier to inspect the track from a handcar than from an engine. As a simple matter of courtesy, the B & O also silences all engine whistles and bells when a campaign special passes.

It is also common practice to pull campaign trains onto remote branch lines at night whenever the schedule permits a night's sleep in the country. Usually a lonely spur in the woods is used. Again the switches are spiked and the train is surrounded by guards until it moves back onto the main line in the morning.

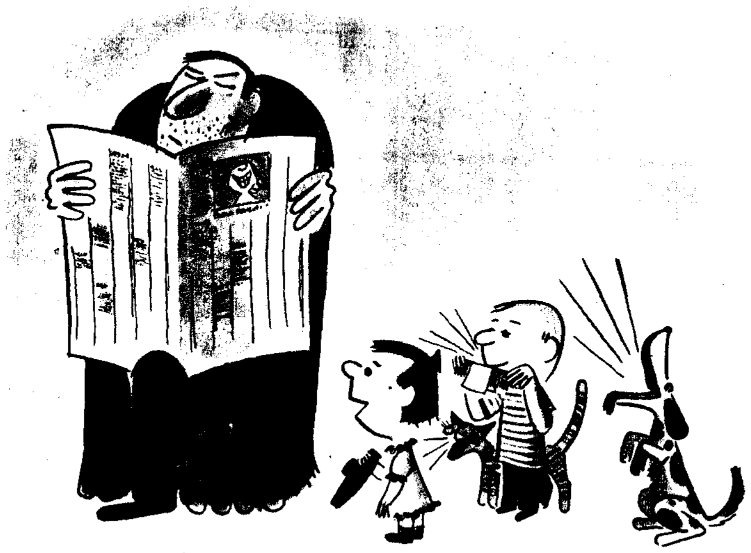
Duplicate crews are *(Continued on page 48)*

Bedlam on Sunday

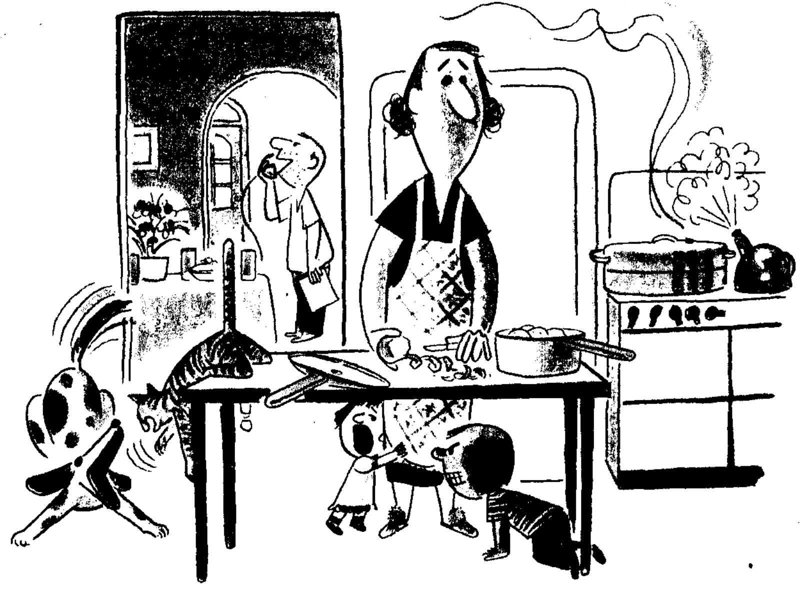
Take a clean house, whip up a steady rain, mix children and pets and bring parents to a slow boil. This concoction is by Cartoonists Stanley and Janice Berenstain



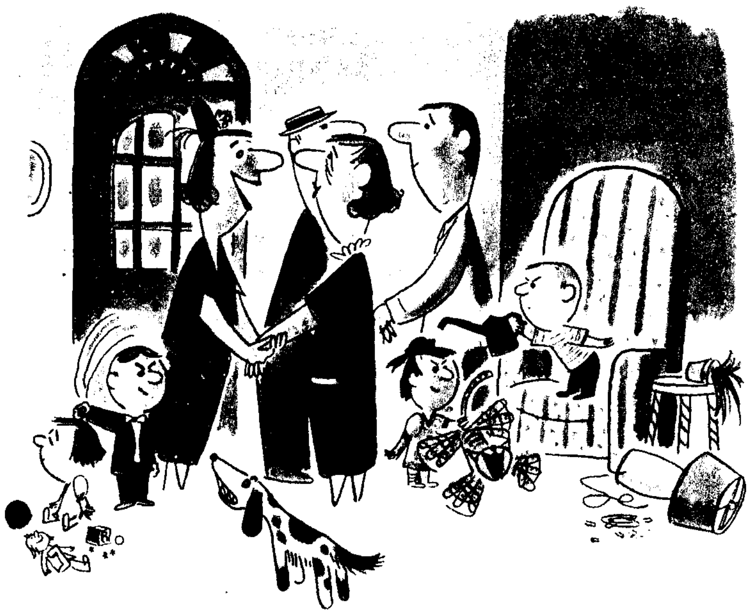
1. "We want the funnies! We want the funnies! We . . ."



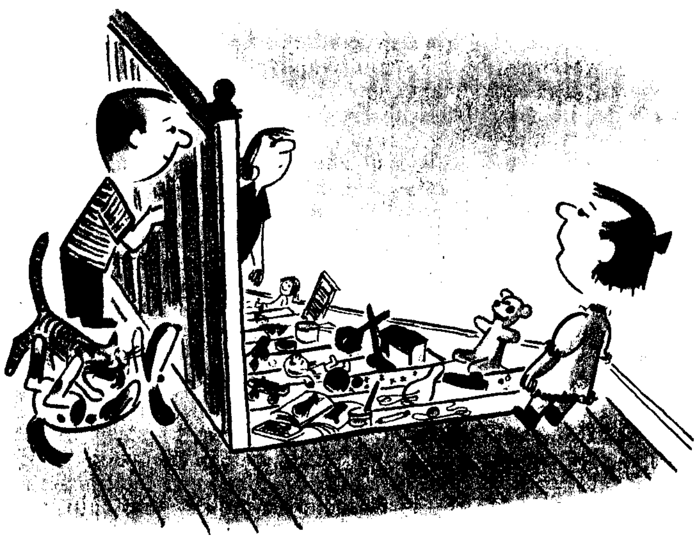
2. "Wanna hear a quartet?"



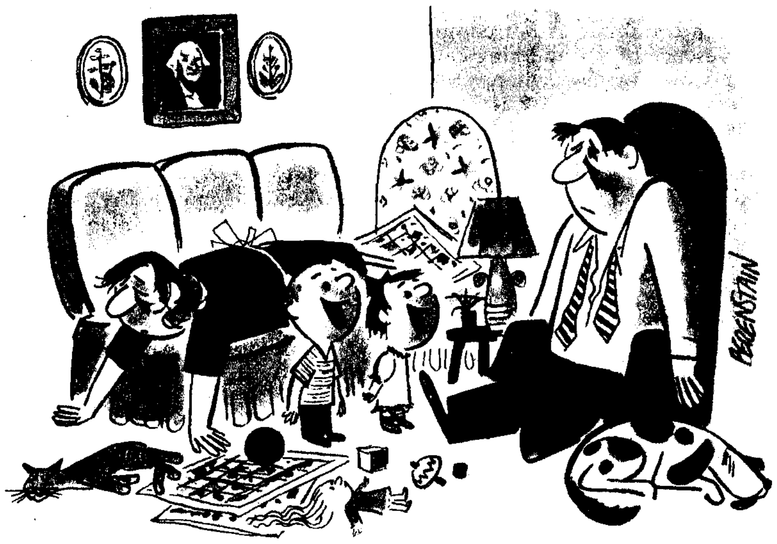
3. "Sure! Always have enough for two more. You're bringing the kids? Fine!"



4. "Now, you're sure we can't help with the dishes?"



5. "That steam shovel's not mine"



6. "Piggyback us up to bed, Daddy?"

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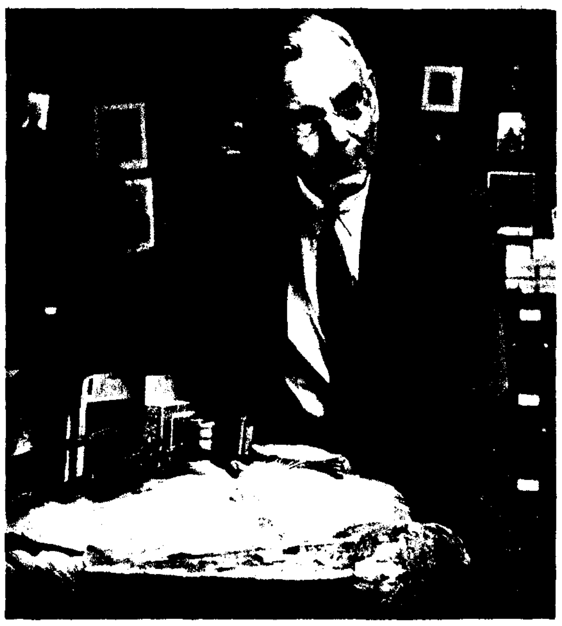


Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Smithsonian's top boss

SMITHSON'S House Of Wonders

Were the bedbugs who nipped Solomon out of his 10th century B.C. dreams of gazelle-eyed maidens the same as those in the Casbah today? Who was the most-favored Nature Boy, Predmost Male or Tepexpan Man? Anything else you'd like to know? Just ask at the Smithsonian Institution. The answer is probably there

By FRANK GERVASI

SIXTY-FOUR-DOLLAR questions tough enough to kayo the knowledgeable John Kieran arrive daily by the hundreds in a truckload of mail dumped on the desks of the patient professors of the Smithsonian Institution. They include puzzlers about the origins of man and his earth, the love life of the turtle, the mysteries of flight, the breeding and feeding habits of the trihorned dinosaur, the length of Dolly Madison's White House dress or the manufacture of vitamins.

The profs are seldom stumped, even when asked to identify a foreign country whose name means "the sting of a bee" and sounds in English like "um-tum-twee-nee." The institution's language expert, John P. Harrington, had the answer quicker than Kieran could cough. "Umtumtweenee," Harrington replied, "is South Nyasalander Bantu dialect for Natal, a province of the Union of South Africa and does, indeed, mean the sting of a bee."

But recently the institution's mature quiz kids came a cropper. A doctor wrote in to inquire about the therapeutic value of gorilla milk. Anthropologists, biologists and physicians held a huddle. Documents were pulled down from dusty shelves and searched. Nobody, apparently, knew anything about gorilla milk for the very excellent reason that nobody had ever milked a gorilla. Somewhat indignantly, the frustrated researchers replied:

"Sir: If you ever feel inclined to climb into a cage with a female gorilla and manage to obtain a sample of her milk, please send the specimen to us. We will be glad to analyze it for you. We suggest, however, that you learn jujitsu first."

Answering the serious and occasionally foolish questions of Americans is, however, only a part of the work of the Smithsonian's staff of about 150 scientists. They also run what is undoubtedly the greatest show on earth, although it doesn't winter in Florida. Their show is permanently housed in half a dozen staid buildings in the nation's capital and, including attendance at its affiliated National Zoological Park, annually entertains 5,000,000 spectators, a gate big enough to make P. T. Barnum drool in his grave.

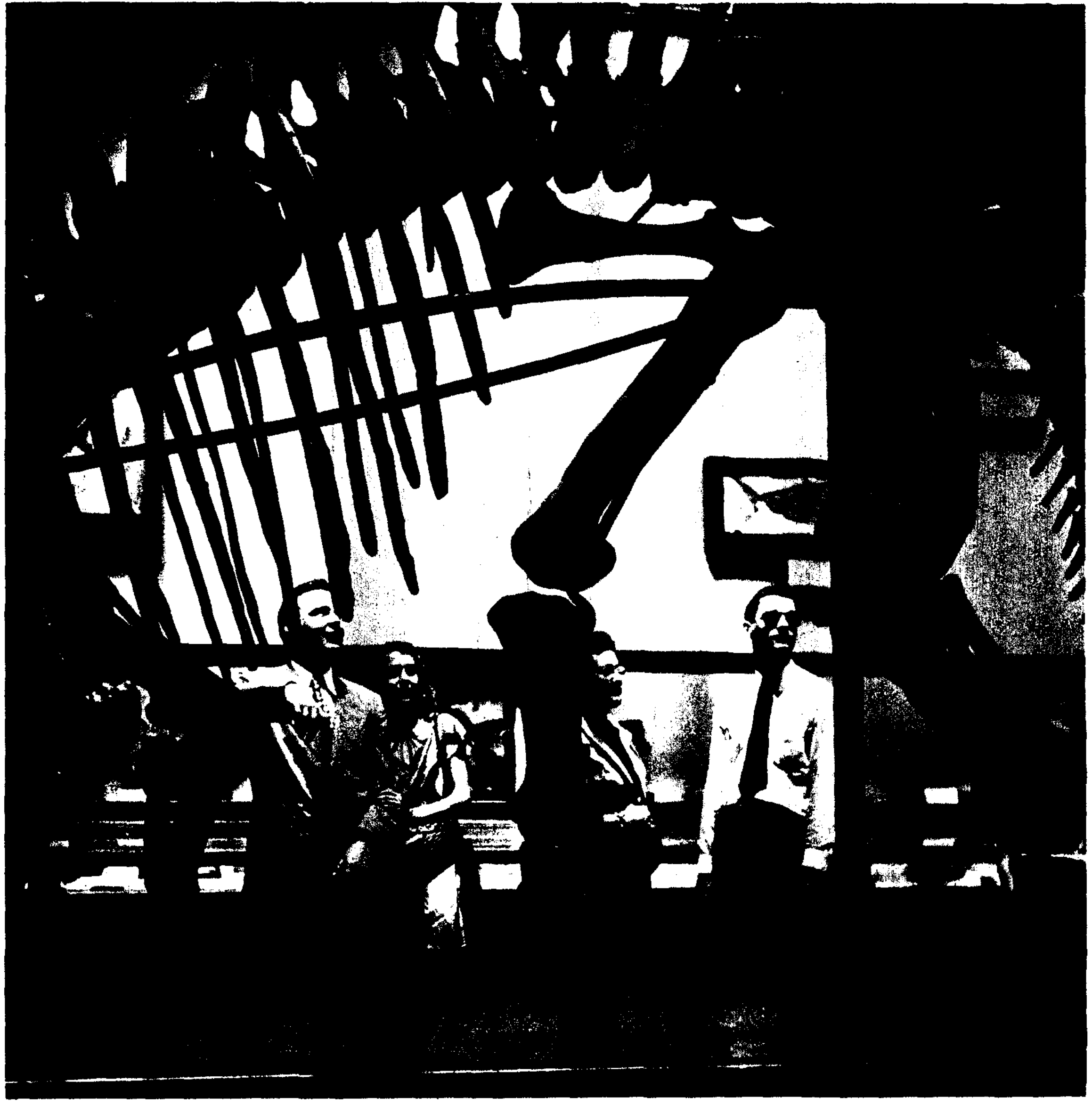
But Barnum would be disappointed in the Smithsonian's collection of about 2,000,000 glass-encased, hung or otherwise publicly displayed items. The nearest thing to a freak in any of the exhibits is the fossil remains of a gigantic Mesozoic fish which tried to swallow a slightly smaller fish and died of acute indigestion and/or drowning in the attempt.

What the public sees—a hodgepodge of paintings, statues, fossils, airplanes, harpsichords, clay Indians in war regalia, effigies of first ladies in inaugural gowns, working models of coal mines and pasteurization plants—is only a fraction of the Smithsonian's collection. The bulk of the institution's specimens, gathered in 102 years of international scientific scrounging and including 20,000,000 catalogued, cross-indexed items, are stored in trays and compartments which line the buildings' upper halls, laboratories and offices from floors to ceilings.

This collection, available to scientists and qualified students, constitutes a library of life documenting earth's and man's developments for aeons. It contains, for example, a section of a sea beach which, scientists have established from a study of the fossilized plant and animal life imbedded in it, is at least 500,000,000 years old—providing an important clue to this planet's age.

The collection includes plaster casts of the jawbones and cranial structures of the earliest known men. One of these, Peking man, lived 400,000 years ago. He was found in China, and just before Pearl Harbor his remains were boxed and shipped to the United States for safekeeping. But the packing case was lost on a Manila dock, and is probably at the bottom of Manila Bay. The Smithsonian's scientists, however, had long before made accurate plaster impressions of Peking man's brain box and thus saved an important piece of evidence in the scientific jigsaw puzzle of man's evolution.

Anthropologists from all over the world come to the Smithsonian to compare Peking man's skull with those of other prehistorians like Cro-Magnon man, the Predmost male, Java man and Rhodesian man. Neanderthal man, the oldest known inhabitant of the globe who was *(Continued on page 50)*



You might have had to chase this Triceratops out of your corn patch, if you had lived in Montana, Wyoming or Colorado thirty million years ago. Today, he graces Smithsonian's Natural History Building

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD BURKS

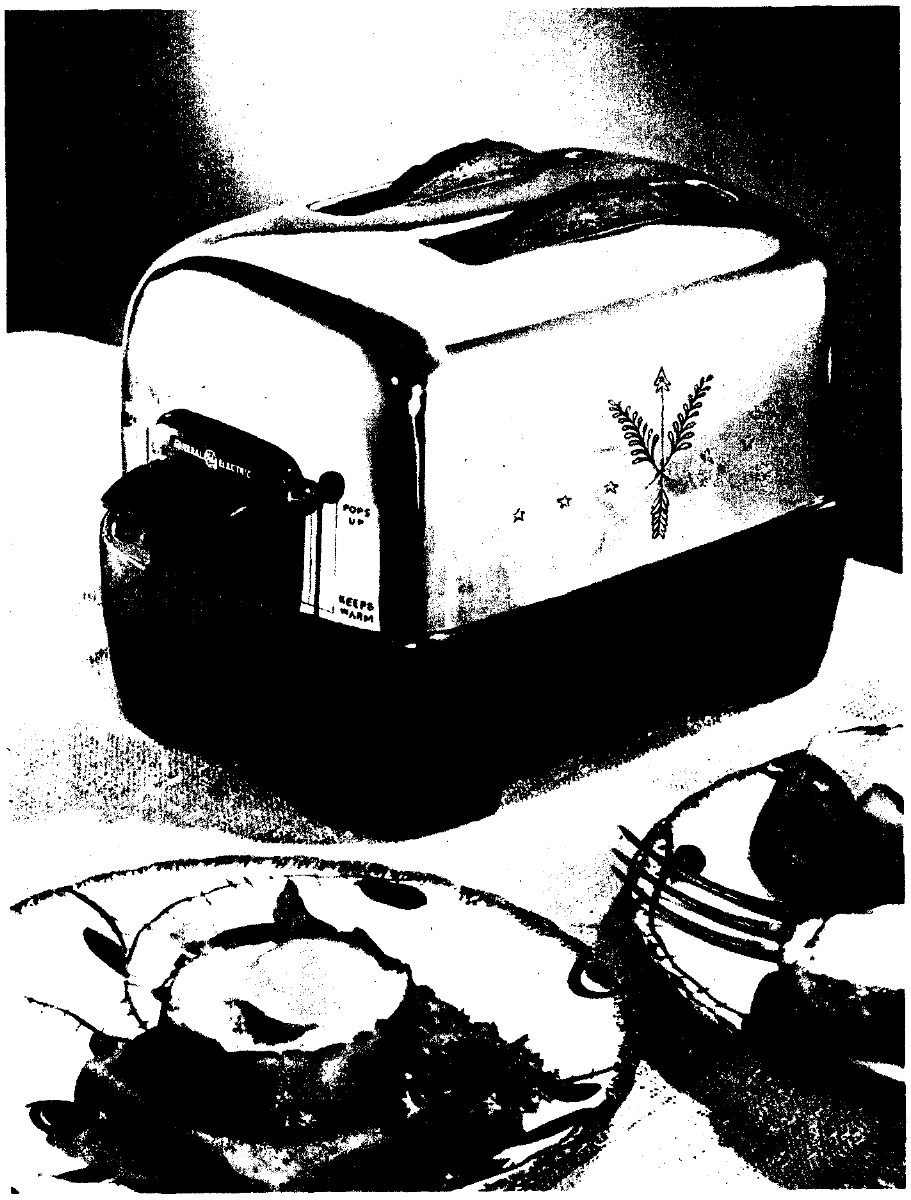
"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know __why__ Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

© 1948, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.



See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's—$19.95*

Now... A TOASTER YOU CAN TRUST TO SUIT YOUR TASTE!

Every slice the way you like it!

Light? . . . Dark? . . . Medium, maybe? Just set the knob of this General Electric. You'll have each slice the way you like it—whether it's the first slice or the twenty-first!

Toast pops up or stays warm!

Set the little knob on your General Electric Automatic Toaster. And you can have your toast "pop up" or stay warm inside. Here's a toaster that'll wait for the eggs!

What a snap to clean!

You can clean this toaster in about ten seconds! Snap-in Crumb Tray whisks in and out in a jiffy. Never do you have to turn this toaster upside down to shake out crumbs! *General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.*

**Price subject to change without notice.*

Toast to your taste—every time!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GODMOTHER TO LITTLE YANKS

Continued from page 24

have intimated that the whole business is distinctly unsavory, and that the government would prefer to steer clear of it. It has even been impossible to get estimates of the number of these children from the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, although all of the services admit that "thousands upon thousands" of dependency allotments were paid to unmarried mothers abroad when the servicemen so stipulated. But these payments stopped when a man was discharged. After that, unless he married the girl or otherwise arranged to provide for his child, the mother was left without support or hope.

Thousands of these girls are destitute; many are suffering the added disgrace of having been cast off by their families. Even greater tragedies have occurred.

"Terrible things have happened in cases like mine," wrote a girl from the American zone of Germany. "In a neighboring town a girl of twenty cut her baby's arteries with a razor. The father had been an American soldier who went home."

A Sicilian girl wrote that "even my family has turned aside, leaving me without hope."

Others have become embittered by their experience. "I see now," wrote a nineteen-year-old Hawaiian girl, "that I was just a play toy to him."

Occasionally one of these unfortunate girls, while appealing aid, will show courage and great depth of sympathy and understanding. "When I found out he was already married," one wrote, "after the first few moments of discouragement I realized I had no right to break up a home."

The first thing that Miss Rizzotto does when she receives a letter from an unmarried mother overseas is to write to the girl, offering helpful advice and reassurance.

"I am sorry to hear of your difficulties," she will write, "and it is heartbreaking that the little one must suffer. Many letters like yours reach me, for these situations continue despite the war's end. Try not to think of your child without a name, for surely God loves it, and it is fortunate that it has such a fine mother. With faith and perseverance events adjust themselves, and if no response comes from the letter I am writing to the soldier, then a much more worthy young man will come along. Do not despair, my dear."

Attempts Made to Help

In none of these letters does Miss Rizzotto attempt to censure the girl or to place the blame for what has happened. She doesn't scold and she doesn't preach; she just accepts the situation and tries to do whatever she can to remedy it. Nor is the word "illegitimate" ever used, either in the foundation's literature or in Miss Rizzotto's correspondence.

"It would make things worse," she says. "The problem of unmarried mothers is already complicated by a feeling of shame. These poor girls must be reassured that they are not social outcasts."

Nobody knows better than Miss Rizzotto that even the kindest letter, while comforting, will not feed hungry mouths or clothe naked bodies. So she immediately attempts to enlist concrete aid for the girl through friendly sponsors of the foundation's work—food, clothing, toys, or, if these things can't be had at once, friendly letters of encouragement.

More than 2,000 persons who have heard of the foundation's activities, mostly by word of mouth, have been placed in touch with the girls overseas who most urgently require comfort and aid. These people send cast-off and outgrown clothing, and food parcels through the facilities of CARE. Miss Rizzotto emphasizes that while money contributions to the foundation are not refused, they are not encouraged.

Almost every girl who asks for aid gives the name of her child's father, and Miss Rizzotto says that the most difficult part of her job is to arouse his conscience. That is, if she can locate him, which is seldom easy. The armed services will not divulge the address of a former soldier, sailor or Marine. However, letters sent to his last-known military address will be forwarded, and Miss Rizzotto generally manages, eventually, to find him. She addresses him in this vein:

"It is with a sincere desire to help in a difficult situation that I write to you about a friend of yours in ———, with whom I have been in touch. I am sure that, like many of our fine soldiers overseas whom I saw during the war while I was in the service myself, you are a man of honor and integrity. The American soldier has always been touchingly kind to the unfortunate victims of war, desperate and homeless. Therefore I write to you in behalf of Miss ———, residing at ———, who would be grateful to hear from you as she is having a difficult struggle. If in some way you would like to help her through our foundation (circular enclosed), please let me hear from you. The work is all done prayerfully, in the spirit of kindness, without malice and with compassion."

Miss Rizzotto says that about one third of the men with whom she gets in touch eventually reply, either to the foundation or directly to the girl. More often than not they arrange to send funds to their dependents. Sometimes the first knowledge that he is a parent comes to an ex-G.I. through a letter from the foundation, and an encouraging number at once express a desire to marry the girl and bring her to the United States.

One Kentucky boy apprised of his parenthood by the W.C.F., made a transatlantic telephone call to Italy and arranged for his former sweetheart to come to this country immediately. Their romance had been rudely interrupted when he was transferred to a combat area, and matters had proceeded so rapidly that he had never learned her last name. And she had lost the page, torn from a notebook, on which he had hastily scribbled his name and address.

When a former serviceman expresses a desire to marry the girl who has become the mother of his child, the W.C.F. expedites visas and passports and arranges transportation details. Once when a Texas boy wished to marry his sweetheart, but had no money, Miss Rizzotto prevailed upon a local banker to make the boy a loan. With this he was able to bring his child and its mother from

CLOSE HARMONY

You didn't sleep a wink, you say,
From 1 A.M. til break of day?

Would you be comforted, my lord,
If I should tell you that you snored?

Or would that vex you so, that you
Would claim that I was snoring too?

—Margaret Fishback

Holland. When last heard from the young Texan had a profitable roadside hamburger stand, was happily married, and was making regular payments on the loan.

Occasionally a conscience-ridden former soldier will remit money anonymously to the foundation. Not long ago Miss Rizzotto received a soiled one-dollar bill, accompanied by this terse note, "I served overseas myself, so I know how it was."

A student of architecture in Illinois wrote, "During the winter of 1946 in Marseille, I was friendly with a young girl named———, from a good family. I am now engaged to be married in Chicago, and am also preparing for a professional career, but I feel that I cannot make my permanent plans until I learn whether the girl in France had a baby—my baby. I know there are others like me who are upset in this way. It is surely our responsibility—none other's."

A Philadelphia psychiatrist asked Miss Rizzotto only a few months ago to investigate the status and condition of an unmarried mother in Austria.

"Under my care," he wrote, "is a patient suffering unresolved anxiety over the possibility of a child having been born as the result of an alliance with a Viennese girl in 1947. If you will attempt to learn discreetly whether the young woman is in good health and well provided for it may do much to relieve the patient's mind."

The woman who has taken upon herself the task of being godmother to the hundreds of thousands of American war babies overseas, and who has tackled a problem which other social agencies consider "too hot to handle," is slim, dark-haired, spiritual-looking, and not a great deal older than the girls she is trying to help. Reared in Hingham, Massachusetts, and later a city librarian in Boston, Miss Rizzotto spent two years of her own childhood in an orphanage, so that she knows at firsthand how children may be scarred by the experience of being unwanted.

In 1944, Miss Rizzotto was sent to Oran by the American Red Cross, and was placed as manager of the Headquarters Office for North Africa. It was there that she became familiar with the problem which forms her main interest today; it was there, too, that she first came up against the government's policy of "no policy" so far as American-sired illegitimate children were concerned. In Rome a year later she conceived the idea of the foundation, and there issued her first prospectus.

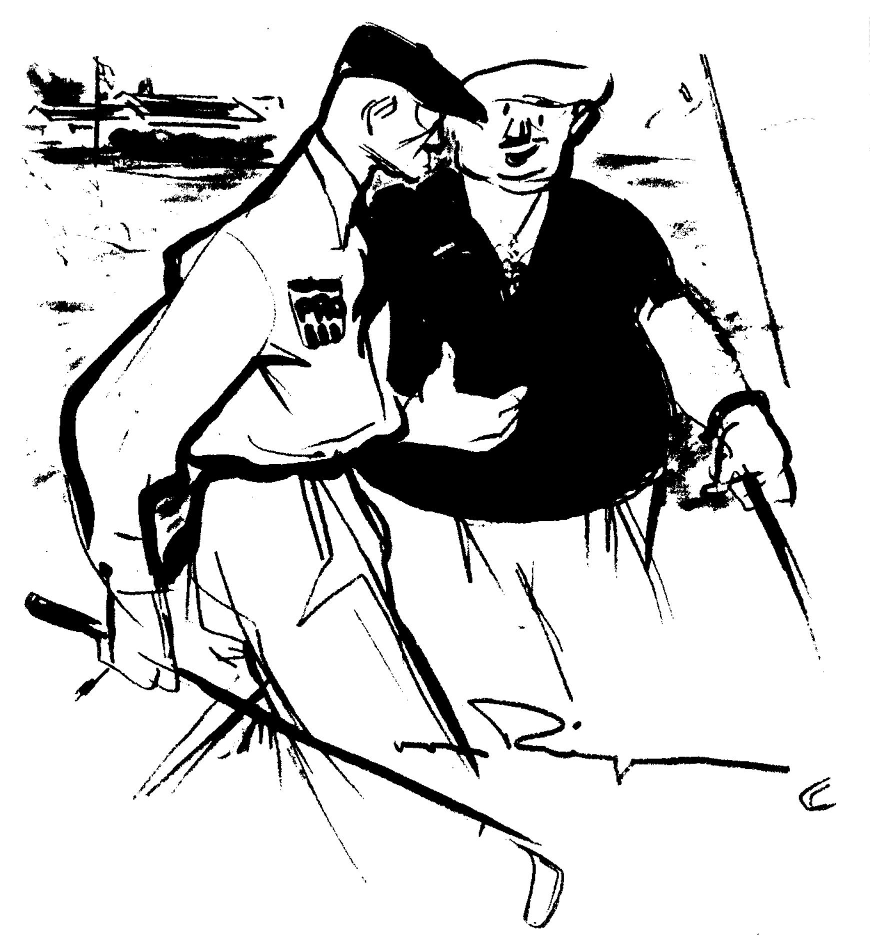
For a year or so Miss Rizzotto assiduously avoided publicity. But when the overseas edition of Stars and Stripes carried a short article about her work, which was subsequently reprinted in newspapers all over the world, the contributions began to come in.

Those who help the foundation form a complete cross section of American life, with a rather high percentage of married and unmarried World War II veterans. A retired brigadier general, from his own funds, paid the foundation's running expenses for the first year. A well-known New Englander organized a fund-raising campaign among his friends. A clubwoman in Tarrytown, New York, set up a booth outside a local supermarket, and urged her neighbors to contribute a can of milk or a box of cereal every time they shopped for their own children.

It has not been very long since Miss Rizzotto was scorned as a visionary trying to manage an unworkable program. But today, the foundation is fully sanctioned by other social service organizations. Cases are referred to the foundation by an impressive list of American and foreign organizations, all of which have expressed their full confidence in Miss Rizzotto and her work.

The Church of England, for example, through its Moral Welfare Council, makes referrals to the foundation by means of workers in every diocese in England. Recently a professional fund raiser wanted to run a high-pressure campaign for money for the foundation. Miss Rizzotto's answer was a firm but polite negative. She prefers to work quietly, and stay away from commercialized philanthropy.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"I just want to know the game well enough to sell insurance"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

PRESS, IT'S LIT... RELEASE, IT'S OUT!

HOW GRACIOUSLY HE LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE!
"Adonis" (above)—for men and women, slim-as-a-fine-watch. In chromium finish, beautifully engine-turned—$10.00. Also handsomely enameled, or in genuine lizard, and in 14K gold or sterling silver.

Why RONSON *means*
World's Greatest Lighter

Whether you choose a model at $200* in 14 karat gold—or a chromium-plated model for $6, *every* Ronson has the famous, patented, one-finger, one-motion Ronson safety-action. *Every* Ronson is styled to fine jewelry standards . . . and precision-built for years of enduring service. So, in buying a Ronson—*any* Ronson—you're sure of a lighter that's outstanding in appearance, performance and durability. And, owning it, you'll know at once why Ronson *means* World's Greatest Lighter.

*plus tax

FOR CIGARETTES, CIGARS OR PIPES
Always ask for RONSON *by name* . . . to be sure it's really a Ronson you buy, and not just an imitation. See the models shown here and other handsome Ronsons at your favorite dealer.

FUN . . . EXCITEMENT . . . Tune in to Ronson's "20 Questions" Sat. nights (Pacific Coast, Sun. nights), Mutual Network.

RONSON now on TELEVISION in many principal cities.

RONSON®
means WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

"STANDARD"—for pocket or handbag—$6.50. Others from $6.00.

"WHIRLWIND"—with disappearing windshield—$8.25.

"PRINCESS"—dainty lighter for ladies—$7.50. Others from $6.00

"MASTERCASE"—all-in-one combination of cigarette case and lighter—$12.50.

"CROWN"—for desk and table in heavy silver plate—$11.00 (plus tax).

Newark, N. J., Toronto, Ont., London, Eng.

A Firesto
COMPLETE CA

YOU WANT GREATEST SAFETY AND MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone Gives You Both . . . Here's How:

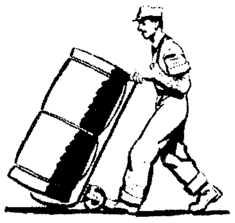
YOUR SAFETY has been our business ever since the Firestone organization was founded, nearly half a century ago. Harvey S. Firestone established the Company on the fundamental principle of building extra quality and extra value into its products and selling them at no extra cost.

In tires, these extras took the form of greater safety and longer mileage. Soon Firestone Tires became famous throughout the world as the tires that provide the utmost in protection and deliver most miles per dollar. As a result, now that tires are no longer in short supply, now that car owners can get immediate delivery of any make of tire they want, millions of motorists are buying Firestone Tires in preference to any other kind.

Shown below are just a few of the many precautions which Firestone takes to assure the safety of its tires. Similar precautions are taken with every product Firestone sells.

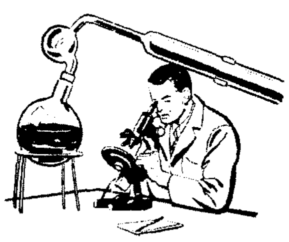
SAFETY BEGINS WITH HIGHEST QUALITY RAW MATERIALS

Uniform high quality of all raw materials is assured because Firestone has its own rubber plantations and textile plants and specifies highest quality for all materials it buys.



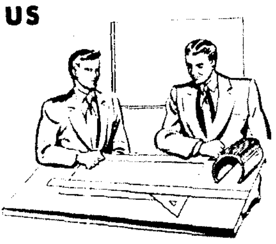
SAFETY INCLUDES RIGID CONTROL OF QUALITY

Raw materials are tested when received to make sure they meet rigid Firestone specifications, then tested again and again at many steps in the manufacturing process to maintain highest quality.



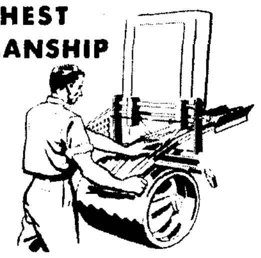
SAFETY REQUIRES GENIUS IN DESIGNING TIRES

Firestone leadership in tire design is proved by its many notable contributions such as first non-skid tread, first low-pressure balloon tire, first pneumatic tractor tire.



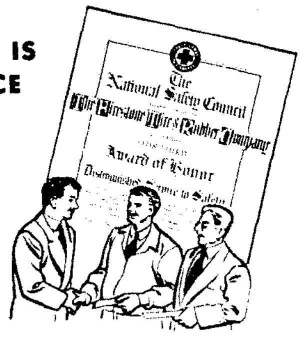
SAFETY DEMANDS HIGHEST STANDARDS OF WORKMANSHIP

In every Firestone factory are skilled craftsmen who take pride in their work and know that your life may depend on their vigilance. Many have more than 20 years of experience.



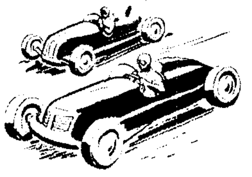
SAFETY OF WORKERS IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE

Firestone is the only company in the industry to win National Safety Council's Distinguished Service to Safety Award on a company-wide basis for three consecutive years.


The National Safety Council
The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company
Award of Honor
Distinguished Service to Safety

SAFETY-PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

For 25 consecutive years, the winning cars in the 500-mile annual Indianapolis Race and in many other classics of endurance and speed have won on Firestone Tires.



SAFETY OF EVERY TIRE IS GUARANTEED BY FIRESTONE

Every tire which bears the Firestone name is unconditionally guaranteed for life against any and all defects in workmanship and materials, without regard to time or mileage. Careful inspections prevent defective tires from reaching the car owners.

Copyright, 1948, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

OUR B
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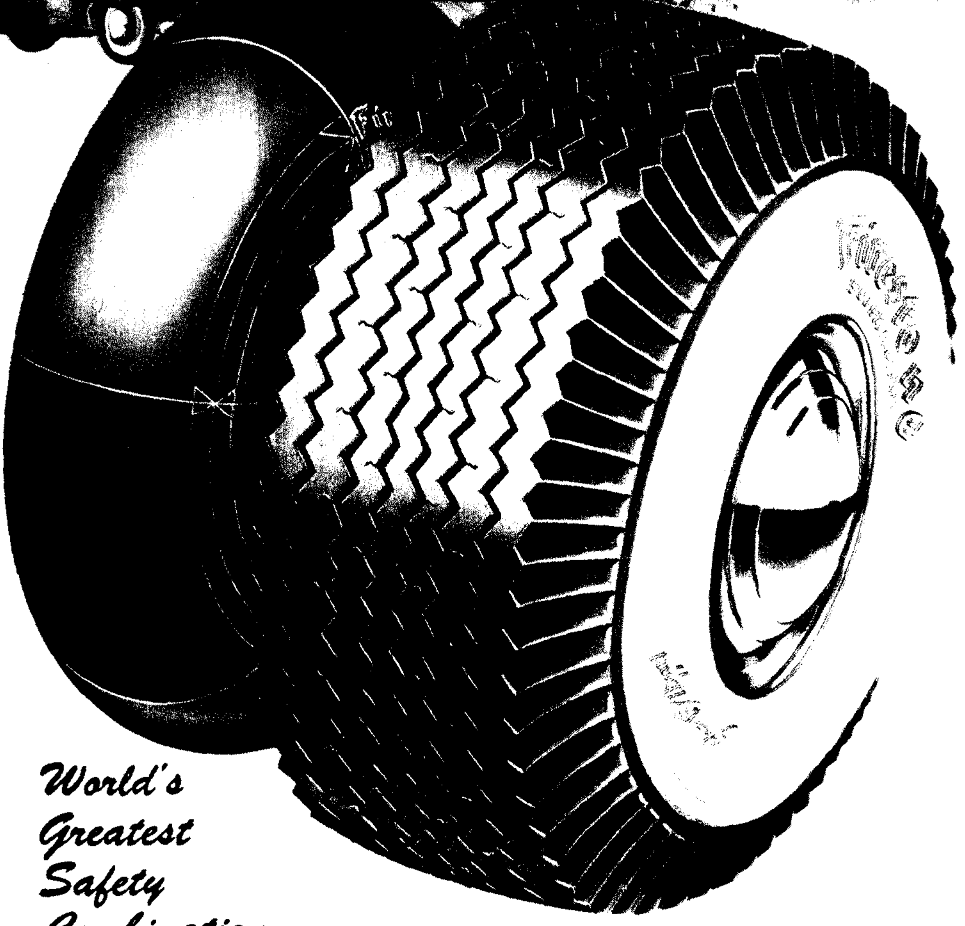
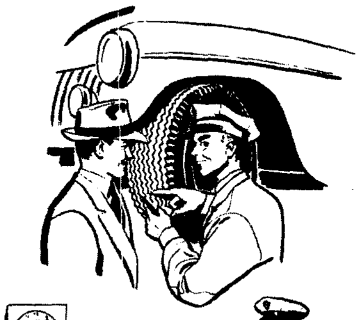
Firestone
ERVICE



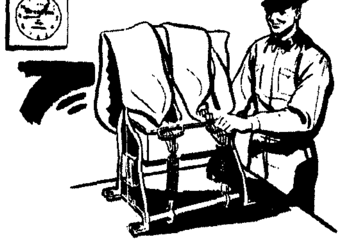
YOUR SAFETY IS ALSO THE BUSINESS OF FIRESTONE DEALERS AND STORES

World War II taught car owners the value of having their tires inspected periodically. Firestone Dealers and Stores perform this service without cost or obligation. They know that it is to their advantage to make the Firestone Tires you buy from them deliver outstanding service so that they will continue to count you as a valued customer and friend. For quick, courteous and expert tire service, rely on the men who know tires best . . . your Firestone Dealer or Store.



SAFETY CALLS FOR REGULAR SCIENTIFIC INSPECTIONS

You can get longer mileage from your tires and better service from your brakes, horn, battery, spark plugs, lights, windshield wipers, radiator hose, fan belt, heater, radio and other parts and accessories if you have them inspected regularly by the experts at your Firestone Dealer or Store.



SAFETY REQUIRES EXPERT TIRE AND TUBE REPAIRING

Your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store has men who have been carefully trained in the care and repair of tires and tubes and all of the other products sold there. Expert tire repairs are vital to your safety; a careless job may result in an accident. Rely on Firestone for safe repair work.

SAFETY ALSO MEANS GUARANTEED RETREADING

The famous Firestone Factory Method of retreading proved its superiority during the war. It is unconditionally guaranteed against defects in workmanship or materials and it saves you money by adding thousands of miles to the life of your tires.

World's
Greatest
Safety
Combination

Firestone Super-Balloon Tires and Firestone Life Protector Tubes

You are safe on any road in any weather with Firestone Super-Balloon Tires and Firestone Life Protector Tubes on your car. The new Firestone Super-Balloons are as much superior to ordinary tires as the first balloon tires, which Firestone originated in 1922, were to the old-fashioned high-pressure tires. You get "Magic Carpet" riding comfort; and the greatest non-skid ever built into a tire because of scientifically-designed Skid-Resistors in the tread and more area of contact with the road. Firestone Life Protectors make a blowout as harmless as a slow leak. In case of a blowout, you can bring your car to a safe, straight stop. For year-'round safety, put a set of Firestone Super-Balloon Tires and Firestone Life Protector Tubes on your car today!

Working Out with Ben Hogan

'48 U. S. Open, P.G.A., and Western Open Golf Champion

My hair's in "tournament" shape after the Vitalis "60-Second Workout!" Home or locker room, I never miss taking...

"50 seconds to massage." Feel that invigorating tingle! Vitalis' special formula stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing does. And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

"10 seconds to comb." Now there is hair that looks *naturally* well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Just *pure vegetable oil* that prevents dryness, keeps hair in place.

the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" *for handsomer, healthier-looking hair*

Product of Bristol-Myers

BILLIE BURKE—HER STORY

Continued from page 19

College girls being near by—but I dare suggest that this was the first time that a producer and the star of a Broadway play ever had to meet there. I would drive down from Hastings in the late afternoon and there would be Flo, impatiently stomping up and down inside this chilly rendezvous, glaring because he was sure Frohman's henchmen were lurking in the bushes.

Charles Frohman muttered every invidious thing he could think of about Flo, but although Ziegfeld despised Frohman just as bitterly, I recall only one thing he ever said about him.

"Ha," he said, "did you ever see Frohman eat oysters?"

One Evening at Sherry's . . .

Harassed as we were, trying to escape newspaper reporters, detectives and Charles Frohman, Flo and I finally found that Sherry's was almost deserted late at night and that we could meet there unmolested. I hadn't decided to marry him, but I had about made up my mind. We were having champagne cocktails and pheasant one evening when we were interrupted by a Philadelphia publisher, an old friend of Flo's, who was feeling no inhibitions. He staggered over to our table, Flo courteously introduced us, and this wretched creature said:

"Man, oh, man, Flo, I gotta say this: You certainly can pick 'em, and, boy, do you know how to dress 'em!"

I never felt so ashamed and so embarrassed in my life. I ran from the restaurant to my car, leaving Flo without a word, hurried home and refused to talk to Ziegfeld for a month.

"You must never see me again," I wrote him. "I have my work to do."

He came backstage one night, bribing his way in, and waited until I consented, prim and angry, to sit straight-backed in a gilt chair and listen to what he had to say. Oh, that man Ziegfeld knew what he was doing.

"Here are my steamship tickets," he said calmly. "I'm sailing for Europe Saturday. I am going to stay there." And he went away, leaving me to come to my senses.

He returned on Friday night and all he said was, "I would like to get married tomorrow."

I fluttered and made the usual objections. I said I had no clothes, and I said I would have to ask my mother. So we drove up to Hastings after the performance, his car behind mine, and awakened my patient Mummy.

That remarkable woman regarded us both as a couple of children.

"Now what is it?" she demanded.

"We want to be married," I squeaked.

"I was hoping you'd make that decision. I think it would be the best thing for you," was all she said.

I was frantic and frightened next day. We had agreed to meet at Sherry's and drive over to Hoboken after the matinee for the ceremony, all with great secrecy. We were eloping, actually eloping along with my mother—from Charles Frohman!

Between every scene of that Saturday matinee I tried on dresses from Lichtenstein's while my two maids fumbled and squealed. I attempted to get Flo on the telephone to call it all off, but I kept right on trying on dresses. That wily person hid himself so successfully that I never could reach him to cancel the wedding.

And so we were married in Hoboken on Saturday after my matinee, April 11, 1914, and I played the evening performance without knowing I was on stage. The story did not break in the papers until Monday morning. We shared the front page with the execution at Sing Sing of Lefty Louie, Gyp the Blood, Dago Frank and Whitey Louis, who had murdered the gambler, Rosenthal.

"You see what an important man you are married to," Flo said. "Not even gangsters keep me off the front page."

A few weeks before my marriage Charles Frohman had come to my dressing room and hung his soft gray hat on a hook. It was a funny, wrinkled little hat which he liked to fold up and carry in his pocket.

"I am going to leave this to remind you not to get married," he said. "Don't be foolish while I am gone."

Then he sailed for Europe—and spring arrived—and there was Flo—and a terrible yearning in my heart to be his wife.

Frohman heard about the marriage at once. He sent me a cable, and this is the last word I ever had from him. His cable said: SEND ME MY HAT.

I never saw him again because I was on tour when he returned from that trip. Frohman died on another European trip. With the icy water only a few moments away, he quoted the great line that his old friend Barrie wrote into Peter Pan for Maude Adams to say: "To die will be an awfully big adventure."

Frohman was on the Lusitania.

A Man Afraid of Marriage

My first year as Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., was extremely difficult. I think that Flo was actually frightened at being married to a woman half his age, and abashed by the idea of marriage itself. He had been married to Anna Held, of course, whom he discovered and brought from Paris, and she was fascinating, but it was never my belief that Flo was in love with her. I shall always regard that affair as an arrangement which suited Flo for the time, while poor Anna was, and remained, desperately in love with him. Flo was bewitching, delicacy itself, a marvelous lover, but from the first I had the feeling that I should never be motivated by my own free will again.

Of course, it was fun to discover a man. It was fun to discover that Flo Ziegfeld, of all persons in the world, wore long woolen underwear. Oh, with silk, to be sure, and of a delicate shade of peach, which he thought was a charming notion for a bridegroom, and he grieved when I threw them away. Instead, I ordered fashionable shorts with initials and changed his tailor. After weeks of coaxing, I induced him to discard his madras stocks, of various hues, in favor of white linen monogrammed shirts with soft, fashionable collars. From then on he wore handsome tweeds instead of the raucous Broadway clothes he formerly delighted in.

But we were together very little. Jerry closed in Chicago in June and I went on tour with it in August, with Flo meeting me when he could, at Galveston or San Antonio. In Chicago it was a delight to know Dr. and Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Sr., Flo's mother and father. The doctor was striking and handsome. Mrs. Ziegfeld was tiny, pompadoured and marcelled, and took me sweetly into her family, offering me, who couldn't boil an egg, exotic recipes to please her son.

So on I went, in Jerry, with a Highland terrier called "Zieggy," because the Follies girls all called Flo by that name and I didn't like it.

Uxorious Reactions

Flo's reaction to my part in this play was, to say the least, unusual. He liked to watch me act, chuckling especially at a bit of business I had about getting into bed—I would pull out the covers at the foot of the bed, pop my head in, and emerge among the pillows—but he didn't like an undressing scene in which I stood behind a screen and tossed my pajamas to a sweetheart.

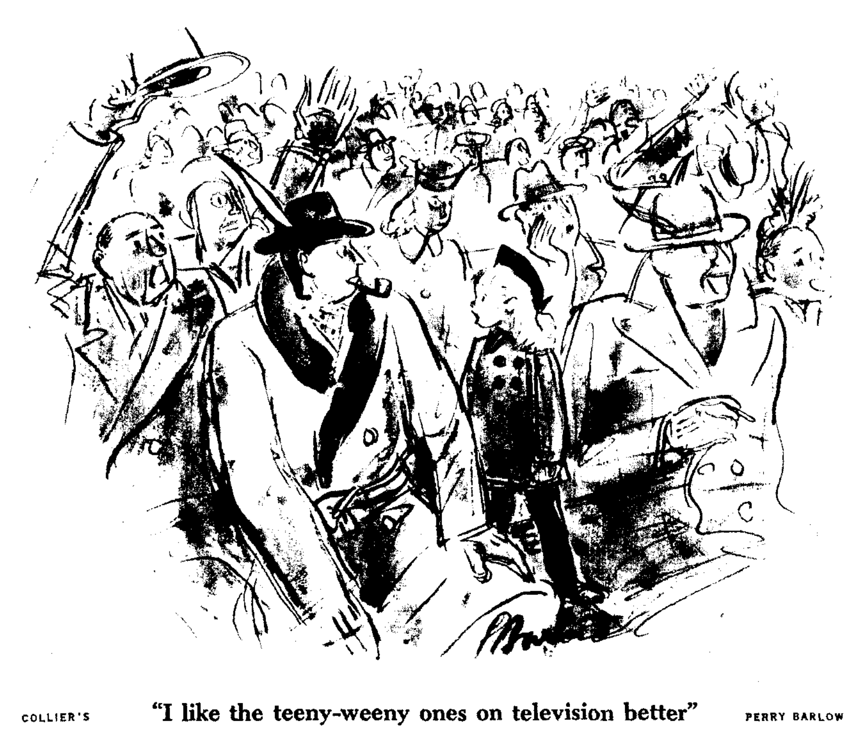
"I don't think a nice girl would do that," said the producer of the Follies.

The excitement of motion pictures was in the air then. When Jerry closed in Los Angeles, Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. de Mille urged me to stay in California, where I could earn $300,000 a year. In the end, I listened to Thomas H. Ince and made my first picture, Peggy, for him.

Before that was half over, my closest friends were telling me things. They wired me the name of Olive Thomas. They asked me point-blank when I would divorce Flo.

Olive Thomas, whom Flo had featured on his roof garden, had a beautiful little face—a heart-shaped Irish face, with shadowy dark hair and deep blue eyes. She was one of the girls he rolled twenty-dollar gold pieces with on the roof. The girls always won.

There were interesting stories about



COLLIER'S "I like the teeny-weeny ones on television better" PERRY BARLOW

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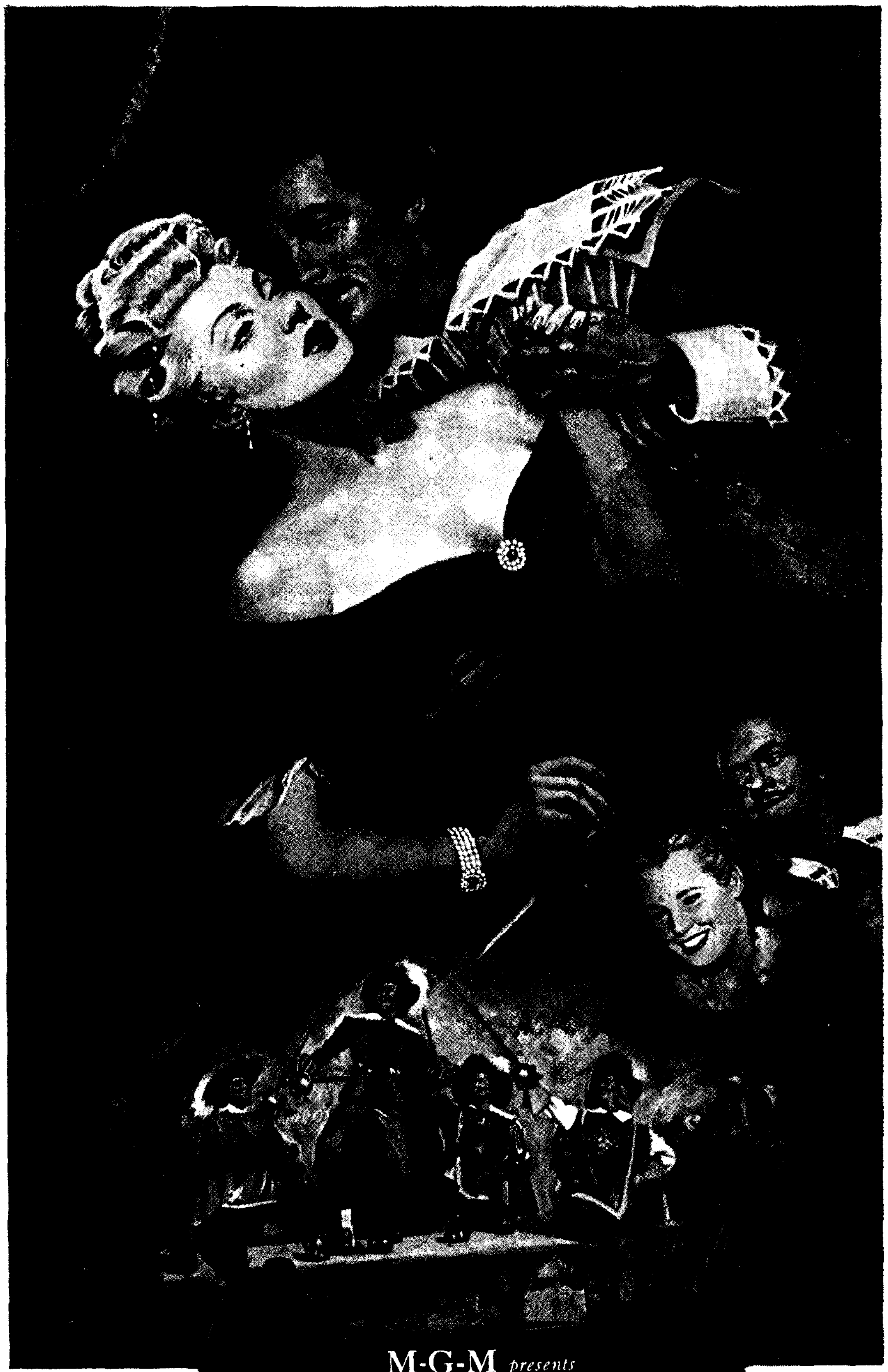

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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

yachting parties, all whispered to me by intimate well-wishers for my own good. Under the impetus of these dispatches, my character began to develop rather surprisingly. At least, I found enough unexpected salt in my make-up to enjoy a thoroughgoing fit of blazing, red-headed jealousy. I sulked, wept and wailed. Part of my distress, of course, was sheer curiosity. This inspired me to do something which I am embarrassed to relate: I employed detectives to follow Flo.

But when they sent me their reports, I tore up their miserable little papers, dismissed the detectives, and fled to San Francisco to hide my head. Finally, I wired Flo to come out and talk things over.

I was sort of spunky and dramatic, I guess. I played the scene big, with gestures, and covered a lot of territory.

Flo sat quietly, smoking. Finally he said, "Look, Billie, you can't believe all you hear about me and girls. You will always hear that kind of thing. I have trusted you. Now you have to give me the benefit of the doubt." I quarreled at him for two days. He sat there puffing his long cigars. Then, one afternoon, he said:

"The trouble with you, Billie, is that when you accuse me, you always pick the wrong girl."

This was my cue to tear the draperies off the windows and throw the chinaware, all of which I did energetically, bringing down the curtain to that scene in a tantrum. But there was no applause.

Next Stop—Florida

I returned to New York—it seems such a curious thing now—largely on account of business. At least, that was my excuse. Flo had made a deal for me to star in Gloria's Romance, a Rupert Hughes picture. We were to go to Florida, and there was $300,000 in it for the Ziegfelds.

Flo never said he was sorry, never begged for another chance. Certainly, he never admitted anything. He simply told me calmly one day that everything was now straightened out, that I would have no more to worry about. The little telltale quirks at the corners of his mouth, which always announced when Flo was being cavalier with the truth, were absent this time, and I felt safe in my marriage for a little while.

The facts of life with Ziegfeld had dawned on me quite plainly now. I was destined to be jealous of the entire Follies chorus and star list for the rest of my married life. I primped my curls and set myself to the chore, a rather staggering assignment, but I was young. One of the first things I did was to discover a brand-new girl:

I first became aware of this one during Gloria's Romance, in Florida, but I didn't meet her until October 23, 1916, at the Ansonia, in New York. She had a thatch of red hair, a beautiful body, and blue eyes—a real Ziegfeld girl. She weighed nine and a half pounds and we named her Patricia.

At this time, Flo and Charlie Dillingham had just taken over their new theater and put on a ginormous production called The Century Girl, with May Leslie and Leon Errol.

Flo was busy, and when I could leave Patricia, I sometimes went to the theater with small parties of friends.

A Winter Garden "Find"

One evening we went to the Winter Garden to see The Show of Wonders, which had music by Sigmund Romberg, and there danced onto the stage the most refreshing, smiling, delightful child I had ever clapped wide eyes upon.

"Used to be known as 'Miss Sugarplum,'" one of my friends whispered. "Real name's Mary Ellen Reynolds. Comes from Louisville, I think. Been in vaudeville all over the world with her sisters. Known now as Marilyn Miller."

I was so charmed with this confection of a girl that I enthusiastically told Flo about her at once.

"She does her hair all wrong," I said. "She isn't costumed properly. She has a sweet voice but not much of it, and I've seen better dancing—but she makes the most enchanting effect. You ought to have her in the Follies."

Flo would never walk three blocks to discover a new star. He would wait until the player had been made famous by someone else, or had moved closer to the New Amsterdam Theater. Then he would cheerfully pay a thousand dollars more a week to get what he wanted. He put me off about Marilyn Miller for almost two years. She appeared first in the Follies of 1918.

I had learned by now to pigeonhole the Ziegfeld girls. In some cases I had nothing to worry about. There were society women with pale, beautiful hands, lovely houses, and Indian servants to hand around the coffee—with whom he liked to play bridge all day, and I was actually more jealous of those than of some of the cutie-pies. But Olive Thomas and Marilyn Miller were bombshells.

Actually, I think Marilyn was the vision of perfection that represented, in beautiful flesh, all the things that Flo had all his life been seeking to dramatize. More than that, she would work 18 hours a day to keep that perfection perfect. She was—as every male with good eyesight knew—*special.* So special to Flo that he provided a brand-new ballet costume for her for every performance at $175 per costume. He had her dressing room done over by the same decorator who did my home, only the entire dressing room was in satin, and over that point d'esprit. This cost $30,000. I would prefer to think that Flo was merely fascinated by Marilyn Miller, but something else was the case: He idolized her.

Flo sailed for Europe in the summer of 1922, Marilyn went on tour, and I returned from a tour of The Intimate Strangers with Alfred Lunt, to find my front lawn swarming with reporters.

"What about the divorce?" they said. "Did you see Miss Miller's statement?"

Marilyn had given out an interview in Boston. She said that she had to keep her dressing-room door locked at all times to keep Flo out. She said that he was desperately in love with her and would marry her if I would step aside. She claimed that all that held him was our daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld, who was born in 1916.

"She waves her baby at him like George M. Cohan waves the American flag," they quoted Marilyn.

Now that was a smart line, but I never believed Marilyn thought it up herself.

Booth Tarkington, in whose Rose Briar and The Intimate Strangers I had played several seasons, stood by me in Kennebunkport, Maine, that summer while everyone waited for me to divorce Flo. Booth steadied me, and I made up my mind—in spite of the newspaper reporters and hundreds of advisers who at once set themselves up as domestic relations experts. I did not divorce Flo.

I hope I can make myself clear. There were several things I knew for certain then, and I have not since changed my mind. In spite of everything, I knew that Flo loved me. I knew he did not love Marilyn Miller. In her, he adored a perfect actress. Ziegfeld was primarily a great lover; any woman he wanted to fall in love with him, would. He was charming and compelling. And theater people have an odd way of thinking: I knew what a valuable asset Marilyn Miller was to Ziegfeld as a showman. I loved Ziegfeld.

That is why I did not leave him because of Marilyn Miller.

I cabled him and he returned. I said, "Flo, let's not try to make this thing up if there is only a slim chance. Unless you know in your heart that you are through, don't do this to me."

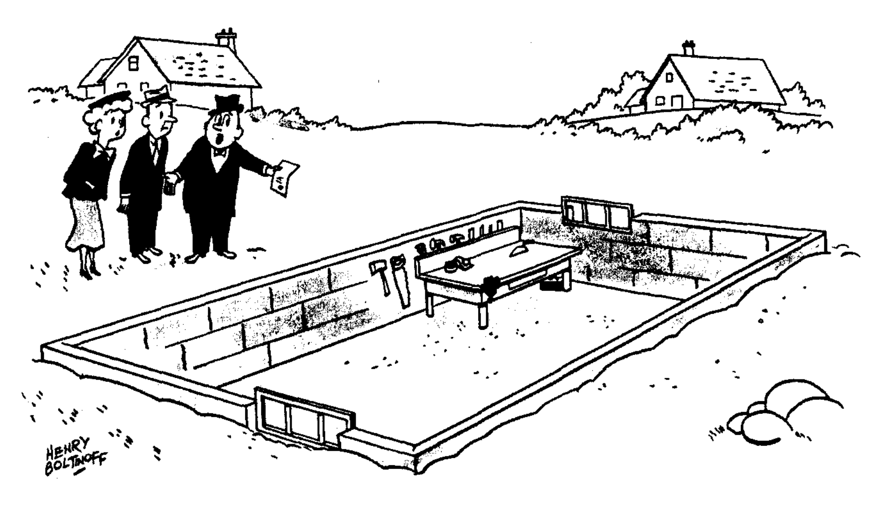
Peace Offering Spurned

Flo reached in his pocket and handed me a bracelet. He never fetched you Tiffany presents beautifully wrapped, never presented them with an air. He always had to unwrap them on the way home to look at them. This was a diamond bracelet, which must have cost $20,000. I snatched it from him and flung it into a corner. Flo didn't flick an eye to see where it went, but I did, and Patricia Ziegfeld still wears it on very formal occasions.

This was not the first time I was a violent woman. Once before, when Flo came in at 5:00 A.M., after seeing Olive Thomas, I suppose, I crept downstairs to find him raiding the icebox. Near by was an enormous silver soup tureen and ladle. I seized the ladle and belabored him about the head and shoulders with it. Flo merely laughed, took the ladle away from me and carried me upstairs in his arms.

I think he rather liked being hit with a jealous soup ladle.

It was not my cunning or my charm that ended the Marilyn Miller episode. I suppose everyone knows the closing story of her tragic life. After her marriage and divorce from Jack Pickford, Marilyn went to pieces. She missed important rehearsals for Smiles, which should have been a smash in 1930, and was highly regarded by the first-night critics. The show steadily lost money—Marilyn's fault, I always thought, be-



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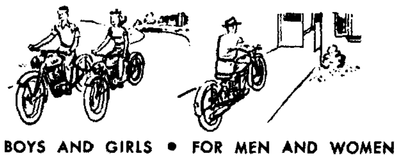

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cause she would not behave—and that was the end of *that* affair.

It was one of those times, and it was a crisis. Fred and Adele Astaire, I remember so gratefully, did everything possible to save the show. If Marilyn Miller had come through for Ziegfeld in Smiles, well, there is no telling, no telling at all, how things would have turned out for Flo, for her, or for me.

I never once met Marilyn Miller, and that was because I planned it that way. Once Flo tried to invite her to a party in Palm Beach, but I blocked that with an ultimatum. I never spoke to Olive Thomas or to Anna Held or to Lilian Lorraine for most obvious reasons. But they were beautiful women, no man could be blamed for desiring them, and certainly I bear them no grudge now.

I suppose Flo loved Lorraine as much as any of them. On the day that Patricia Ziegfeld was born at the Ansonia, Irving Berlin was my first caller and Flo was late. He wandered in, looking sad.

"What do you know!" he said. "They tell me Lorraine is going to get married. Imagine that!"

That man could be so obtuse at times.

Living with Ziegfeld was an experience in fantasy. I thought I had known luxury on my tours. My car—a Rolls Royce—always went ahead to meet me at the train wherever we played. My cook and maids took a house and had it ready when we were playing cities for only a week. My theater dressing rooms on tour were always freshly done over, with new hangings, and my own special furniture installed. I traveled with my flock of little pink pillows invariably, to say nothing of my three dogs.

But Ziegfeld showed me what epicurean living was really like. I see by an old account book that our household expenses for the place in Hastings were between eight and ten thousand dollars a month, and this did not count trips to Florida or the fancy-dress parties Flo loved to give.

Home Like a Menagerie

On Patty's sixth birthday, Flo gave her a 250-pound elephant. The cute fellow constantly invaded the kitchen and annoyed the cook and finally wound up with Singer's Midgets. We had two bears, two lion cubs, partridges, pheasants, six ponies, and a herd of deer. The Follies, with such stars as Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields, Miss Miller, Will Rogers and Fannie Brice, were flourishing. All of our servants were invariably brought in to occupy the whole first row of the mezzanine for a Ziegfeld opening, and when a new show had been set, the entire orchestra was sent up to Hastings to play for us. On trips out of town, each servant had his private stateroom, and the Ziegfelds their private car, at any cost. Patricia's playhouse was a replica of Mount Vernon, with white cockatoos on the lawn. Once Flo borrowed $10,000 from Ed Wynn, who happily rushed to his old friend's aid; but Flo merely wanted the money to help pay for a pleasure trip to Hollywood.

Flo paid Cantor $5,000 a week, Rogers $3,500, Fannie Brice $2,500, Ed Wynn $5,250 in those days. In 1917, I recall, he had Rogers, Cantor, Fields, Walter Catlett and Fannie Brice in the same show—which would be comparable to having Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Fred Allen, Red Skelton and Bea Lillie today. And yet people said he hated comedians!

Eddie Cantor was one of his great favorites, as everybody knows. He pretended to be Eddie's father, but with a perfectly straight face, never realizing the humor of it, he could send him telegrams like this: MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU AND YOURS. MAY WE REMAIN TOGETHER AS LONG AS BOTH REMAIN IN SHOW BUSINESS ALTHOUGH PROFITS ON KID BOOTS HAVE BEEN FAR LESS THAN ON SALLY.

Anna Held fell ill in 1918, of a strange, withering disease called multiple myeloma. As she lay ill at the Savoy, now the Savoy-Plaza, Flo came to me with troubled eyes. "I have to help her," he said. "I want you to send her things—eggs and butter and milk from the farm. You will, won't you?" I did, of course. I sent my own doctor and a specialist, but she died on August 12th, the only woman in Ziegfeld's life I suppose I had no reason to be jealous of. Surely you remember her two wonderful songs, Won't You Come An' Play Wiz Me? and I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave. She loved Flo, and was actually his inspiration for his first Follies.

Gambling for Big Stakes

Flo gambled constantly, for outrageous stakes. At Bradley's in Palm Beach he would sit at the roulette wheel hours after everyone had left, dour-faced, winning or losing $50,000 in an evening.

I would appear to fetch him home for dinner, especially when we had guests. I would ride down from our house on my little bicycle, stand timidly in the door, catch his attention, then tiptoe in to plead with him in whispers.

"Go away, dear," he would say. "I'm busy, I'll come later."

Usually, he didn't come home. Often, I trundled back pedaling shakily, tears dropping, lurching from side to side, running into ditches as I sobbed lugubriously. It seemed too much, having survived Marilyn Miller, Anna Held and Olive Thomas (and a score of other pretty ladies who will thank me for not mentioning them), to lose my husband to a roulette wheel.

By 1929, everything seemed peaceful and wonderful. Flo loved his home. His great shows, Sally, Rosalie, The Three Musketeers, Rio Rita, and notably Show Boat, and his magnificent Follies, had all made fortunes. I never knew how much he had, but in the summer of that year I counted my careful portfolio of stocks and bonds with the smug realization that I was worth more than half a million dollars in my own name.

As 1930 wore on, Eddie Cantor, Flo's big star then, left for Hollywood, William Randolph Hearst understandably wanted a certain large loan repaid, Smiles failed to make money. Marilyn Miller was gone, Ziegfeld was overextended, and nothing in Wall Street seemed safe or reasonable.

I always waited up for Flo when he had been working late at the theater. One night he came in extremely late and sat on the edge of my bed looking utterly wretched and weary.

I pulled his head down and took him in my arms.

"Well, poor old darling, what is it?" I said.

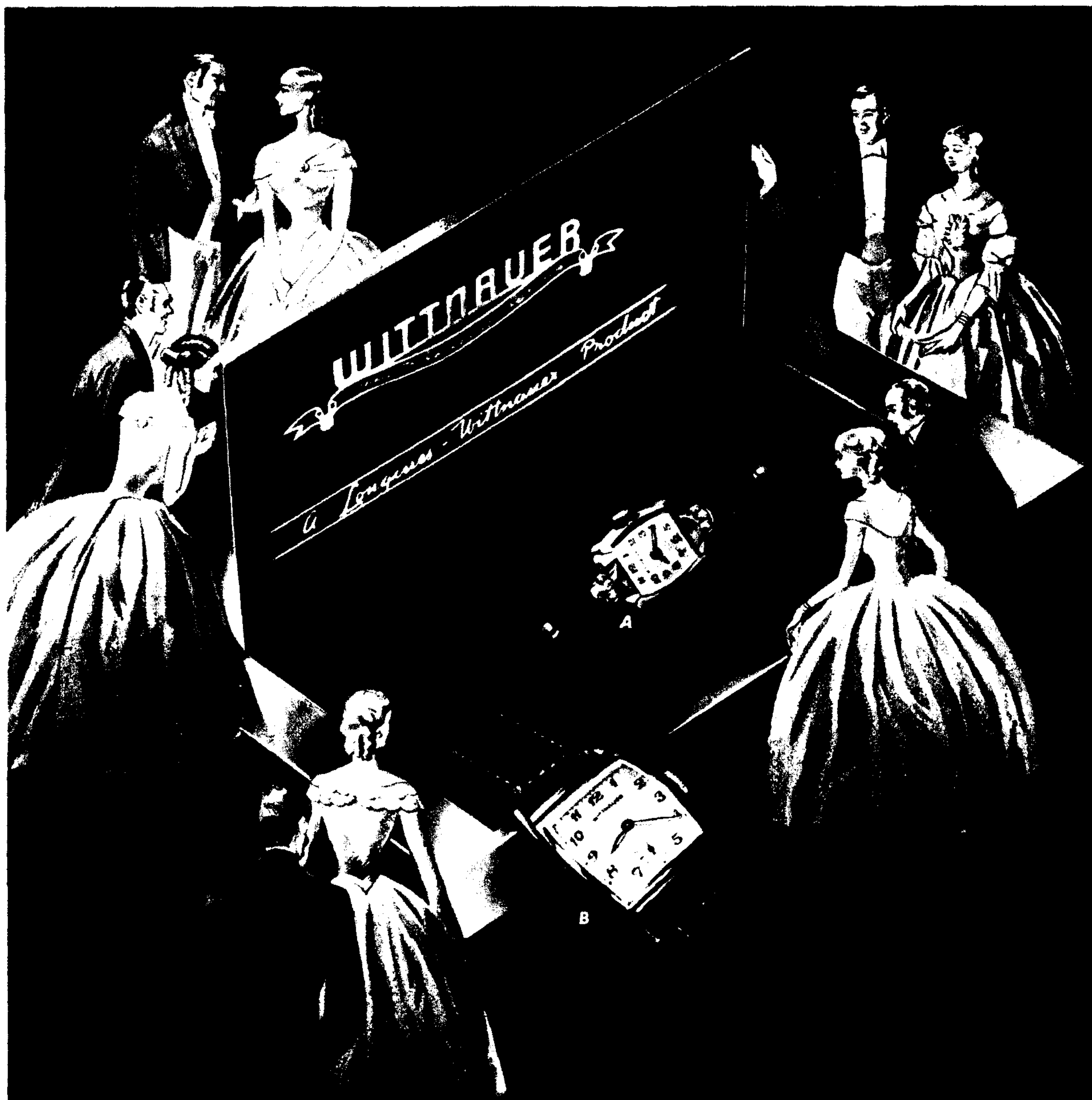
Flo began to sob—great, frightening sobs.

"I am through," he said. "Nothing can save me."

The next day I watched him walking in his garden, where he had planted the tallest and most expensive roses he could buy. His shoulders sagged and his step was uncertain. I knew that the next move was up to me. I must find another play and get back to work.

There often comes a time, of course, when the best use a woman has for money is to give it to a man. I gave all mine to Flo.

Next Week: To watch, helpless, while a great man dies and his empire crumbles, is a terrible thing. Flo Ziegfeld was a giant, vital and passionate. Billie Burke threw her fortune, her strength and her heart into his hopeless fight against illness and financial ruin—and never regretted the cost. Don't miss the final article on Miss Burke's life next week.



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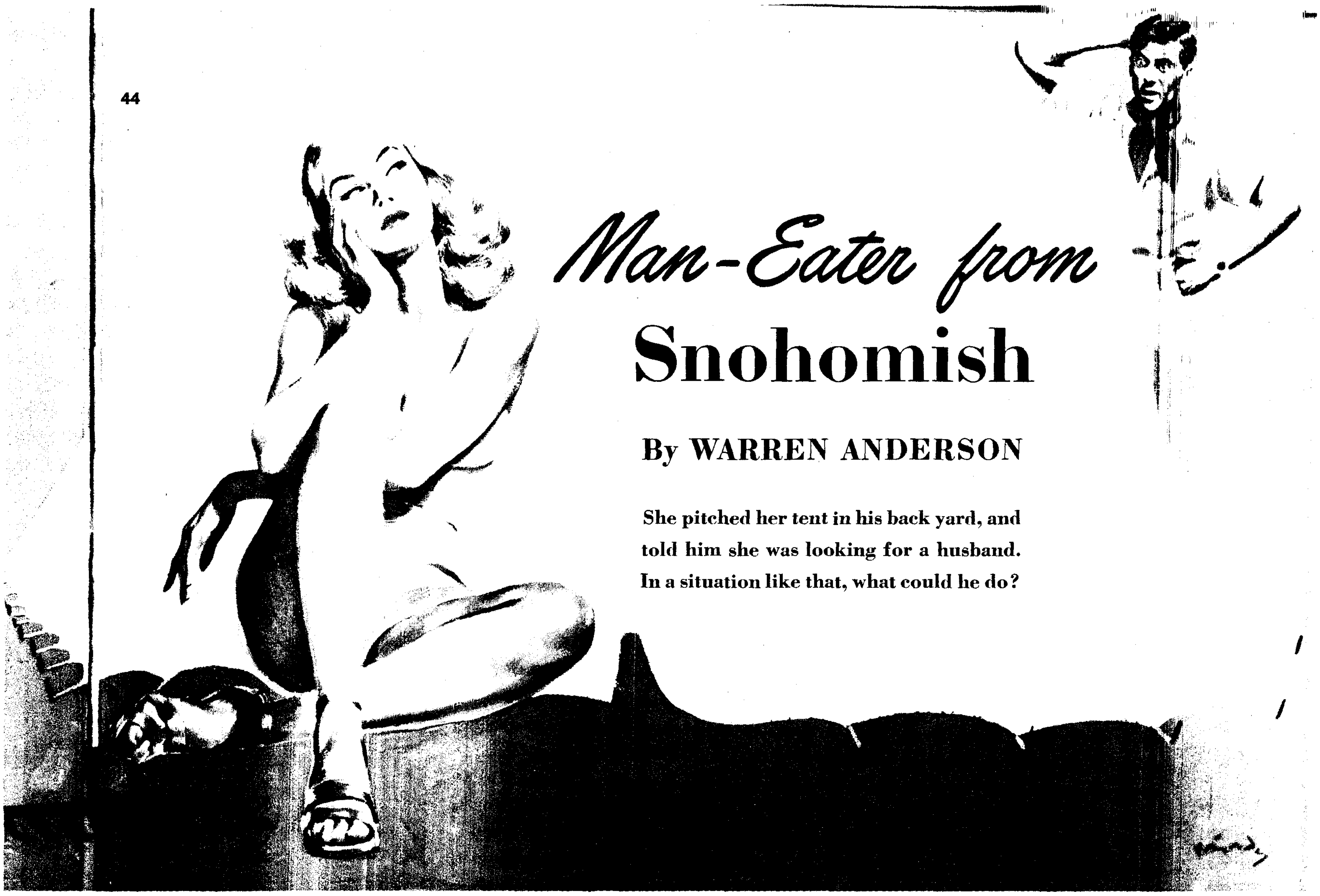

Man-Eater from Snohomish

By WARREN ANDERSON

She pitched her tent in his back yard, and told him she was looking for a husband. In a situation like that, what could he do?

KELLY ROGERS, who wrote light and sophisticated novels for large sums of money, was typing along at a giddy pace in his knotty-pine den. He had been doing this for twenty-four hours. His chin was bestubbled and he needed a cup of coffee; but he dare not stop. It might take him a year to get started again.

An urgent knock at the knotty-pine door made him miss a key, throwing him off his stride. He stopped. "Go away," he growled.

Tyrone's sleek dark head poked in and peered through the cigarette smoke. "Excuse, Kelly, sir." Tyrone Gomez was a very polite houseboy. "A woman is here."

"Send her away," Kelly said.

Tyrone looked worried. "She carried a trunk. She—"

The door opened wide, and a girl strode into the den. She was a tall, blue-eyed girl, only a little under his six two. Not plump, but full-bodied and obviously firm, with a nice slimness in the waist and knee and ankle. Her print dress was too tight and too short, her blond hair was drawn back and up in a severe knot, and she wore no make-up. She was like nothing Kellog Hilary Rogers had ever seen or thought about in his twenty-nine years of looking and thinking.

Kelly, an excellent host, no matter what, stood up and said, "How do you do? May I ask you who you are?"

"Liz," the girl said. "Chester's girl. I came to live with you."

Kelly staggered a little and sat down. His older brother Chester had stalked off to the logging camp of the Northwest fourteen years ago, when Mother Rogers had taken legal steps to be rid of Father Rogers. Correspondence between the brothers had since been composed of brief and infrequent queries as to the whereabouts of their wandering socialite parents.

Kelly shuddered. "Chet never told me he had a daughter!"

"He hadn't," Liz said. "He married a lady who already had one. Aren't you glad to see me, Uncle Kellog? I drove clear through from Snohomish, Washington. Made it in forty-six hours."

"Look." Kelly rose and groped for some gentle word. "Look, my child. I'm sorry, but I'm a bachelor, a busy bachelor—"

"Your child, my eye," Liz said coolly. "I'm twenty-one. Big Bess— that's Ma—died last month. I was tired of the big sticks, and Chester and I figured it was time I got married anyway so I came to stay with you until I found myself a civilized husband. I'll stay out of your way. But I'm not going back."

Kelly sighed, and gave up. At heart, he was a hospitable fellow. "In that case, it's all right. Nice to—have you with us. . . . *Tyrone!*"

Tyrone appeared instantly.

"This is my niece, Liz—what's the last name, honey?"

"I go by Swenson," Liz said.

"Liz has come to stay with us," Kelly said to Tyrone. "She'll have my room, and I'll move in here. Then we'll hire a nice old-lady chaperon and she can have your room, and we'll put you in the living—"

"Hey, wait," Liz said. "I got a tent. I knew you were a bachelor."

"Huh?"

"Sure," Liz said cheerily. "I saw your back yard when I drove in and it's real nice. I'll get along fine. Well, I'm going to get things set up and hit the hay. I'm tuckered."

"Oh, no!" Kelly said, profoundly shocked. "No, no, no! We got room, plenty of room! Now you just leave everything to your Uncle Kelly. Even *the husband,*" he added.

"You're sweet," Liz said softly, her eyes solemn and warm. "But the tent's fine. Don't wake me up for dinner—I'll see you at breakfast.". . .

"AIEE-EE! Look how she toss those stuff around!" Tyrone whispered. They stood at a window, staring across the lawn to the weedy patch in back where Liz was setting up camp. From a dilapidated station wagon she had taken boxes and bundles and objects, and from these she had constructed, in no time at all, a large, brown wall tent. Into the tent she stowed the remainder of the paraphernalia.

"This is awful," Kelly muttered. "My niece, out in the weeds."

"Maybe she like those tent," Tyrone said. "What about the nice old chaperon lady?"

"Forget her!" said Kelly. "But that husband angle!" he groaned. "Why do I make such silly promises? She'd eat any of the bachelors I know for breakfast."

"I dunno," Tyrone said thoughtfully. "She got a nice built."

"She has a certain animal appeal," Kelly snapped. "But she's just a big, rustic amazon. No refinement, no sophistication."

"Give her some," Tyrone said brightly.

"Think I have time to run a charm school?" Kelly ruined three matches lighting a cigarette. He prowled unhappily around the room. "All right," he said finally. "I guess I'd better work it in. If we don't fix her up she'll be here forever. Now clear out—I'm wasting time."

Tyrone hesitated. "How about a couple snifters before the party come?"

Kelly looked sadly at his typewriter, then sighed. "Yeah, okay."

After a few rum juleps, a sandwich or two, a shower and shave and change of T-shirts, it was time to greet the usual Friday-evening herd. By eight, Kelly's big front room swarmed with the gaudy, the garrulous and the thirsty. And, as usual, Micki Moore was soon clinging to Kelly's non-drinking arm. Micki, a sleek brunette, entertained a delusion that Kelly was going to be her third husband, just as soon as she divorced her second.

But Kelly could not enjoy himself. The thought of the tent and its incredible occupant shattered his spirits, and sent him frequently to the bamboo bar. At ten, he tottered off to *(Continued on page 58)*

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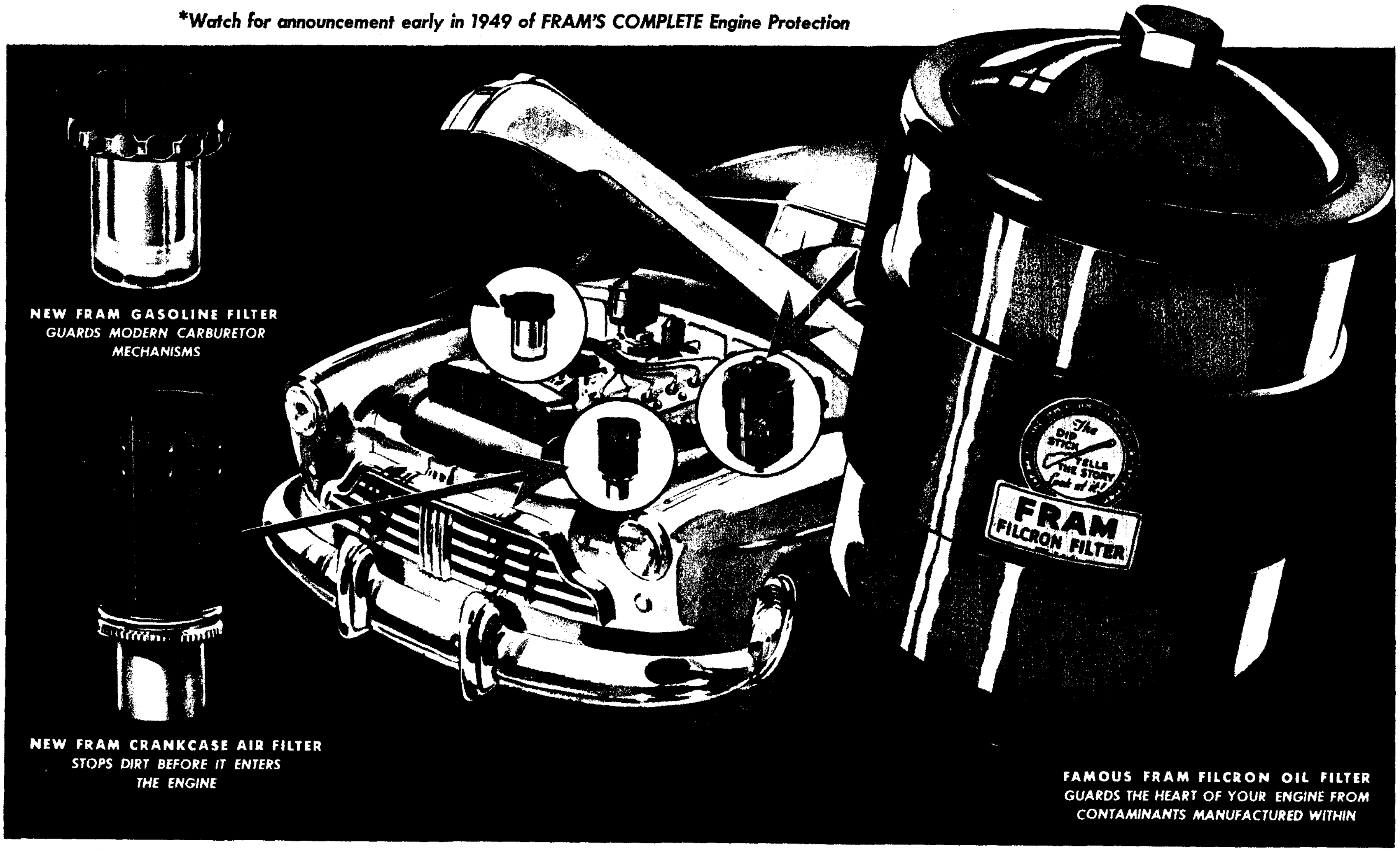
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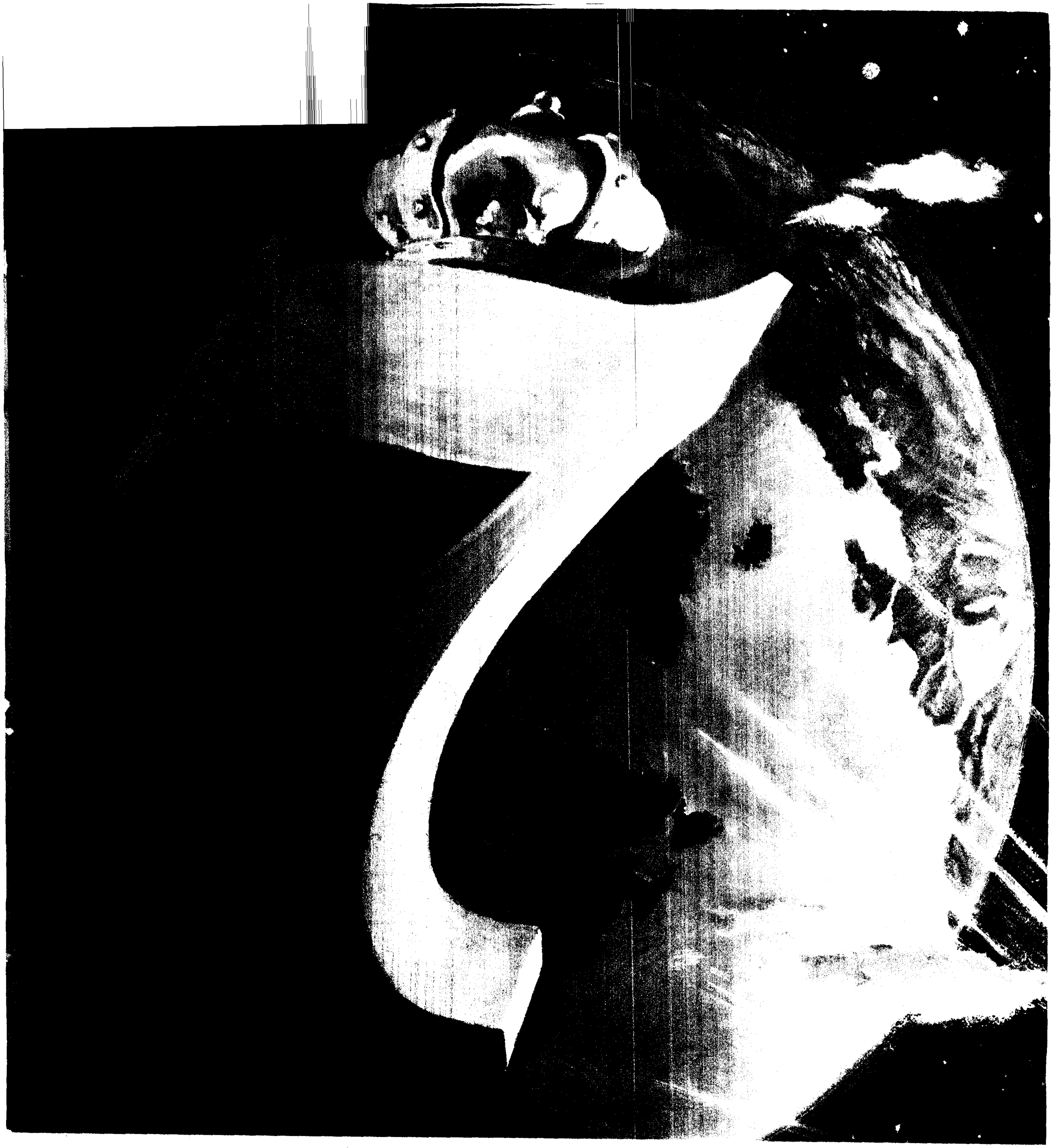
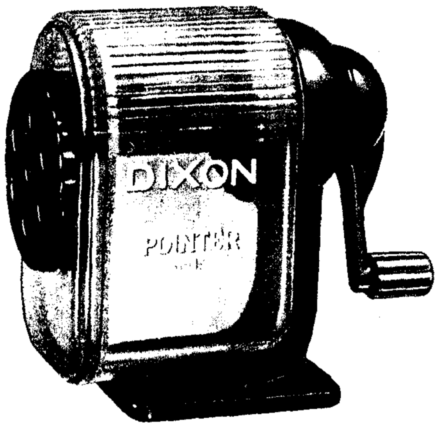
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. *BLENDED WHISKEY.* 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York



Seagram's finest American whiskey

Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure**... *of Pre-War Quality*

The POINTER that never disapPOINTS!



because of all these GOOD POINTS!

1. Hardened tool steel cutters make a point sharp and clean.
2. Point-stop prevents pencil waste.
3. Dial selector fits any pencil.
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5. Attachable to either wall or desk.
6. Heavy plastic receptacle in choice of pleasing colors:
    - Opaque Red
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DIXON #15 POINTER

$3.50

(Slightly higher west of Rocky Mountains)

If your stationer doesn't have this sharpener—write to us and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY

DEPT. 52-J10-1, JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

THE CAMPAIGN TRAINS ROLL AGAIN

Continued from page 29

carried in case of illness or accident to a regular crew member. Campaign trains carry master mechanics and electricians, and the division superintendent of engines usually rides in the cab of the locomotive. When possible, spare engines with steam up are spotted at strategic points to be used in the case of accidents or embarrassing breakdowns. In 1934, Roosevelt's special train struck an automobile at a grade crossing. Although no one was hurt and there was no apparent damage, the engine was changed immediately.

The United States still has to lose its first President or Presidential candidate in a train wreck. In 1944 something like that nearly happened to Governor Dewey in a wreck near Castle Rock, Washington. En route to Portland from Seattle on the Great Northern, the Dewey train was rolling south under hand signals behind another passenger train, which was also proceeding cautiously because of a freight train wreck on the line. The Dewey train rammed into the rear of the passenger train ahead.

Newspapermen and politicians sprawled in the aisles, got up and scrambled for the exits. But Dewey calmly shaved and dressed before appearing outside his car to inspect the damage.

Things were fairly well torn up, and a number of persons were injured. Claims settled by the Great Northern ultimately ranged up to around $10,000, depending on the individual cases. Warren Francis, a correspondent covering the campaign for the Los Angeles Times was awarded $10 for a pair of pajamas his roommate grabbed and pressed to his face, which had been cut. The man had been shaving at the moment of the jolt.

Following the trip, newspapermen aboard the train immediately formed the Castle Rock Survivors Association. There is still an annual dinner at which members relive the harrowing experience in the comparative safety of the National Press Club in Washington. Although Dewey foots the bills for the dinner, the association treasurer annually reports a deficit of three cents for stamps.

Candidate Occupies Rear Car

The make-up of a campaign special is nothing if it is not scientific. The President's car or the candidate's car, for example, is always at the rear end of the train both for reasons of privacy and speechmaking. Immediately ahead is a room-and-lounge car for Secret Service agents, railway police, and the press secretary, among others. This is also the car in which local politicians are screened and frisked before being allowed to meet the headman.

The third car from the rear is usually a work car for the stenographers' corps. It also provides living quarters for part of the staff, the rest overflowing into the fourth car ahead, which also houses the three newspapermen representing the three major wire services—Associated Press, United Press and the International News Service. The theory behind putting the three wire-service correspondents closer to the rear car than other reporters is that, combined, they represent every major paper in the country. Thus, in case of accident or assassination, just three men can protect the press of the whole nation.

The rest of the train consists of regular Pullmans, a press work car, a speech writers' car, diners, a radio car and baggage cars. (The speech writers' car on the Willkie train was known as the "squirrel cage.")

Except for the Presidential car, the equipment on a campaign train is usually standard. The car used by Presidents, however, is anything but standard. Christened the Ferdinand Magellan, it was originally just an ordinary Pullman on ordinary runs. During the war, concern for the safety of President Roosevelt prompted the Association of American Railroads to remodel the car for his use.

The Magellan has armor plate ⅝ of an inch thick on the sides, roof, and floor. It is the heaviest railway car in the world, weighing some 285,000 pounds. The windows are three inches thick and bulletproof. There is no number or name on the sides of the car, but the Presidential seal is displayed at the rear. The doors at each end are built like bank vault doors and can be opened only by someone who knows the combination. The Magellan is virtually airtight and watertight. There is an escape hatch in the roof in case it should plunge into a river.

Presidential Car Altered

During the war its ownership was retained by the Association of American Railroads. When the war was over, the AAR discovered it had a white elephant on its hands and it sold the Magellan to the government for $10. The car recently underwent further alterations at the naval gun factory in Washington. The electric elevator originally installed for President Roosevelt's use was removed, and the rear platform was redesigned to permit crowds a better view of the President.

The cost of operating a campaign special is staggering, although newspapermen, for example, pay their own fares and other expenses. In 1932, Roosevelt made a western trip after his nomination and was preparing to start a second trip when the New York Central remembered the Democrats hadn't paid for the first one. One official of the railroad suggested that the Democrats be made to pay up before another wheel moved, but he was overruled by colleagues who foresaw a Roosevelt victory. It was reported later that the bill for Roosevelt's first trip was not paid until after the second Jackson Day dinner, an illuminating commentary on the financial status of the Democratic party in 1932.

Through all the confusion and frenzy of a campaign swing, the candidate is expected to retain his composure and keep his wits about him. Franklin Roosevelt, a tireless campaigner, was perhaps the coolest of all, particularly in difficult situations.

In 1920, when he was campaigning for the Vice-Presidency, Roosevelt paused briefly in Deer Lodge, Montana, for a cocktail party, a fish dinner and a speech. Unfortunately, the cocktail party took priority over the fish dinner and the speech, and in the end F.D.R. found the combination of cocktails and trout so formidable that he wisely canceled his speech and took a nap instead.

Twelve years later, in 1932, he reappeared in Deer Lodge as a candidate for President. From the back platform of his train he confided to the crowd that he still held Deer Lodge close to his heart.

"Why, when I was here in 1920," he recalled, "I had one of the finest fish dinners I ever had in my life."

The crowd stirred uneasily. Then, from far back, came the fatal reminder.

"That isn't all you had, either!" the voice shouted.

Roosevelt looked down, grinning.

"Now, there," he said, while the crowd roared, "is a man who speaks the truth."

THE END

Enjoy 100% Waterproof Protection in
ALLIGATOR
Featherweight!

BUY TWO!
One for Home,
One for Office.
Always be Prepared!

The Smartly Styled Waterproof with Fine Fabric Base

Sensational Alligator achievement to keep you 100% dry! Lightweight fabric thoroughly impregnated, absolutely waterproof—yet retains characteristics of fine fabric! Rollable, packable, pliable! Exceptionally low in price! Choice of colors including new clay and eggshell shades!

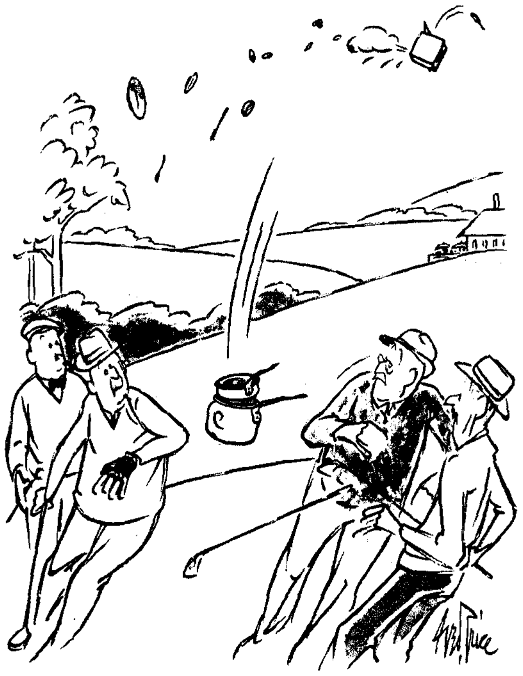
BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN

The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles

The Bell Aircraft Corporation will soon start producing $10,000,000 worth of electric dishwashers.—News Item



And a double boiler crashed within inches of a two-ball foursome

TAKE A LETTER

The Bell Aircraft Corp.,
Buffalo, New York

Gentlemen:

That side line of dishwashers either was set up too rapidly in your helicopter factory or else your foreman was blindfolded the day he supervised the assembly of the machine I recently purchased. Here's what happened:

My wife packed the fuselage with dirty dishes following Sunday dinner, added a detergent, closed the cockpit and threw the switch. Without warning, the machine, its rotor blades spinning, shuddered and rose toward the ceiling. In answer to my wife's screams, I rushed into the kitchen in time to see your whirling meamie, its jets spouting dishwater, crash through the window. It hovered over the clothes drier long enough to snatch a pair of my balbriggans off the line and then headed in the general direction of New Haven.

Calling upon what little flying experience I had, I phoned the Westchester Airport and said, "Cluett to control tower: Automatic dishwasher, fully loaded, flying east at 1,000 feet, visibility 5 miles, ceiling unlimited, over." I suppose I can't blame control for replying, "Aw, yer fadder's mustache!"

After dragging my wife out from under the laundry tub, where she had been blown by the downdraft, we grabbed our coats, flew outdoors and gave chase. We saw the thing loop the loop over the Country Club and a double boiler crashed within inches of a two-ball foursome playing winter rules. One of the golfers blamed Russia.

A trail of soup plates, knives and forks led us to a group of people gazing skyward in front of Stan White's drugstore in Cos Cob. They reported the reappearance not only of flying saucers, with traces of Thousand Island dressing, but also a whirling gravy boat which had landed in a privet hedge next to the firehouse and was quickly roped off by the police pending the arrival of the F. B. I.

Eastern Air Lines' flight 42 from Boston to New York radioed La Guardia Field at 3:08 that it had been rammed by a stewpan at 1500 feet. Subsequently, I heard that the Coast Guard had located a patch of water in Long Island Sound covered with tapioca pudding and bits of parsley. That probably marks our wedding china.

Until you fellows straighten out your assembly line it's back to the old reliable sink.

Yours truly,
JACK CLUETT

She Only Loves My Dog!
GOSH, LINDA! FOR HALF THE ATTENTION YOU'RE GIVING MY DOG I'D JUMP THROUGH HOOPS FOR YOU!
BUT, THE POINT IS—WILL YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST FOR ME, JIM? BECAUSE I JUST CAN'T MANAGE A SUBJECT LIKE—LIKE BAD BREATH!
YIPE!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
NOW EVERYTHING'S OKAY WITH JIM AND I LOVE BOTH HIS DOG—AND HIM!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

NOTHING EVER HELD YOU
LIKE ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
ROPE

James Stewart is the star.
Presented by **Warner Bros.**
in color by **Technicolor**
A **Transatlantic Pictures**
Production

SMITHSON'S HOUSE OF WONDERS

Continued from page 32

believed to have lived 500,000 years ago, and Tepexpan man, the earliest American who probably roamed Mexico 25,000 years before it was invaded by the Spaniards, are also represented.

The collection is indispensable to geologists, who study the story of the earth rather than its human life. Smithsonian has 250,000 chunks of rock, big and little, including meteorites weighing a ton or two and precious stones of which a handful are worth a fortune. It has samples of every geological era against which scientists can compare new bits of evidence as they slowly piece together the earth's history.

Biologists can refer to 15,000,000 care-ologists, who study the story of the earth or pickled animal and plant life. The bug experts—entomologists—can compare new varieties of insects with the pinstuck specimens of 1,000,000 species. It was a Smithsonian scientist, by the way, who first identified the bug found in Riverton, New Jersey, in 1916, as one which would ravage the country unless immediately exterminated. It was the Japanese beetle, imported in some nursery stock. It got out of hand before the Agriculture Department could find funds for an adequate war against it.

Every other field of pure and applied science is similarly covered by the Smithsonian collection. What it is worth, in dollars and cents, nobody dares to estimate. It isn't insured. Money couldn't replace what the institution contains, and if its buildings and contents should ever go up in an atomic explosion a crater would be created in mankind's knowledge which could never be filled.

The atom, incidentally, is left largely alone by the Smithsonian. There is a hunk of uranium ore in the geologists' paradise in the great granite building on the Mall known as the Museum of Natural History. The ore is in a tiny elevator beside a Geiger counter. Young Johnny, or his pappy, can raise or lower the cage and listen to the counter splutter as the ore comes close.

Curiosity Seekers' Heaven

But gadgets like that, and the suspended Winnie Mae in which one-eyed Wiley Post circumflew the world, and the Spirit of St. Louis in which Charles Lindbergh made his lonely flight to Paris, the gilt monstrosity of a grand piano which Eleanor Roosevelt had moved out of the White House, the glassed-in cases containing life-sized wax dummies of American Indians, are only shop windows for the curious. They are instructive; but it is behind the showcases that the principal purpose of the strange last will and testament of James Smithson, "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," is being carried out.

The Smithsonian is an American institution. Congress appropriates about $2,500,000 every year for its maintenance. But the Smithsonian's founder was an Englishman.

James Smithson, born in 1765, was the illegitimate son of the Duke of Northumberland and Elizabeth Keate Macie, a direct descendant of King Henry VII. He was graduated from Oxford in 1786 but was never allowed to take what he considered to be his rightful place in life. He couldn't assume his father's title and, although well provided for financially by both his parents, he could not inherit his father's fortune.

Smithson studied chemistry and mineralogy, but never achieved the success and honors in science which he apparently craved. He wandered over Europe, lonely and bitter. In 1826, in Paris, sick and aware of impending death, he wrote the unique will which was to make him what he had never been in life—famous.

"The best blood of England flows in my veins," he complained. "On my father's side I am a Northumberland, and on my mother's I am related to kings but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys (his mother's father was Lord Percy) are extinct and forgotten."

Smithson had managed to accumulate an estate worth about $500,000, a big sum in those days. He willed the income from it to a nephew, James Hungerford, but specified that if the latter died without heirs the whole property was to be given "to the United States of America to found, at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Smithson died three years later in Genoa, Italy, at sixty-four. Hungerford survived him by only six years, dying heirless.

In September, 1835, the American chargé d'affaires in London notified the State Department that Uncle Sam was Smithson's heir.

No one had ever left money to a foreign government before. It developed that Smithson had never been to the United States and had neither friends nor relatives there. Little is known of what motivated him. His personal papers were destroyed in a fire soon after his bequest was accepted by the United States. But history records one clue—the phrase "diffusion of knowledge" in his will. The words were identical to those used by George Washington in his Farewell Address in which he urged establishment of institutions for that purpose as an "object of primary importance."

It was some time, however, before Smithson's money could be put to the use he designated. Congress debated whether it could or could not be accepted, some senators arguing that it was "beneath the nation's dignity" to receive a gift from a foreign country, particularly Britain. The War of 1812 was fresh in American memories and John C. Calhoun led the opposition against acceptance of Smithson's gift. Sanity and John Quincy Adams prevailed; but it was eight years before the Smithsonian was founded, on August 10, 1846.

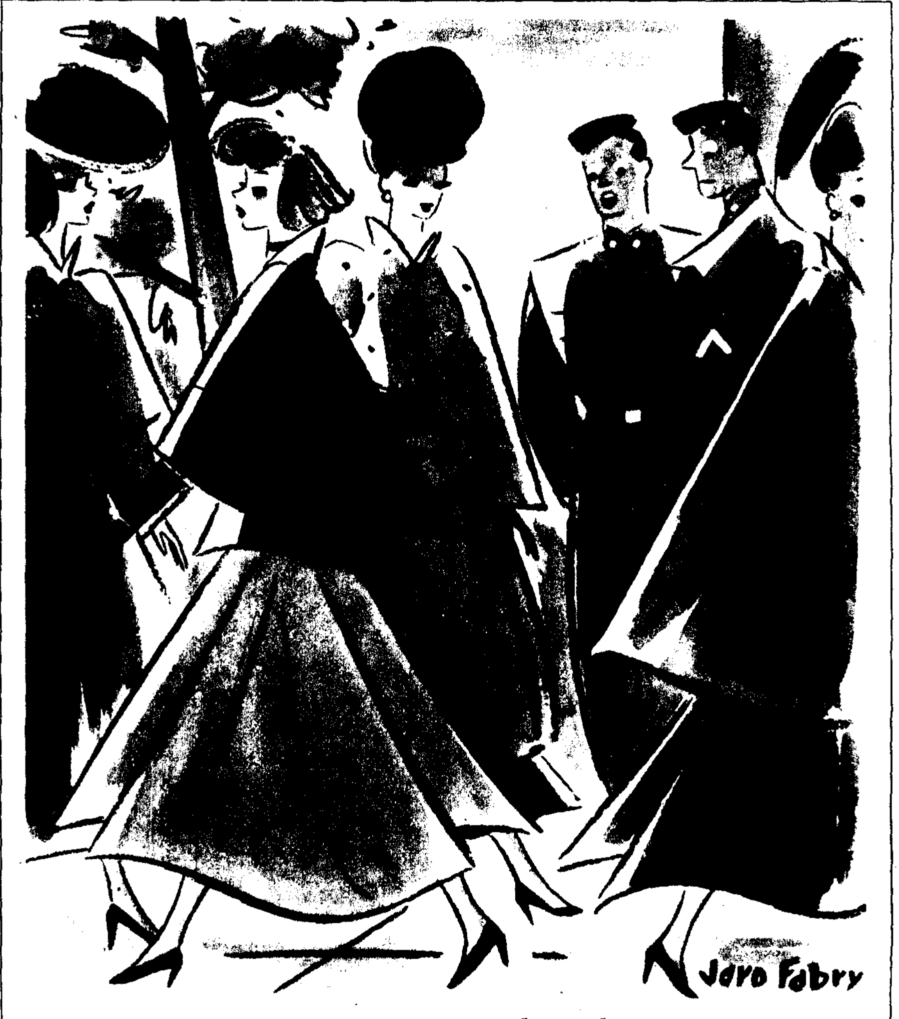
An act of Congress specifying that the institution become the custodian of all art objects and specimens of natural history owned by the government made the Smithsonian the catchall it is today.

Aids Scientific Expeditions

As custodian of government art, and authorized to explore all fields of science from anthropology to zoology, the Smithsonian became a sort of holding company for the growing nation's artistic and scientific enterprises. Under it grew the United States National Museum, the National Gallery of Art, the Freer Art Gallery, the Astrophysical Laboratory for experiments to determine the sun's effect on weather, the National Zoological Garden, the National Collection of Fine Arts and the Bureau of American Ethnology for the study of Indian life in this hemisphere. The Smithsonian is soon to have, also, a National Air Museum.

The Smithsonian became the mother of American science. It spawned the Bureau of Fisheries and created the Weather Bureau. It sponsored scientific expeditions to all parts of the world, including a famous one to Africa, headed by Teddy Roosevelt.

The institution's curators have made thousands of accurate judgments on problems handed to them for solution,



"They had more to whistle at when my brother was in the Army!"

Good Connection—

Each year, thousands of business concerns call Burroughs for efficient mechanization of their figuring, accounting and statistical work. Result: Office costs are reduced, excessive overtime eliminated, figure-facts made available on time with Burroughs business machines.

When you call your local Burroughs office, you are in touch with a worldwide organization equipped to serve you well.

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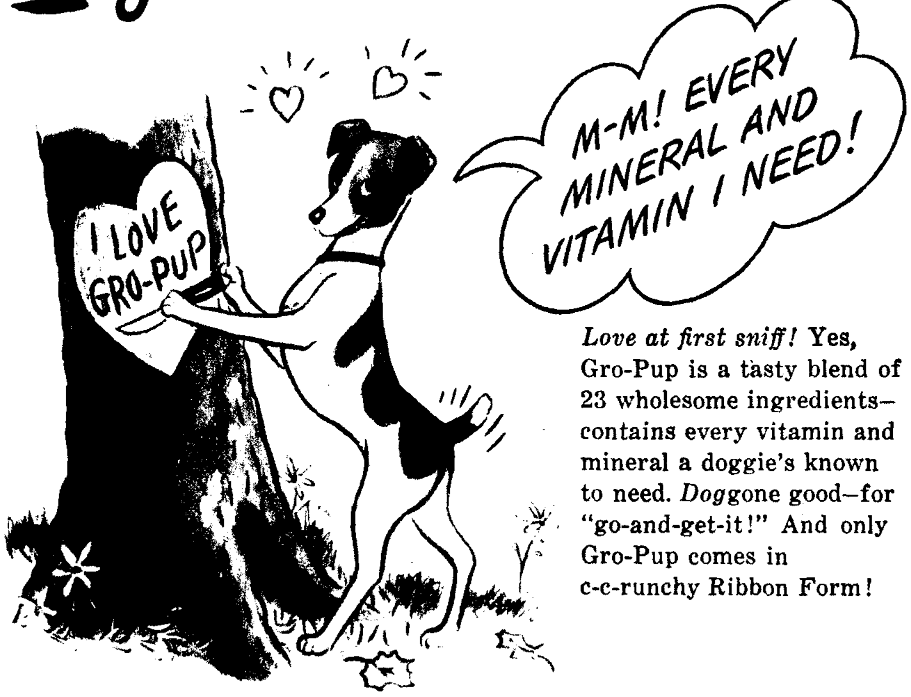
These benefits add up to the results you want . . . work done in less time, with less effort, at less cost. Whether your needs are for machines, counsel or service, a call to Burroughs is a good connection. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S **Burroughs**

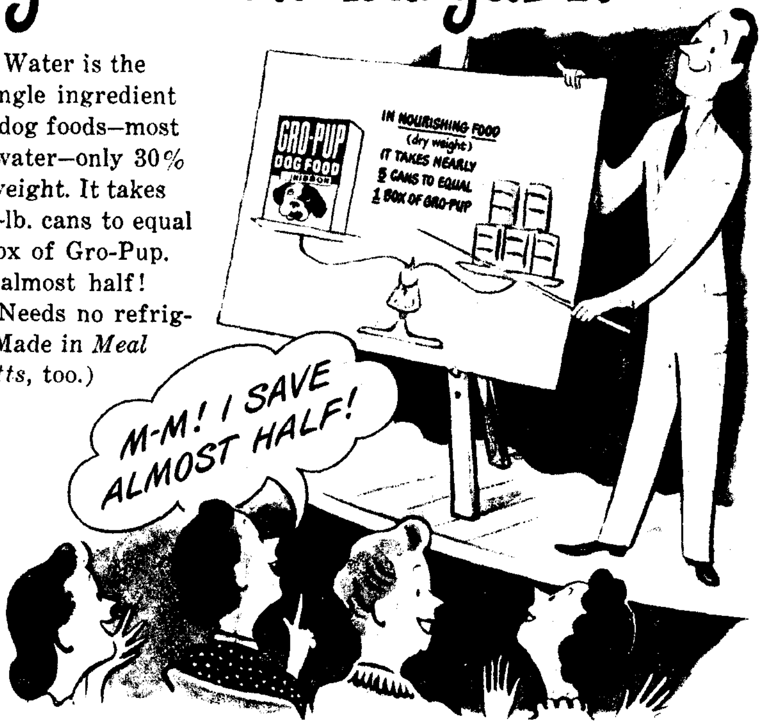
He gets a new crush!


M-M! EVERY MINERAL AND VITAMIN I NEED!
I LOVE GRO-PUP

Love at first sniff! Yes, Gro-Pup is a tasty blend of 23 wholesome ingredients—contains every vitamin and mineral a doggie's known to need. *Dog*gone good—for "go-and-get-it!" And only Gro-Pup comes in c-c-runchy Ribbon Form!

You get a new bargain!

Compare! Water is the biggest single ingredient in canned dog foods—most are 70% water—only 30% food dry weight. It takes nearly 5 1-lb. cans to equal 1 25-oz. box of Gro-Pup. You save almost half! Handier! Needs no refrigeration. (Made in *Meal* and *Pel-Etts*, too.)


GRO-PUP DOG FOOD RIBBON
IN NOURISHING FOOD (dry weight) IT TAKES NEARLY 5 CANS TO EQUAL 1 BOX OF GRO-PUP
M-M! I SAVE ALMOST HALF!

Kids get this cloth dog!

JUST STUFF AND SEW ME!

Kellogg's PRODUCT
GRO-PUP DOG FOOD RIBBON
MADE BY Kellogg's OF BATTLE CREEK

MOTHER! SEND for this hug-able, 10-inch cloth copy of "Kellie." Colorfully printed on two pieces of sturdy cloth, ready to stuff and sew. For each dog, send only 15¢ and one box top from Gro-Pup Ribbon—to Kellogg Company, Box 197H, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE BIGGEST BOX ON THE SHELF

even in the field of crime. Its anthropologists, for instance, have helped the F.B.I. solve several murder cases. Whenever mysterious bones are found anywhere they usually wind up on the tables of the Smithsonian's laboratories. Many turn out to be old chicken and turkey remains, but some prove to have once belonged to humans dead at the hands of "person or persons unknown."

Some months ago the Smithsonian received from the F.B.I. a package containing a fairly complete skeleton. The experts weighed and measured the bones, identified them as having belonged to a man five feet eight inches tall, left-handed and suffering from a gum infection. The description was all that the F.B.I. needed to catch the killers of a Marine who had been dropped into a dry well by rumrunners back in prohibition days.

And once the Smithsonian's anthropologists received for identification a human hand, its fingers stiffened with wooden splints and wrapped in fabric. They took one look and identified it as the hand of an Egyptian mummy. But it had been found in Oklahoma. Newspapers had a lot of fun at the experts' expense until an elderly lady wrote in that the hand was missing from an Egyptian mummy long stored in her attic.

Valued Information Given

World War II gave the Smithsonian an opportunity to prove that it was something more than a midway for the display of scientific miscellany, a repository of the remarkable, or a reference library. The ships caught at Pearl Harbor were still smoking when telephones began ringing in the Smithsonian with urgent calls from the Air Force, Army and Navy for information on the climatic conditions, the useful or dangerous animals, insects and plants which would be found in prospective battle areas.

One of the things the armed services learned from the Smithsonian was the essential lesson of how to distinguish Chinese from Japs. The institution's experts prepared manuals which enabled many of our men to survive on far-flung islands during the Pacific war. The booklets told them what snails, plants or fish could be eaten and which were to be avoided.

Carl Coon, Smithsonian anthropologist and expert on the Riff Arabs, was in North Africa months before our troops landed there. His knowledge of the Arabs enabled him to make friends who eased our landings.

But the Smithsonian's least known and probably most important contribution to the winning of World War II was—a kite. The armed services, particularly the Navy, found that they needed a target which could duplicate the acrobatics of a plane, for antiaircraft gunners. Paul Garber, curator of the institution's aviation section, had studied kites all his life. He devised one which could zoom, dive and make inside and outside rolls. About 250,000 of Garber's educated kites were used to sharpen gunners' marksmanship before the war ended.

Garber also helped the services work out courses in aircraft identification. His years of study of every type of airplane ever made by every nation in the world, models of which he had built or collected, made him one of the most valuable men in Washington during the war.

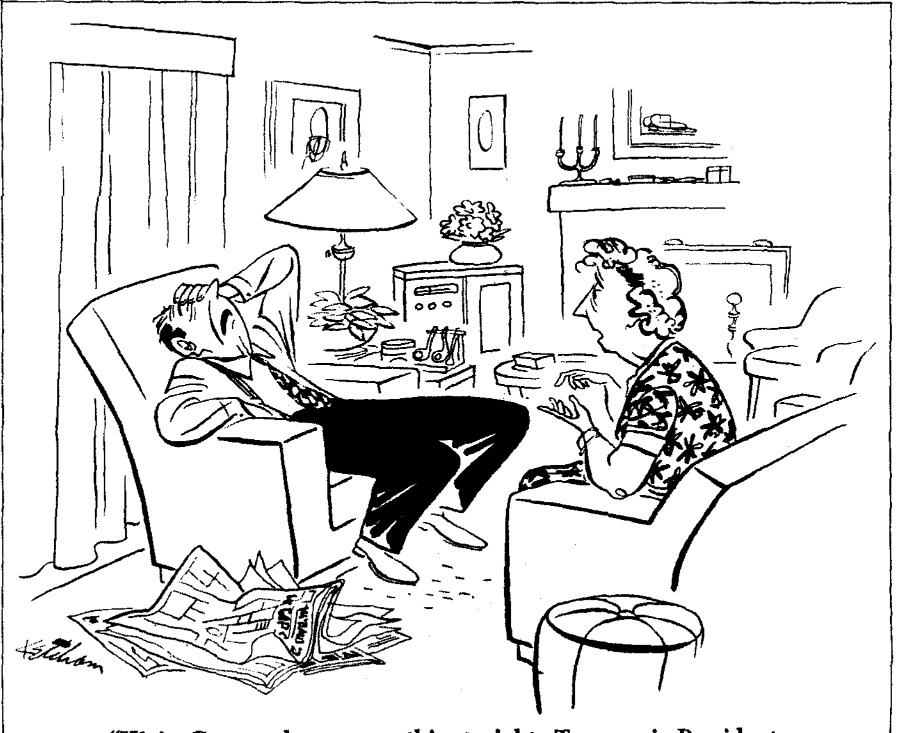
Garber tells a story about the Smithsonian which is unrelated to scientific adventure, exhibits, or crime cases. Yet it tells as much about what the institution means as does all the lore dredged up by the Smithsonian's boss, Dr. Alexander Wetmore, or his aides.

"Not so long ago," Garber recalls, "a man came to visit me. He looked and smelled like a bum. He had come into the Smithsonian to keep warm and had spent hours looking at the exhibits. In his pocket he had a slide rule and a protractor. He was on his way to pawn them, he said, to get money for a flop and a drink. But he had stopped in at the Smithsonian to warm up—and stayed to wonder at what man had achieved.

"He offered me the slide rule and protractor. I took them and gave him a few dollars, never expecting to see him again. A couple of weeks later I saw him—digging in a ditch, for an engineering company. He looked up and told me what he hadn't before, that he was an engineer who had gone on the bum after his wife's death. He said he was coming back, one day, to redeem his tools. Several months later he did.

"Well—maybe the Smithsonian will have an invention of his one day and maybe it won't. Some people come to ogle, others to study, still others to wonder at what man can achieve and be inspired to try to do as well as those who've gone before them. It's a great place. That Smithson really started something."

THE END



"Wait, George, let me get this straight: Truman *is* President and this Dewey fellow would like to *be* President. Is that it?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

The Better-than-Ever
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
Park & Tilford's Greatest
Whiskey Achievement
Since 1840
NOW even
RICHER
FINER-TASTING
than ever
At NO increase
in Price
Founded in 1840
P&T
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
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WHISKEY
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NOW MORE THAN EVER— "The finest-tasting
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AMERICA'S BEST WHISKEY VALUE

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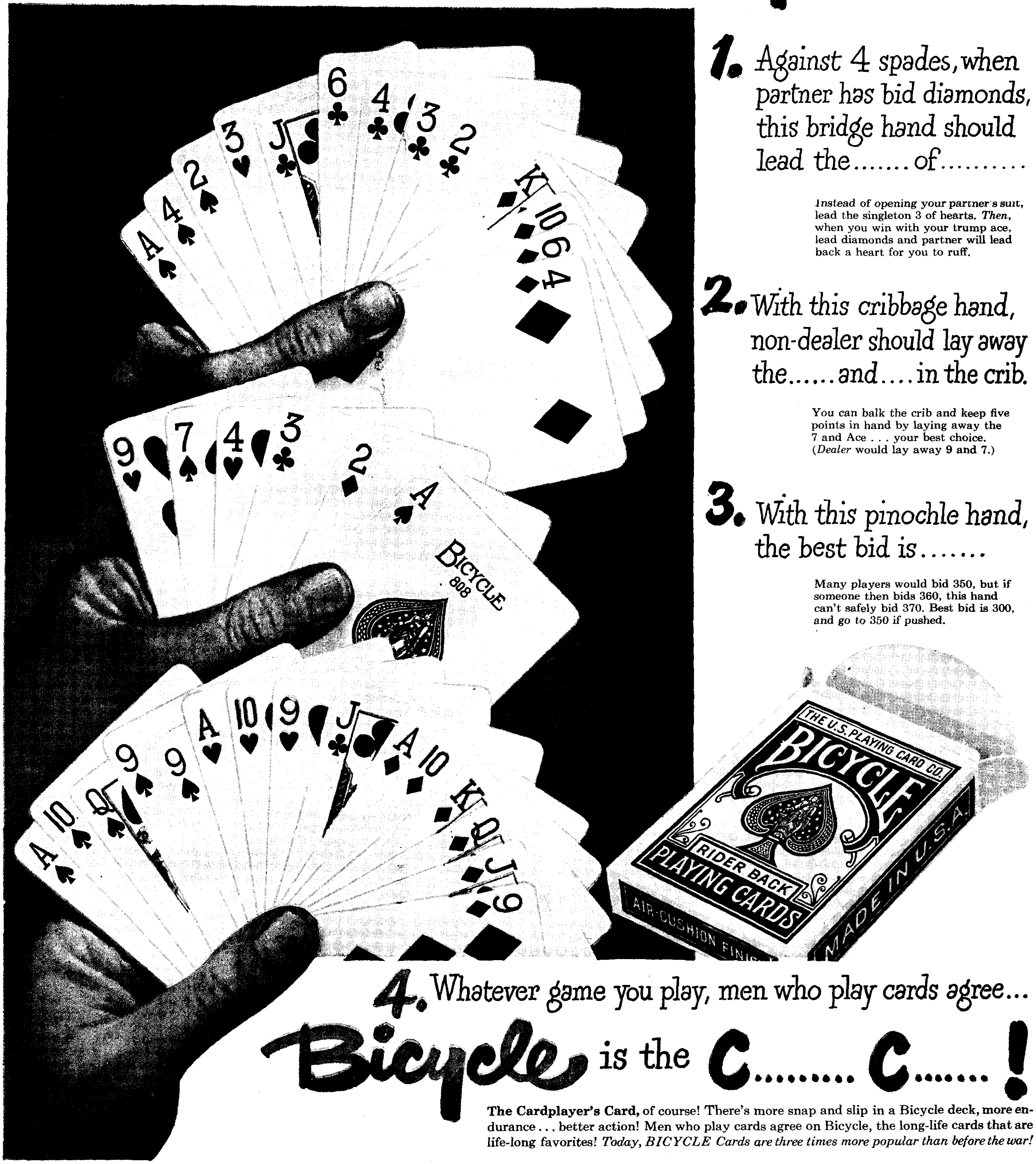
BICYCLE
QUIZ
no.1

How would You play them?



1. Against 4 spades, when partner has bid diamonds, this bridge hand should lead the....... of.........

Instead of opening your partner's suit, lead the singleton 3 of hearts. *Then,* when you win with your trump ace, lead diamonds and partner will lead back a heart for you to ruff.

2. With this cribbage hand, non-dealer should lay away the...... and.... in the crib.

You can balk the crib and keep five points in hand by laying away the 7 and Ace . . . your best choice. (*Dealer* would lay away 9 and 7.)

3. With this pinochle hand, the best bid is.......

Many players would bid 350, but if someone then bids 360, this hand can't safely bid 370. Best bid is 300, and go to 350 if pushed.

4. Whatever game you play, men who play cards agree...

Bicycle is the C........ C.......!

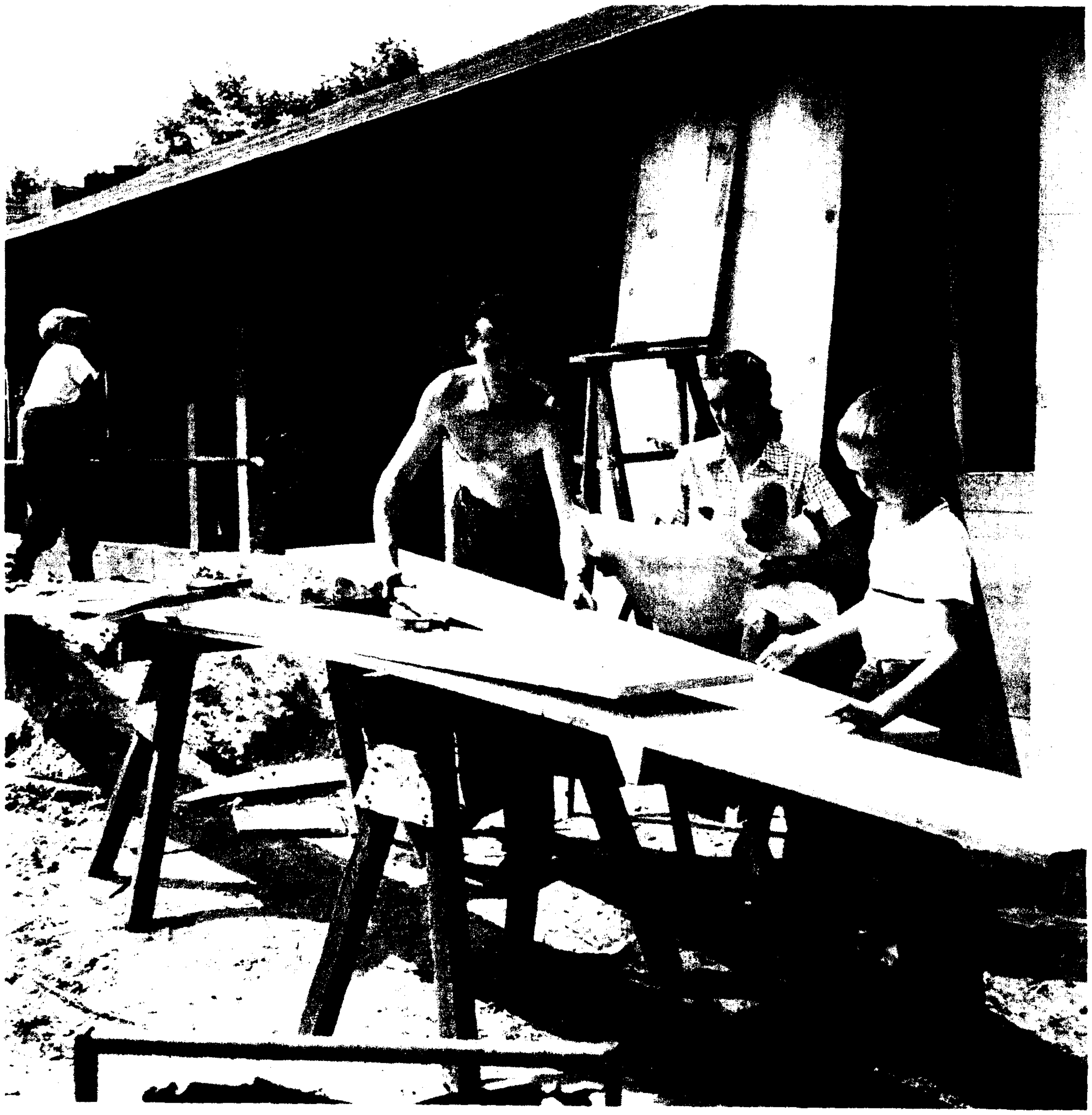
The Cardplayer's Card, of course! There's more snap and slip in a Bicycle deck, more endurance . . . better action! Men who play cards agree on Bicycle, the long-life cards that are life-long favorites! *Today, BICYCLE Cards are three times more popular than before the war!*

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD CO., MAKERS OF BICYCLE AND CONGRESS CARDS, CINCINNATI 12, OHIO. (*In Canada: The International Playing Card Company, Windsor, Ontario.*)

Try Building Your Own Dream House

By PAUL D. GREEN and DON BRANN

So you thought the old pioneer spirit was dead? Take a look at some 100,000 Americans who, faced with prohibitive building costs, seized hammer and nails and proceeded to build their homes



Clifford Spelman, Jr., wields the shovel, Donald and father measure, while mother and sister Cathy consult blueprints. Their five room ranch-type home is one of many owner-built projects in Babylon, Long Island

A NAVY veteran and his wife, in Bayside, Long Island, spent months after his discharge drawing up plans for their dream house. They shopped around for bids from contractors after they had settled on a final plan. The lowest bid they could get was for $18,000—if they made a number of moneysaving changes. But all they had was $3,000 cash, and the lot. The veteran earned a modest salary as a maintenance supervisor for an oil company.

"If no one will build this house for me," he declared, "I'll build it myself." His wife nodded sympathetically. She was sure he could no more build a leakproof, storm-resisting, comfortable and attractive house, than *she* could.

A year and some months later, they had a handsome seven-room brick and fieldstone house with attached garage. The only professional help they had was one skilled carpenter, a licensed plumber and electrician, as required by the building codes and fire underwriters. All it had cost them for materials was about $10,000.

Scarcely had they moved in, when the contractor who wanted to build it for $18,000 offered them $26,000 for it! Needless to say, they didn't sell.

This is by no means an unusual case. Evidence points to the fact that some 100,000 families in the U.S. are displaying their American heritage of independence today by building their own homes, wholly or in part.

Aside from the intense personal satisfaction, therapeutic value and conversation fodder which building their own homes created, these self-reliant individuals demonstrated the best way to solve their housing problem and get the most house for their money. They saved anywhere from 25 per cent to 50 per cent on their houses over what professional builders would have charged them, depending on the amount of effort they put into them.

Proof of their economies may be seen in the fact that it takes an average of four months for a professional builder to put up a $10,000 house. This breaks down to $2,500 a month, about $600 a week, or nearly $125 a working day. This is certainly more than most people with housing—or other problems today earn.

The build-it-yourself movement came to our attention while driving with a local real-estate agent through Babylon, Long Island. We saw a number of houses in various stages of incompletion, and noticed that no one seemed to be working on them.

"Come back after 5:00 P.M.," he told us, "or on week ends and holidays. You'll see whole families working—kids moving lumber and concrete blocks; housewives clearing driveways and laying gravel; young fellows pouring cement, hammering floor joists into place and tacking up roofing and shingles; and old men piling bricks or acting as supers. I've sold to at least 20 families who wanted lots to build their own homes."

As we rode along he pointed to where a fishing-boat captain was putting up a handsome house in the heart of a new development of $30,000 homes. According to building codes, it must match the others in size, quality, landscaping, etc. In another part of town a former ice-skating champ, who owns a gas station and restaurant, was building a ranch-type house. He thought it would be worth $16,000—twice as much as it will cost him.

To determine the extent of the build-it-yourself movement elsewhere around the country, we conducted a survey of numerous lumber dealers, bankers and similar sources of information. Over 40 per cent of the homes going up in one western Pennsylvania town are owner-built. The personnel manager of a large factory in Connecticut reported that about two dozen of their employees are build-

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ing their own homes. The company has appointed a building expert to give them advice.

In one Wisconsin city, at least 30 owner-built homes are going up. Beatrice, Nebraska, reports a score of amateur home builders, and in Concord, Michigan, one out of five new homes is owner-built. Texas, California and Florida have the heaviest amateur activity in proportion to new home construction. And many of the houses being erected on the highway between Albany and Saratoga are in the build-it-yourself class.

The F. W. Dodge Company, industrial statisticians, reports that over 2,000,000 dwellings have been erected since the war, of which over 854,600 went up in the last 12 months alone. By all indications, approximately 100,000 owner-built homes should be added to this figure to give the total construction picture.

What kind of people are building their own homes? Folks like you and me. A schoolteacher in Warwick, New York, took an adult extension course in home planning given at the local high school by a well-known architect. He got the bug to build and is now putting up his own place. The principal and several teachers are pitching in to help. Reminiscent of our Mayflower ancestors, that band of refugees who came to America by sloop a year or so ago to find a new home are building a community project.

In Roselle, New Jersey, a policeman, faced with eviction from the house he had rented for years, is building with the aid of his eighteen-year-old son, sixteen-year-old daughter and neighbors who volunteered to help. A woman in the Middle West—mother of 21 children—reported to the local hospital with an aching back she got from digging the foundation for their new home. Her husband had all he could do earning the food for his outsize family, she explained uncomplainingly.

The causes of this pioneerlike movement are obvious. They fill the headlines of newspapers and magazines. Inflated prices of new homes; the poor workmanship and inferior materials sometimes used in professionally built homes; high rents; stiffening of mortgage money for new and old houses alike.

Bankers, builders, lumber dealers, equipment suppliers and labor leaders see in the movement a heartening rebirth of the traditional spirit with which the colonists wrested a civilization out of the wilderness scarcely two centuries ago.

Cadman H. Frederick, president of the Suffolk County Federal Savings and Loan Association, of Babylon, Long Island, told me:

"I'd sooner give a mortgage to a man on the 'sweat equity' he puts into his house than to a fellow who pays too much for a badly built new house. A man's labor represents a sizable down payment, and he's a good risk because his own toil is invested."

Charles W. Hanson, head of the Carpenters' District Council, A.F. of L., New York City, commented:

"We have no objection to a man building his own house. Usually he's a bookkeeper, fireman, policeman or somebody with a little knowledge of tools. He has to hire a skilled carpenter to do the intricate framework. He's making work for carpenters, and he's not cutting into union jobs with regular building contractors because we've got all we can do to furnish laborers today."

A big mass builder in the $10,000-$13,000 class said: "Self-built homes are no competition to us whatever. We sell our houses as fast as we put them up."

Not all owner-built homes are masterpieces of craftsmanship, nor are all attempts at amateur building successful. One house I saw completed in Babylon looked like a hodgepodge. It had been built from plans for two cottages which had merely been connected by a living room. The shingles were crooked, the foundation sway-backed and the interior a patchwork of substitute materials. One co-operative project involving a group of veterans who pooled their funds and labor bogged down after a year, with only one house completed. It was scuttled by the basic weakness of all communal efforts—some participants felt that others were contributing too little to the over-all project. But similar veteran projects have succeeded in other parts of the country.

One misguided home builder in Flushing, Long Island, acquired a 30- by 100-foot plot, and built a small shack on it. Scarcely had he finished, when an unsympathetic man from the Department of Housing and Building promptly told him to tear it down forthwith. He had violated practically the whole book of building regulations.

Another chap did a beautiful job of building his own house, and even had it approved by the building department. But when it came to searching title for the bank issuing the mortgage, he learned he had built it on the wrong lot!

You can avoid such costly errors and other pitfalls, if you are considering this method of solving your housing problem, by the following procedure:

Buying the Land

The first step in home building, of course, is purchasing the site. Economy sometimes demands that you buy in outlying, undeveloped areas, where building restrictions are unlimited. If possible, however, give an eye to proximity to schools, railroad, shopping center, utilities and neighbors.

Look for an ample water supply. If a well must be dug, get estimates before buying. Test for rocky content by sticking a metal rod into the earth every yard or so. The cost of excavating extremely rocky land can be far out of proportion to the total job and eat up too much of your ready cash. An overgrowth of trees may be expensive to clear, but usually the firewood or usable lumber thus obtained will pay part or all the cost. Sandy soil may require a deeper foundation or extra-heavy footings.

Although the trend today is away from cellars, if you must dig, don't follow the example of Joe Musclebound who spent a month raising blisters by shoveling out his own foundation. He could have rented a bulldozer to do the job in one or two days for $45 a day, and devoted his time to other tasks.

It is wise to search title through a lawyer to make sure there are no liens on the property. One man we know bought a plot and gave out contracts to build a house, only to find that he had bought a strip in the middle of someone's farm!

It's a rule of thumb established by banks in figuring mortgages that the land is worth 10 per cent of the total cost of lot and house.

The Plan or Pattern

There are very few people who can draw good professional house plans and we strongly advise against it. There are too many good, inexpensive plan services available.

Patterns are available through hardware stores and more than 6,000 lumber dealers at $2 for a cottage, and $5 for an expanding bungalow, complete with building and material-buying instructions for even the unhandiest person to follow. When completed, these buildings may cost $1,000 and $4,000-$6,000 respectively, but they are worth half again as much. These dealers also have a wide variety of exterior house plans published by a number of companies for homes costing from $2,500 to $25,000. You can buy full blueprints and building instructions for from $10 to $25 for any house you like.

An interesting aid is the model home kit sold by the American Lumberman for $12.50, and sponsored by some banks. Model-wise Junior can have fun assembling this scale model in colors so the whole family can see how the finished home will look.

Building Codes

Before you turn a shovel of dirt for your foundation, see that your plans comply with local building codes. These codes are multifarious, complex and frequently confounding, seemingly having been devised by pixilated antediluvians. Most packaged plans meet the bulk of building regulations in all states, but there are so many special regulations that changes are often necessary. Special plan-changing services will redraw them to specifications at modest fees.

Some states will not allow you to build a house from plans or patterns unless they are redrawn or approved by a state-licensed architect. Most plan services now employ architects who are licensed in every state.

In many cases, you have to get a building permit, which by no means is approval of the finished product. You must abide by the codes as to position of the house on the property, its setback, size, construction and cost.

Financing

Due to the abnormally high cost of building new homes, and the inflated prices on prewar houses, mortgage money in most sections of the country has been virtually frozen. Banks and lending institutions generally agree that the inflated prices of completed homes don't offer a good mortgage risk, and are asking for 33⅓ per cent or more in down payments. But on self-built homes, you can get mortgages for 90 to 100 per cent of their total cost. Large metropolitan banks will generally lend money on self-built homes only after they are completed, since building sometimes drags out for a year or more. But rural banks, closer to the people who are building their own homes, are more lenient.

In any case, you must start with enough cash to buy the materials to build the foundation and the shell. When the shell is finished, the bank will appraise it. If it passes muster, you will probably get the first payment of mortgage money, which should equal the cost of the materials bought so far. It is important, therefore, to take all of the steps mentioned so far and follow building instructions precisely in order to take the gamble out of this first stage.

With the first mortgage money, you can hire the plumbing, wiring and heating contractors—by competitive bids, of course—if you need them. After you finish the plastering, wiring, walls, partitions, etc., you can apply for the second payment. With this you can finish the house and equip it. Then you should get the final payment. This should wind you up with the amount of cash you started with.

Buying the Materials

Lumber is the most important single item to go into your house. On its quality depends whether or not your house will settle, doors and windows stick, baseboards gape, floors and walls develop rippling rhythm. The best advice is to buy from the most reputable dealers in your town. Buy nothing but dried—or cured—lumber, not unseasoned green stuff which will quickly warp and shrink. The most important thing is to come as close as you can to quantities needed. Don't buy too much.

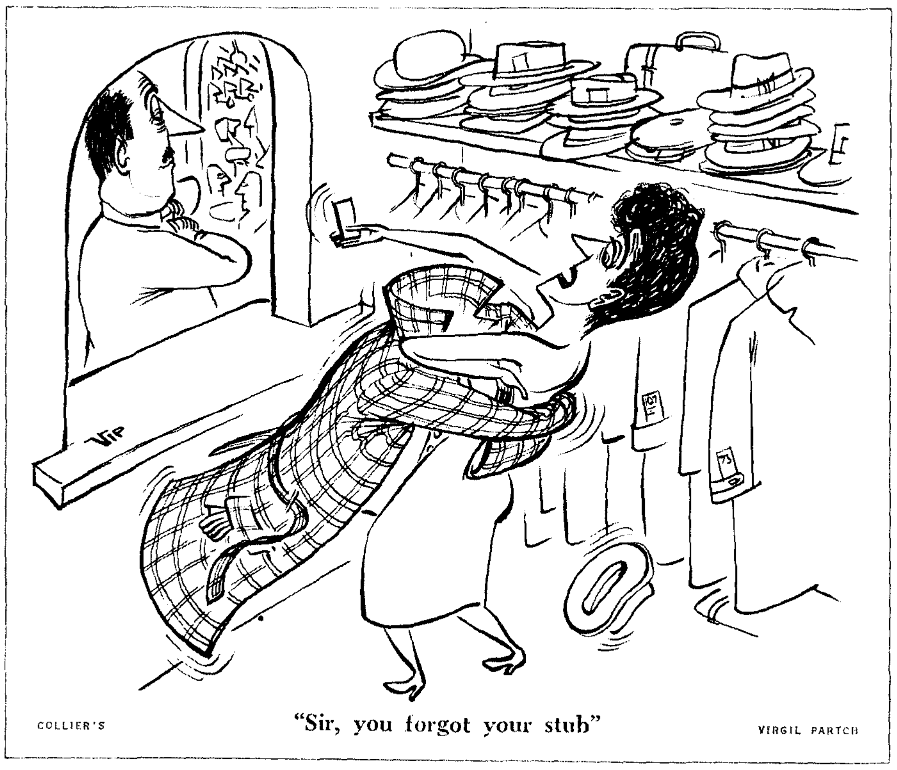
Building

Step by step building directions are provided with house patterns and plans. They cover every phase from laying out guide lines for digging the foundation trench, to mixing the cement for footings and foundations. There's no mystery to building a house, even for the clumsiest person who thinks he can't even saw a broomstick in half. It's chiefly a question of laying cement blocks, sawing and nailing wood and shingles. Some people simplify the problem by building the entire framework of concrete blocks, which you can make yourself by using molds, mixing your own colors for artistic effect.

Finally, when it comes to interior decorating—finishing off the dining room, kitchen, bathroom, etc.—equipment manufacturers and suppliers of floor and wall coverings are anxious to help you. Many of them will give you simple plans to transform empty spaces into slick-looking, functional rooms.

Build-it-yourself may very well be the solution to your housing problem. It's at least worth considering. If you do, "Home, Sweet Home" will have special significance. And you may find that you can turn a neat profit on the investment of your time and skill.

THE END



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LEISURE
WEAR

MAN-EATER FROM SNOHOMISH

Continued from page 44

bed, leaving Micki and party to fend for themselves.

When he awoke Saturday noon, he rose with reluctance, dawdled through a shower, three eggs and four cups of coffee, before he scraped up enough courage to go to a window.

Liz, big and tawny and glorious in halter and shorts, stood by the tent talking to Tyrone. She had a hoe in her hand. Tyrone, skinny and glistening in purple trunks, was leaning on a shovel and grinning. The weed patch had been turned under.

KELLY scowled, and strode out of the house and across the lawn. "Now, look—" He stopped, fascinated. At close range, the skimpy two-piece did electrifying things for Liz. "Ah—good morning. Now, look. Liz, we can't have you messing around with the gardening. That's out, period."

Liz leaned on the hoe and studied him calmly.

"We're not messing around," she said. "We're planting lettuce and tomatoes. Would've had them in by now only we had to clean up the house first. What kind of a ruckus did you have in there last night, Uncle Kellog?"

"Just a little party," Kelly said, glaring at Tyrone.

"She *wanted* to help me, sir." Tyrone edged away. "She get me up at five and help cleaned up while I have breakfast." He disappeared behind the tent.

Liz wrinkled her nose. "Uncle Kellog, Ty says you're going away for the week end. With a woman named Micki."

"Ty's saying too damned many things!" Kelly said savagely. "I've been invited to a house party at Malibu Beach. So has Micki Moore. She's coming by in a little while to pick me up."

"Are you in love? Are you going to marry her?"

"Not if I—listen, Liz." Kelly inhaled deeply, held it and let it out slowly. "*You* are here to get married. *I* am going to try and find you a nice, affluent young man. To make him eager you must know how to dress, live in a house, talk, handle men, and so forth. I will teach you these things. Now first—"

"Think I'll take a squint at her before you go," Liz said thoughtfully. "Maybe sound her out on a few matters."

"What? Sound who?" Kelly said. He suddenly realized that Liz must be kept hidden until his polishing process was completed. "You stay right back here and tend to the tomatoes. She'll only be here a minute."

"Ashamed of her?" Liz asked softly.

The blast of a horn ricocheted down the driveway. Tyrone skittered from behind the tent. "She is here! What we gonna do now? Quick!"

"I've changed my mind!" Kelly said wildly. "I'm not going—got work to do. I'll run out and send her on—Liz, you stay here—Tyrone, keep her here."

He sprinted out to Micki's convertible. "Can't go, kid," he said, avoiding Micki's outstretched arms. "Give Stinky my regrets, okay?"

"Hey!" Micki's brassy voice caught him at the front fender. "Come back here. What kind of a brush-off is this, baby?"

"*Cuidado—allí viene su sobrina!*" Tyrone shrieked from the back yard.

Micki cowered against the wheel. "What was that?"

"Tyrone," said Kelly, suddenly inspired, "out of his head. Chicken pox or something. Hurry up—beat it! You'll catch it. Spots all over your face. Tell everybody to stay away until I call them!" He had to yell the last few words. Micki was grinding gears in the middle of the street.

Kelly stalked stiffly down the driveway. He went into the house and into his den. He locked the door and sat down at his desk. . . .

For the next few days there was tranquillity in the rancho-type house, and Kelly was able to spend many hours at his typewriter. Even the problem of Liz seemed less urgent; the big girl was rarely in the house, and when he did bump into her she was obviously anxious not to disturb him. He learned from Tyrone that Liz considered her Uncle Kellog a lion among writers, and that she had passed orders regarding absolute quiet when the lion was in his den.

Thursday afternoon Kelly wandered into the kitchen with a craving for a fried-egg sandwich. Liz was standing on a chair, washing the cupboard shelves.

"Where's Tyrone?" Kelly asked. "I need a fried-egg sandwich."

Liz jumped down. "I'll fix it. Ty's gone shopping."

"Hold the lettuce, but lots of mayonnaise."

"You look peaked," Liz said softly. "Let's go to the beach."

"Make two sandwiches, and some coffee. We'll take 'em along."

They drove to Santa Monica in Liz's ancient station wagon, since Tyrone was using the car, and settled themselves beside a surf-worn jetty. They ate fried-egg sandwiches and drank vacuum coffee, and Kelly felt brawny and healthy in his crimson trunks. They wriggled their feet in the hot sand.

"Liz, do something about your hair," Kelly said.

"Hair?" Liz looked startled. "Is it coming loose?"

"No, no, honey, it's too tight. Take out the bobby pins," he commanded. "Take 'em all out and look pretty."

"Might as well," Liz said, blushing. "No branches to get caught in." Her hair fell in a loose blond wave about her bare shoulders. "Do you like it better now?" She leaned toward him anxiously.

"Much better," he said, leaning away from her nervously. "Much, much—let's go swimming."

THAT night the new novel remained untouched. Kelly sat at his desk, absorbed with the task of Liz's metamorphosis. Perhaps, he thought, the time might just possibly come when he would be in no hurry to marry the kid off.

Friday morning Kelly decided to use Micki's expert assistance in the matter of Liz's wardrobe. He phoned her and told her the whole story, tent and chicken pox gag and all, and asked her help.

After he had finished, Micki began to laugh. "It's fabulous, baby!" she giggled. "A hillbilly tent routine in the back yard—oh, brother, this I've got to see!"

"Hold on to yourself," Kelly said sternly. "She's a nice kid, so no hillbilly cracks, no needling, not a word to anybody until we get her fixed up."

"I'll behave, darling," Micki said sweetly, "just so long as everybody else does. Get it, lamb?"

"Yeah, yeah," Kelly snapped. "Drop around at two. Take her to Beverly Hills and use my account at Geringer's."

Micki dropped around at one thirty, and Kelly led her into the back yard where Liz and Tyrone were kneeling in the furrows. Liz wore a denim shirt, levis, and her hair in a tight knot. She rose slowly as they approached. Tyrone jumped up and trotted into the house. Micki upset him.

"Well, hello, hello!" Kelly boomed with nervous cheer.

"H'lo," Liz said. "You're all twittery. Who's she?"

"Micki Moore, Liz. Micki, my niece, Liz Swenson."

"Oh, ho!" Liz said, and came closer. Her eyes flickered from glossy page boy to golden sandals, and paused at a bare midriff on the way back. She nodded and smiled. "How are you, Micki?"

"I see what you mean, darling," Micki said loudly. "She—"

"Micki's taking you shopping, Liz," Kelly said. "I want you to look pretty, remember?"

Liz blushed. "Some words sound nicer when they're said in private," she said quietly. "Anyway, I put my hair up because it was hanging in the dirt." She raised her hands.

"Not now, Liz." Kelly fidgeted. His ears were hot. "You pop into the tent and let it down, then get dressed. Micki'll wait for you in the front room. I've got work to do."

"A hayseed," Micki murmured as they walked into the house. "Listen, there's no straw in *my* hair, precious. Pretty soon I'll be all set for a new husband. In fact, a guy proposed last month—"

KELLY spent two pleasant hours mentally bedecking Liz, and it took a frantic pounding on the door to bring him out of it. Tyrone edged in with a frightened eye. "The phone, Kelly, sir. Señorita Micki's mad on it. She called me a jerk."

Micki was in a blistering, incoherent fury when Kelly answered.

"Easy, easy," Kelly said. "What goes? What happened?"

"The big cluck!" Micki yelled. "I'm gonna call a cop! She kicked me! Right in the middle of Geringer's—right in front of Lina Geringer—she's crazy and needs to be jugged—" Kelly hung up and scrambled for his car.

He whisked and skidded through Laurel Canyon to Beverly Hills and Geringer's, hoping desperately that the law had not yet dragged Liz off to the poky. It had not; a blue and white prowl car stood at the curb and a small crowd of onlookers, mostly male, was strung along the elegant shop front. Kelly parked and walked back. He slowed as he heard the police car, partly because the policemen made him nervous and partly because he saw the reason for the male onlookers.

Liz stood on the curb, leaning chummily into the car's front window, and her too-short dress gave her tanned legs a touch of sheer magnificence.

Kelly timidly touched her shoulder.

"Hey, it's him." Liz started a warm smile, then checked it. "H'lo, Uncle Kellog. Meet the boys, Cece and Joe."

"Cece and Joe, how are you?" Kelly reached gingerly into the car and shook hands with the two policemen. "Can she go now?"

"If she has to," Cece, or Joe, said. "Here's your package, Liz."

"Thanks for holding it," Liz said. "So long, boys."

"So long, Liz," Joe, or Cece, said, and the prowl car pulled away.

"Let's get out of here," Kelly said grimly. . . .

Driving back to the valley, he found it wise to keep his eyes on the road. Liz's hair was tossing in the Hollywood breezes, and she was staring at him solemnly. It rattled him to look at her.

"All right," he said after a mile of self-discipline, "let's have it. Why did you kick Micki?"

"I got mad," Liz said. "I just got good and mad, so I booted her one."

"But why—what were you mad about?"

"Oh, she said some things. Real loud."

Kelly hesitated. "What kind of things?" he asked cautiously.

"About you and me and what she thought we were up to, and—"

"I see," he said hastily. "Then what happened?"

"I booted her and she made a lot of noise and ran to the telephone and the store lady tried to calm her down but she started to throw things. Then Cece and Joe came and told her to stop it, so she left. But the worst part is what it does to your writing."

"What?" Kelly squinted with concentration. "What what does?"

"Being tangled up with such people," Liz said. "It isn't your fault—you're just naturally friendly. But they rub off on you and get in your books, and all that fine writing is spoiled because it's about people with no manners who are always drinking and—"

"Wait a minute!" Kelly swerved to the curb and parked. He twisted in the seat, scowling. "Don't get snide about my friends' manners, Liz. Not after that footie stunt of yours."

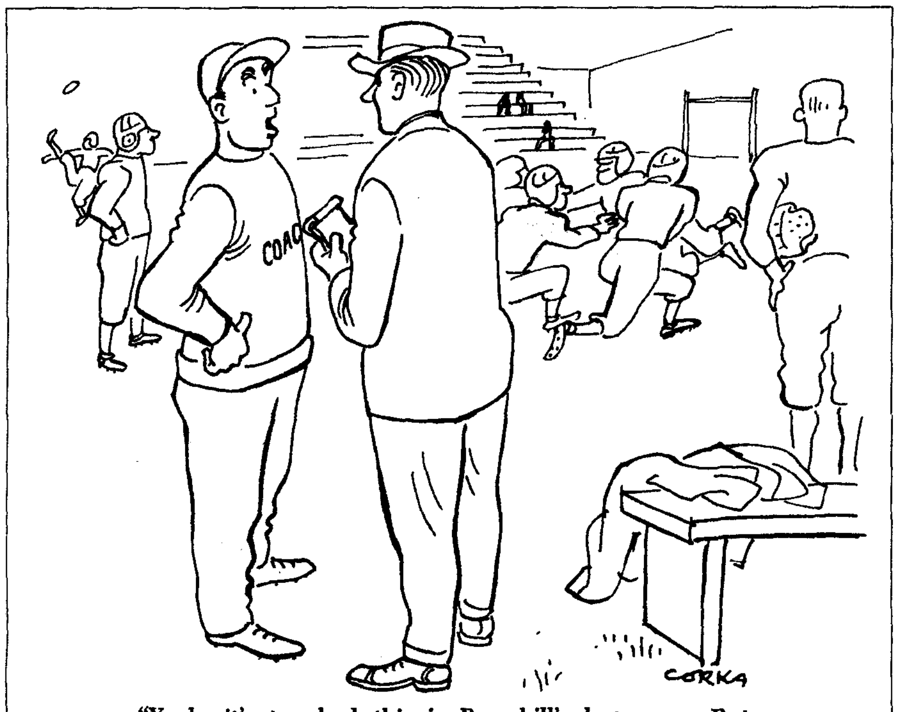
Liz's eyes wavered and she lowered her head. "I guess you're right. I'm sorry for what I said—"

"Said! How about being a little sorry for kicking Micki?"

"Maybe so," Liz said in a low voice. "It's a good thought."

"It's a very good thought," Kelly scolded. "It's also a good thought for you to tell her so yourself. I'm going to ask her over tonight just so you can."

Liz jerked her head up. "You'd make me do—you want to see me do that?" she asked slowly, her eyes glittering.



"Yeah, it's too bad this is Berryhill's last year. But he's got a son on the freshman team who's a real comer"

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"Absolutely," he snapped, stamping on the starter.

They drove home in a cold and wrathful silence, and when they arrived, Liz stalked to her tent and Kelly stalked to his den. He sat down at his desk, folded his arms and glowered. When Tyrone poked his head in two hours later, Kelly was sitting in the darkness, riffling through one of his novels.

Tyrone said, "Time to eat."

Kelly went into the dining room and found himself alone at the table. "Where's Liz?" he asked.

"She was no hungry," Tyrone said sadly. "She said get her when Micki show up."

"Get her now. I've changed my mind about Micki showing up."

Tyrone brightened, but hesitated. "Maybe you should did it?"

"Yeah, all right. In a little while." Kelly toyed with his lamb chop and went to work on a nice, friendly speech of forgiveness.

AN HOUR later, he was prowling about the front room, still working on his speech, when there was a racket at the front door. He opened it irritably and a wave of loud and flashy people surged into the room, swirled about, and washed up against the bamboo bar.

"What's the idea!" he yelled.

"Friday night and no chicken pox!" Micki shrilled from the bar. "I brought the bunch over to see the big hillbilly."

The bunch boffed loudly and clamored for Kelly to produce.

Kelly strode quickly across the room. He had to reach Liz, get her away, take her for a drive, anything.

He bumped into her at the doorway. She was wearing a red polo shirt and pedal pusher combination with a bare midriff. Her tummy was flat and tanned, her face tight and pale, and her eyes a fierce and frosty blue. "All set for the show?" she murmured.

"Wait—listen," Kelly stammered. "I didn't—"

Liz brushed past him and stepped to the center of the room. The bunch became a study in arrested movement, and there was a congealed silence. "Somebody was kicked today, in public," she said in a clear voice. "I did the kicking, and I shouldn't have. I'm telling the somebody I'm sorry."

"What's she talking about?" asked Stinky O'Connor, who wore a yellow sport shirt and maroon slacks. "Kids, will you get a load of that physique? Kelly, you dog! Where've you been hiding this?"

"In a tent," Micki said brassily.

"A tent!" Mac Higgens sniggered. "Farmer's daughter stuff right in—"

"Shaddup, jerk!" Kelly started forward, furious, but Liz was ahead of him. She stepped in front of Mac, gave him a hard flip-flap across the mouth with her left hand, and followed up with a right uppercut to the chin. Mac toppled, caromed off Stinky and crashed to the floor. He took with him a showy blonde named Pony.

Kelly sat down in a corner chair and lighted a cigarette.

"Ya big cow! I'll scratch you down to nothing, you stupid—" Pony swung wildly, her fingers clawing. Liz ducked and grabbed and straightened, a screaming Pony slung across her shoulders. She carried her writhing burden out the front door. In a moment she came back, alone.

"Out!" she said, her voice cutting through the venomous yelps from outside. "Hustle, all of you, or I get my peavey and really go to work!"

The bunch hustled quickly, Micki darting through the door first. Mac Higgens was the last to leave, being dragged. Liz closed the door and turned. Tyrone tiptoed out of the room. Kelly stabbed his cigarette out and stood up.

"Well," he said, "now I guess it's my turn. Remember what I said about taming you?" He walked toward her.

"Stop it!" Liz looked wild and flushed and lovely. "I'm going home—I'll be gone in the morning!" She whirled and flung open the door and disappeared.

Kelly caught up with her on the back lawn and brought her down with a flying tackle. Liz was squirming before she hit the grass, but he managed to grasp one of her arms before she could get to her feet again. He hung on tightly; they sat facing each other in the darkness.

"Listen," he panted, holding her shoulders with both his hands. "I didn't invite them. They just dropped in—ask Tyrone—I was all wrong about the taming angle, you're fine just as you are. They had it coming—you did right—"

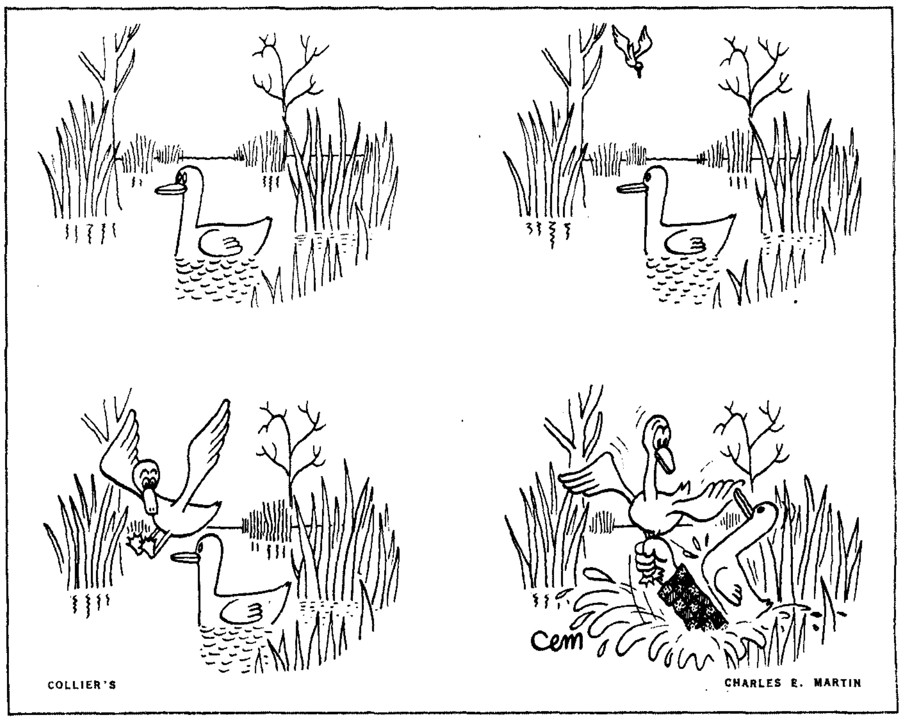
"*I did it all wrong!*" Liz's voice broke. "I ruined everything. I was trying to change you all around, and all the time I was doing you harm. I made you a laughingstock!"

"Change me—angel, you were trying to change *me?*"

"Yes. You need it, but I—" She started to struggle again, then stopped and slid her arms tightly about his neck. "I have sawdust for brains," she whispered shakily. "People don't go around falling in love and changing other people in just one week, do they?" She pulled his head down. Her lips were soft and quivering.

Several minutes later, Kelly lifted his head. It was not easy. "They do," he croaked, "if they know how."

THE END



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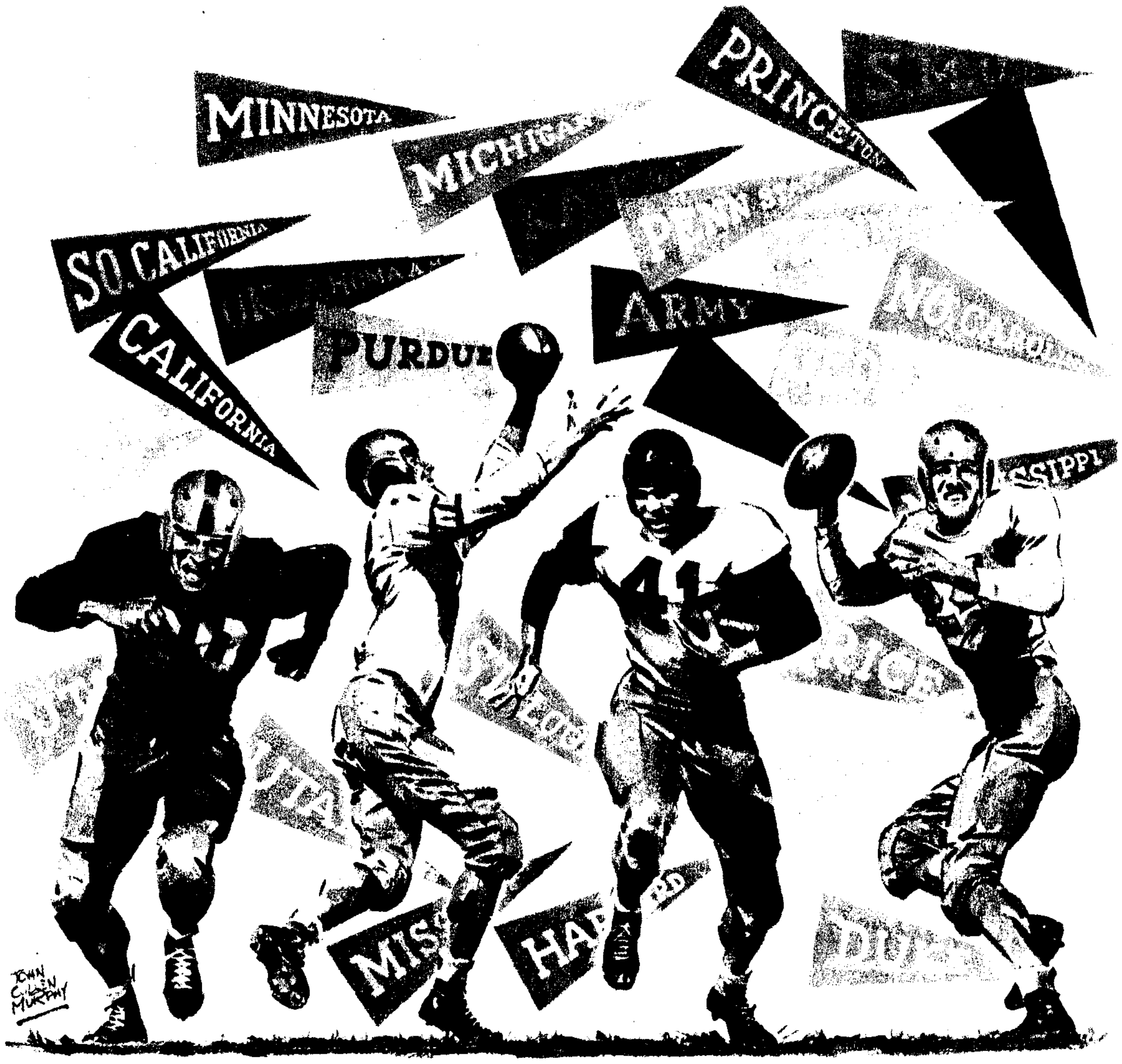
Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

COLLIER'S SPORTS EXPERT GOES OUT ON A LIMB BY PREDICTING THE MAJOR COLLEGE FOOTBALL CONFERENCE WINNERS



California, Purdue, Penn and Georgia Tech (left to right) may be tops in their respective leagues

SEVERAL days before the College All Stars battled the Chicago Cardinals, the All Star coaches drifted into a discussion of 1948 college prospects during a luncheon at Northwestern University.

Andy Kerr of Lebanon Valley kicked off. "College teams are like cantaloupes," Andy observed. "You never know what you've picked until it's too late."

"Maybe," Southern California's Jeff Cravath said, "but Frank Leahy always seems to have the same kind of cantaloupe. How about it, Frank? Is Notre Dame going to have another quote representative team unquote?"

Leahy smiled. "A lot depends on how well Frank Tripucka fills in at quarterback for Johnny Lujack. Probably we'll be just another one of the good Middle Western teams along with Minnesota and Purdue and Michigan and Wisconsin and Northwestern."

Cravath nodded. "The war veterans are almost gone now and the log jam of older players is broken up. This year we're almost back to 1941. I expect to see younger teams, more upsets, and less mass substituting. Very few teams will have enough first-string material to substitute offensive and defensive units the way Michigan did last fall."

Georgia's Wally Butts said, "That's just about the picture down South. We've elected Georgia Tech favorite in the Southeastern Conference. Bobby Dodd's older boys—war veterans like tackle Bob Davis and quarterback Jim Still—are gone, but Tech has a flock of fine twenty-year-old replacements coming up. Jim Southard's a wonderful passer. Then there's Bob McCoy, a soph left half, and an end named Dick Harvin, plus seven tackles all over six feet and all over 200 pounds."

Texas' coach, Blair Cherry, turned to Butts. "While we're discussing the South, who's taking Chuck Conerly's place at Mississippi? We heard a lot about Conerly's great playing in the Southwest last year. Some folks claimed he compared with our Texas boys, Bobby Layne and Doak Walker."

Butts grinned. "Mississippi has a boy named Dixie Howell—a 9.9 sprinter—who'll run for Conerly, and old Barney Poole will still be catching those passes. Old Barney set a college record for catching passes last fall."

"*Old* Barney is right," somebody said. "Is this Poole's seventh year of college football or only his sixth?"

"It's his seventh, and last," Butts said, "but Mississippi has another Poole starting at the other end this fall. Jackie Poole. He's Barney's cousin."

"Going back to that Middle West scramble," Cravath said, "I notice Purdue opens with Notre Dame and then plays Michigan the third game. Stu Holcomb tells me he's worried Notre Dame will beat him a couple of touchdowns and then Michigan will try to win by a larger score—a situation we are not altogether unfamiliar with at Southern California."

"Purdue," Leahy explained patiently, "has ten regulars returning. It has Clyde Grimenstein, who can play end anywhere. It has Bob DeMoss, who throws those long passes that hurt. It has Harry Szulborski at left half. We have been thinking a lot about Szulborski and even without referring to notes I can tell you he averaged 6.26 yards per carry last fall and was just about the best running back in the United States. When you come right down to it, I wouldn't be surprised if Purdue is worrying more about Minnesota than it is about Notre Dame or Michigan."

"Down our way," Cherry said, "we're worrying about Doak Walker and Southern Methodist. Rice and Texas Christian will be strong, but the only thing likely to stop Southern Methodist is its schedule. The Mustangs have to play three of the conference's strongest teams, Texas, Texas Christian and Arkansas."

"Schedules decide a good many championships," Cravath said. "Oregon and California, the top teams in the Pacific Coast Conference, don't meet this fall, but we play them both. That means Southern California probably doesn't have much chance of making the Rose Bowl again, but we'll have a lot to say about who does."

"So far," Butts said, "nobody has mentioned North Carolina, which figures to be the top team in the Southern Conference."

"I wish you hadn't," Cherry said. "We open against North Carolina. Have you got a defense for Charlie Justice?"

"No," Butts said.

"Army will be tough in the East," Kerr said. "You know, this new draft law will help Army and Navy. They aren't going to have the postwar decline in material everybody anticipated. I hear Penn will be the team to beat in the Ivy League."

"Princeton and Harvard will be right up there," Penn State's Bob Higgins broke in.

"You could beat Penn, too, couldn't you?" Butts asked.

"We play 'em," Higgins admitted.

"It seems to me," Leahy said, "that we were going to talk about a football team named the Chicago Cardinals."

That ended the meeting.

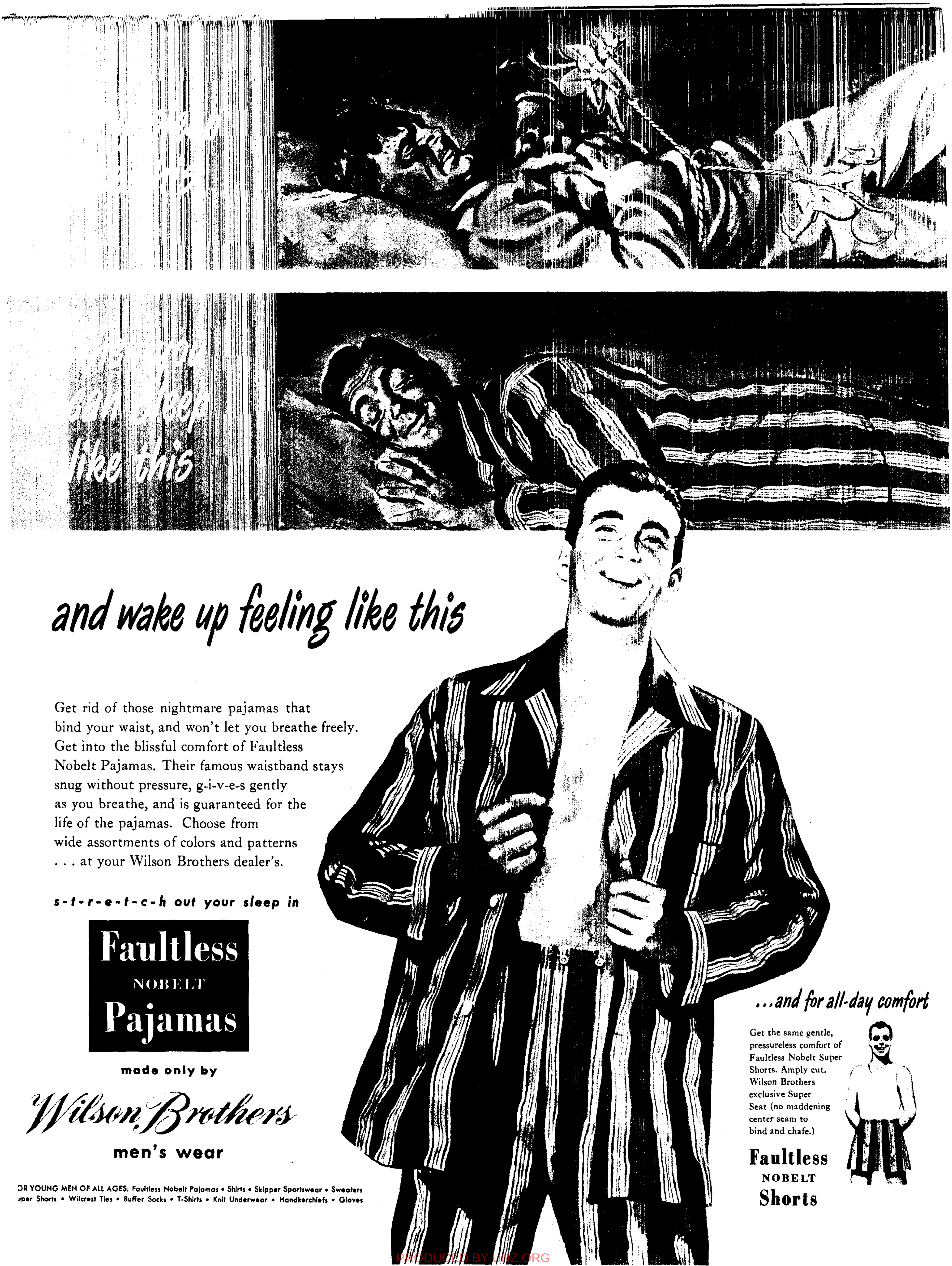
After tuning in on the All Star staff, and polling some 100 other coaches around the country, we expect the major conference races to finish this way:

East: Ivy League—Penn, Princeton, Harvard. Independents—Penn State, Army.

Middle West: Big Nine—Purdue, Minnesota, Michigan. Missouri Valley—Tulsa, Oklahoma A & M, St. Louis. Big Seven—Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas. Independents—Notre Dame, Michigan State.

South: Southeastern Conference—Georgia Tech,

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY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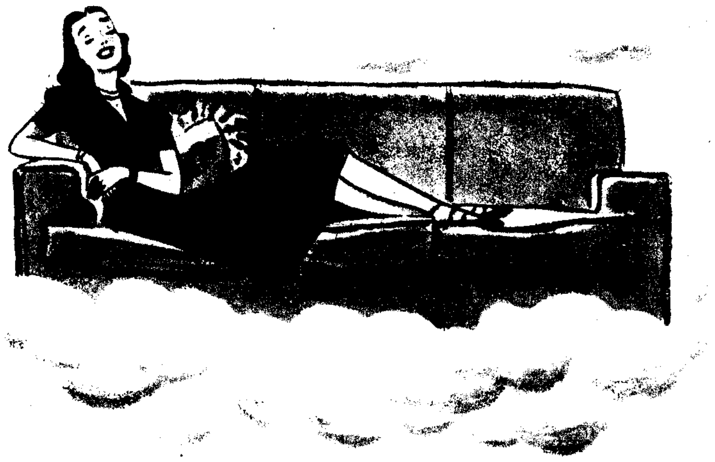

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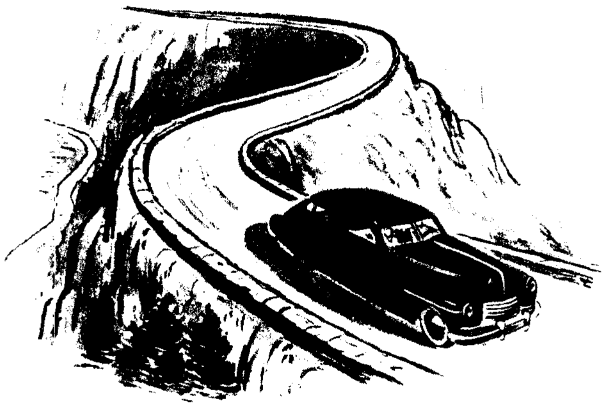

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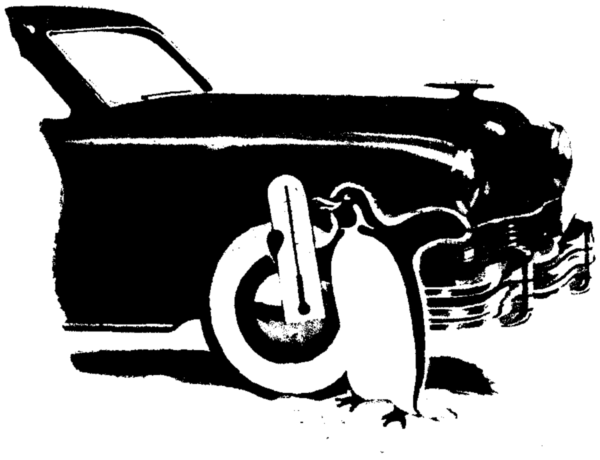

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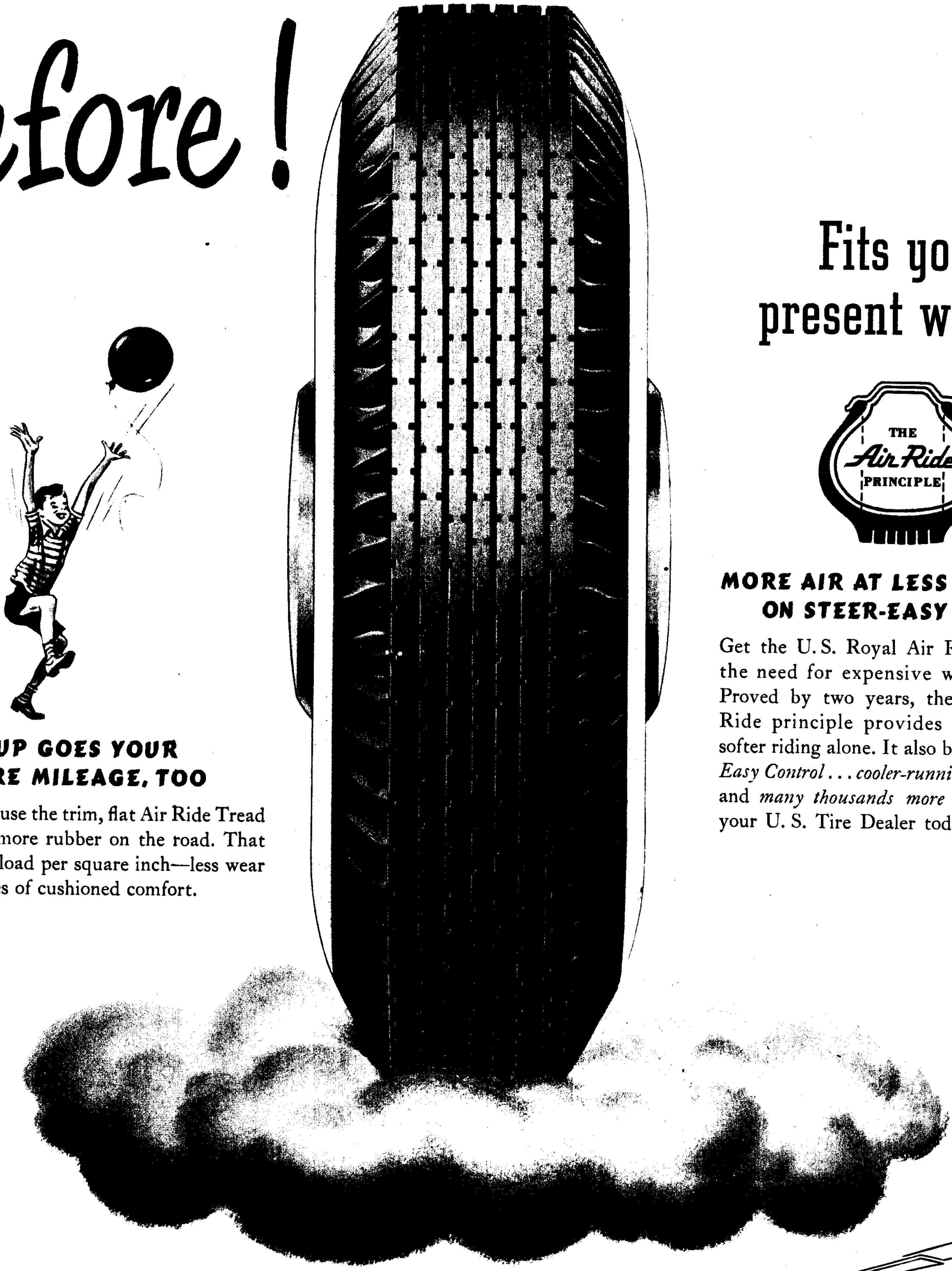

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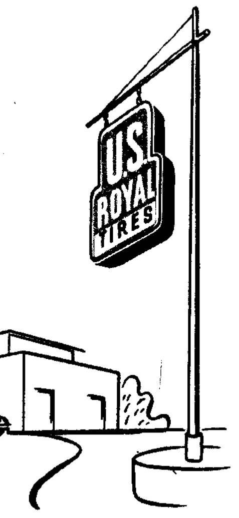

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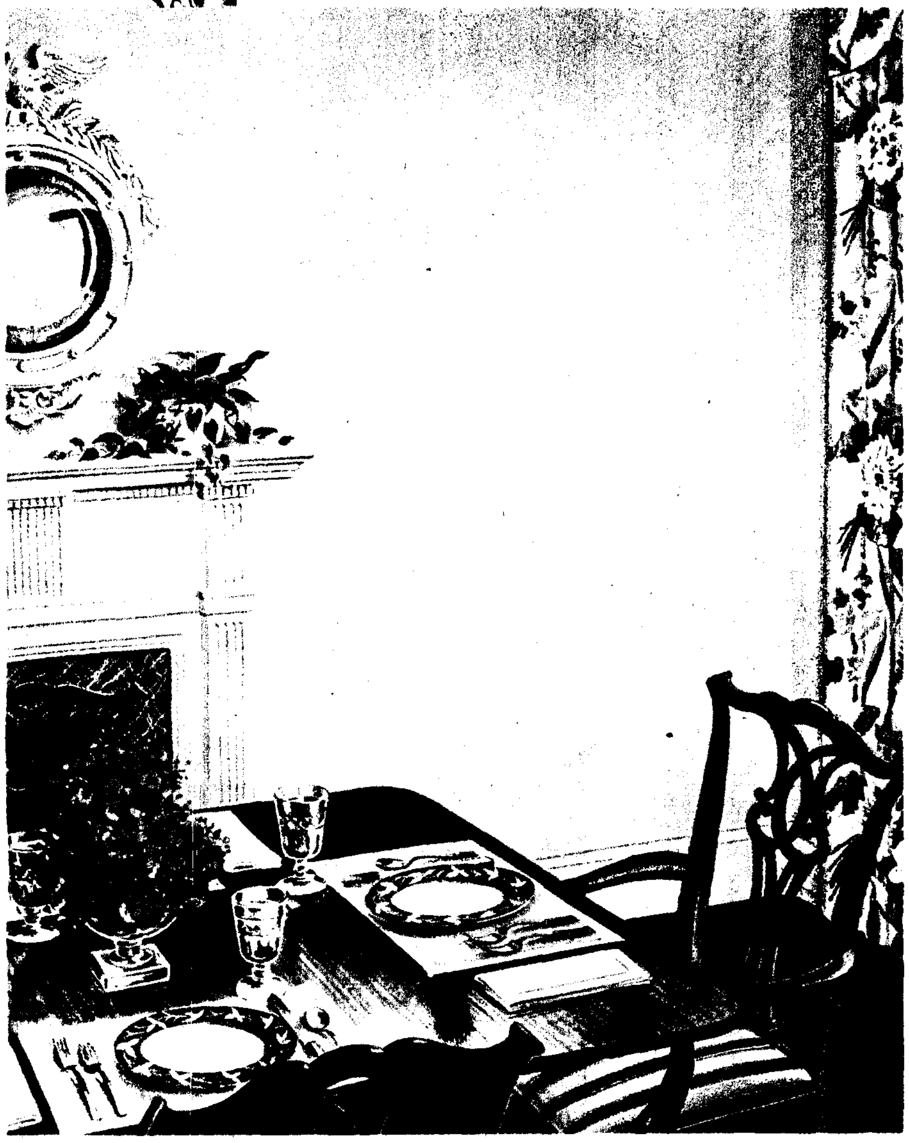

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THE PRICE OF SPORT

During Mrs. Magda Rurac's summer tennis visit (she won the National clay-court title) an American asked for her address in Rumania. "I'll send you a Christmas card," the American promised.

"Please," said Mrs. Rurac, "could you send a tennis ball instead?"

The Rumanian champion paid 100,000 lei for an American-made ball in Bucharest two summers ago when a loaf of bread cost 1,000 lei and the government ceiling on salaries was 100,000 lei a month. She bought six new balls in 1945 and 1946 (one day's practice ration for America's top-flight players).

Mrs. Rurac also is cycling champion of Rumania, but she didn't suggest sending a Christmas bicycle, possibly because it would be difficult to wrap a bicycle as a gift.

LUCKY TO LOSE

Jack Dempsey was talking about the good old days. "Gunboat Smith beat me so badly all I remembered next morning was shaking hands with him before the bell. Willie Meehan gave me an awful beating, too. After the fight, they took me to the hospital in a wheelbarrow.

"But I guess Luis Firpo had the hardest punch, and Gene Tunney was the cleverest defensive fighter without any question. Looking back, the luckiest break I ever got was when Tunney beat me in that long-count fight in Chicago.

"Lots of people think I really beat Tunney and they remember me as the champ—and that helps. But if I'd won from Tunney, somebody would have come along and knocked me off and then I'd have been just another ex-champion."

FOOTBALL FAMILY

Angeline Baysinger's husband, Reaves, is head football coach at Syracuse University. Her two sons, Base (Reaves, Jr.) and Bob, are quarterbacks; Base at Navy, Bob at Syracuse. Mrs. Baysinger is having quite a time arranging her fall schedule.

"I'll probably watch Ribs (Reaves, Sr.) and Bob at Syracuse home games, and visit Base at Annapolis when Ribs and Bob are on the road," she says. "Of course, I'll carry my portable radio to the games and try to tune in Navy while I'm watching Syracuse and vice versa."

The Baysingers met at Syracuse when Ribs was a star guard in the early 1920s, but Angeline never fully appreciated his defensive artistry. "I watched him on every play," she confesses, "but only to make sure he got up from the bottom of the pile. I was afraid he'd get hurt and we would miss the dance after the game."

Base and Bobby taught their mother a lot about sports. At eight months, Base banged her right eye shut with a tiny baseball bat. Bobby was four when he toddled from the side lines at a practice scrimmage and tried to tackle Jim Skeen, one of the players.

"It knocked the wind and a few teeth out of him, but he didn't mind," Mrs. Baysinger recalls. "The boys built their own athletic plant. Naturally I was interested in their games, and when they started to play for their school teams I sat in the stands."

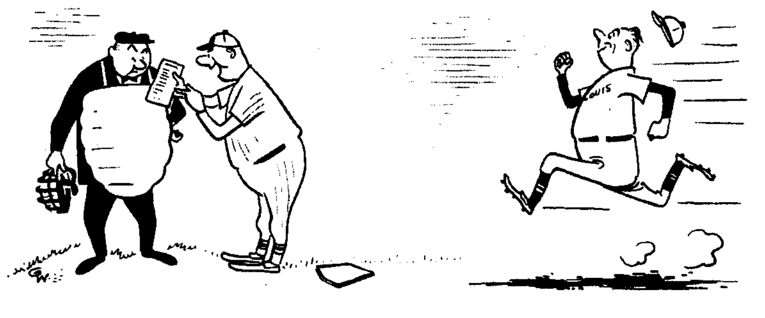
Base and Bobby made things interesting for their number-one fan. Base pitched a no-hitter when he was fifteen, and kicked the 47-yard field goal that gave Staunton Military a 10 to 7 victory over Mercersburg. Bob won a high-school game with a 90-yard run, although that isn't the longest run by a Baysinger. Bob's mother claims the record.

It happened when Base quarterbacked Syracuse to a 43 to 13 triumph over Colgate in 1944. Not quite coincidentally, Base carried the ball on the last play. When the gun sounded, he sprinted for the bench, shook hands with his dad, and then kissed his mother, who had come down from the stands.

"Take this," Base whispered, "it's my last chance to get a Syracuse souvenir."

Mrs. Baysinger took the hand-off, tucked the football under her coat, executed a half spinner, reversed her field, and carried the ball all the way home.

THE END



GEORGE WOLFE

SPORTING ODDS

Ethan Allen of the Cards, under Gabby Street, made a record in a game at the Polo Grounds against the Giants. Allen had customarily been the lead-off man for the Cards but in one case Street, deciding to use another lead man, gave a revised batting list to the umpire and to Travis Jackson, the Giants' captain, but forgot to post it in his own dugout. Allen, unaware of the change, stepped up to plate as lead man and knocked an inside homer on the first pitch. After the uproar had subsided Jackson showed the umpire the revised list proving Allen had batted out of turn, thereby disqualifying his own homer and automatically bringing himself up again. This time he popped to shortstop. Thus: two outs, one homer, no score, in one inning by one player.

—Ted Courtney, Oakland, Calif.

DEATH IN THE CLASSROOM

Continued from page 13

fire was a cloud of smoke and poison gases swirling through the corridors, blocking stairways.)

You'll find open staircases (the arch-villain of the 1946 round of hotel fires) and wood-lined ventilator shafts strategically placed as if on purpose to provide a good draft for any little fire that may start down below. Things like that. Many things like that.

If you find it hard to believe things like that, go ask somebody who knows about fire. Ask your local fire chief. Ask him where in the world such outrages against common sense are permitted. He will tell you everywhere, anywhere. Shut your eyes and put your finger on a map. Country, city, rich district, poor district, million-dollar edifice, or one-room schoolhouse. It makes no difference—the chances are better than one out of two that death has been built into the structure, and that the people in charge don't know it, or minimize it, or deny it, or aggravate the possibility by their own thoughtlessness and ignorance of what makes a fire. Is your community school one of the guilty 50 per cent?

Is There A Firetrap School In Your Community?

Fire prevention authorities say that inexcusable fire hazards exist in *some* of the schools in *every* community. Is the school in your vicinity a "brick box filled with kindling wood"? The chances are better than one out of two that death by fire lurks somewhere in the construction of your child's school. Will you find out? Burned schools may not be hard to repair but how about burned children? If you don't get the sort of action you think necessary, write Collier's. If this article, and one to follow it next week, have moved your community to action let us know, too—our interest has continuity!

Collier's for Action

Firetraps from Coast to Coast

To gather material for these articles I visited communities at random—in Massachusetts, in Georgia, in Illinois, in Michigan, in Missouri, in California. And I found that the authorities of the National Fire Protection Association and of the National Board of Fire Underwriters know exactly what they are talking about. Inexcusable fire hazards exist in some of the schools of *every* community, with the possible exception of a place like Monroe City, where they have learned their lesson the hard way.

When the coroner investigated the death of the four Monroe City boys, one witness made a remark which fire experts wish all parents, all teachers, all janitors and all school boards could have heard.

The witness was one of the survivors, a sixteen-year-old boy who had escaped through a broken window.

From the stenographer's transcript of testimony taken at the inquest:

Q. Now, do you know of anything that could have been avoided there and that would not have caused the fire?

A. That would not have caused the fire?

Q. Yes. Were there any negligent acts, or was there any carelessness on the part of anyone, as far as you know?

A. Well, it was all carelessness. All of us had washed our hands and different parts with the gas, and there was gas on the floor.

Q. You all used it and thought nothing about it?

A. I used it and thought nothing about it, but I can't say about the rest of them.

"It was all carelessness," the boy said. And that, the fire experts assure us, is what many limping, disfigured children will be saying years from now—those children, that is, who survive their school fires.

They are not likely to have another school fire in Monroe City. They are doing all the right things there now. The new vocational shop is being built under the rigid supervision of Russell M. Wilson, the devoted and vigorous fire chief, who is also the coroner. Mr. Wilson had no trouble raising money for another fire engine, for more hose, for Pulmotors and other equipment.

Weeping Firemen Resign

"That night, after the fire, my whole volunteer department quit on me," Mr. Wilson told me. "The men came here to see me, two or three of them at a time, and we sat here in this room, and they cried and I cried, and one of the men said, 'Russell, I'd like to go on working with you,' but I can't take it. I never knew what it would be like, to stand outside a window looking in at boys you've known all their lives, burning to death, and me not able to do a thing about it.' "

Just talking about it, now, more than a year later, Mr. Wilson chokes up.

He persuaded his men to stay on, and now has one of the most efficient, best-equipped, best-trained volunteer fire departments in the country. More important, he as fire chief has new powers, gladly given him by the city council, to inspect, condemn, refuse building permits, issue "cease and desist" orders—anything, everything he can do to prevent another January 22d disaster.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Unavoidable Accident." Which perhaps was a way of saying that the whole community, rather than any individual, was to blame. In any case the town is solemnly resolved that in the future the "unavoidable" shall be avoided.

In places where they have not had fires, the indifference of the public to school-fire hazards is fantastic. The attitude seems to be "We never have had a fire, therefore we never will have a fire."

"Temporary" Use of Tinderboxes

And the risks keep multiplying, now more than ever, as the school population grows and grows, and as old buildings, often old firetrap dwellings, are pressed into "temporary" service. When a school board gets hold of new money it regretfully may decide that, much as it would like to renovate rattletrap School Number Such and Such, the money will have to be used for erection of another building. How else can all the children be taken care of?

Fire experts keep pointing out that school fires are on the increase. There was an average of five fires daily in schools and colleges in the United States and Canada in 1937. Now the average is seven daily. Property loss is high, much higher, proportionately, than for fires in dwelling places. Fifty-six per cent of school outbreaks cause damages of from $10,000 to over $500,000.

New Buildings Not Fireproof

The most "modern" school buildings are not immune. Warren Y. Kimball, of the National Fire Protection Association, says: "The more modern buildings are proving to be extremely vulnerable to major fire losses. Apparently, fire re-

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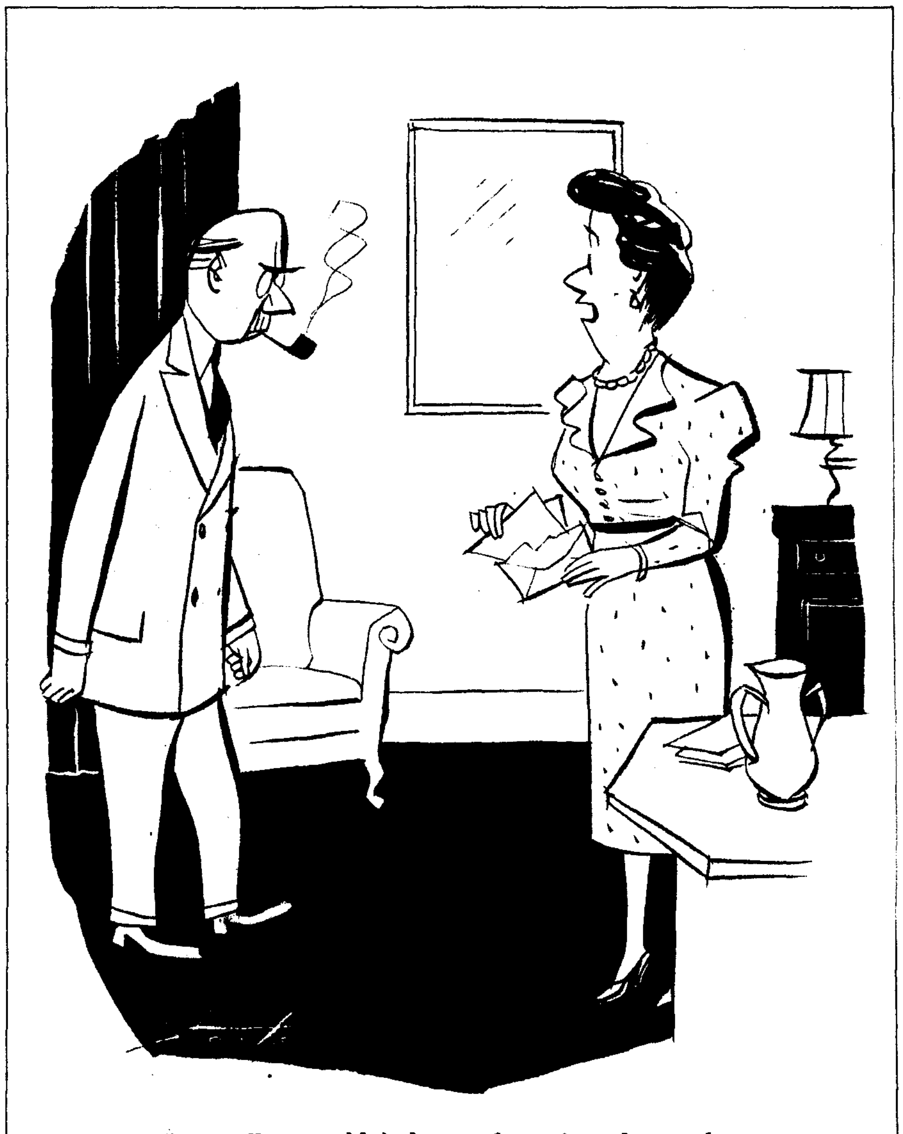


"Normally I wouldn't dream of opening a letter addressed to you, but this one was marked 'private'"

COLLIER'S LESLIE STARK

sistance has not received ample consideration when plans for many supposedly modern school buildings have been approved."

A recent total-loss fire occurred in the handsome Weston, Massachusetts, three-story brick high school. It will cost $200,000 to restore the building for use as an elementary school. It is estimated a proposed new high school to be built across the street will cost $1,000,000. What ailed the Weston high school? Well, for one thing, it was "fireproof" only on the outside. Inside, it was filled, as it were, with kindling wood. The town saved some money, back in 1931, by not appropriating the extra money it would take to make the interior fire-resistant.

Although it is public money which is lost in these school fires, the public simply does not take much interest unless there is loss of life. There haven't been any big, spectacular loss-of-life school fires since the explosion in the high school in New London, Texas, in 1937. There, 294 died.

Texas Disaster *Not* Special Case

You remember that fire, probably. It was big enough to remember. But perhaps you share the general misapprehension about it, that it was "a special case." Perhaps you think: After all, my child doesn't attend a school set down dangerously in the midst of an oil field, thank God.

Well, the fire experts will tell you that it wasn't a "special case" at all, that the fact of its being in an oil field had nothing whatever to do with the fire, that it could happen anywhere.

Listen to excerpts from the careful, factual report written on that fire by H. Oram Smith, manager of the Texas Inspection Bureau: This school district, he says, "had tne unique distinction of being about the wealthiest rural school district in the world. . . ." Nevertheless, the school had an "excessive area of concealed space under the building . . . bottled up without ventilation . . . filled with gas pipe lines and electrical circuits . . . a serious fault."

Investigators concluded that a leak had occurred in one of the concealed, uninspected gas pipes. This had produced an accumulation of gas so great that it overflowed into the manual training shop, "and was ignited by the arc of an electric switch at the exact moment that the teacher plugged a portable connection into a wall socket. . . ."

There was an explosion of such terrific force that it broke through an eight-inch concrete floor, tossed bodies 75 feet into the air. An automobile 200 feet distant was crushed like an eggshell under a two-ton slab of concrete that had been hurled from the building.

The report speaks of poor workmanship in the handling of gas and electrical work, and suggests, "Where a small fault can produce such dire results, school officials should call upon trained workmen at least to supervise such installation."

It Won't Happen in Chicago

Was this an "accident" peculiar to the oil fields? In Chicago, the public-school chief engineer, John Howatt, told me he sent an investigator to the scene of the Texas school disaster. When the investigator reported that the cause was the mishandling of gas lines, Howatt looked into the gas arrangements for Chicago schools. "I found that we, too, had gas mains coming through concealed spaces in basements. We rerouted our gas lines, in several schools, so that they could always be under supervision."

You haven't heard of a great loss-of-life fire in the Chicago schools, and this could be one of the reasons why.

The Texas report goes relentlessly,

quietly on: "The court of inquiry exonerated all school officials of personal blame (as in Monroe City); no one individual was personally responsible. It was the collective faults of average individuals, ignorant or indifferent to the need of precautionary measures, where they cannot, in their lack of knowledge, visualize a danger or hazard.

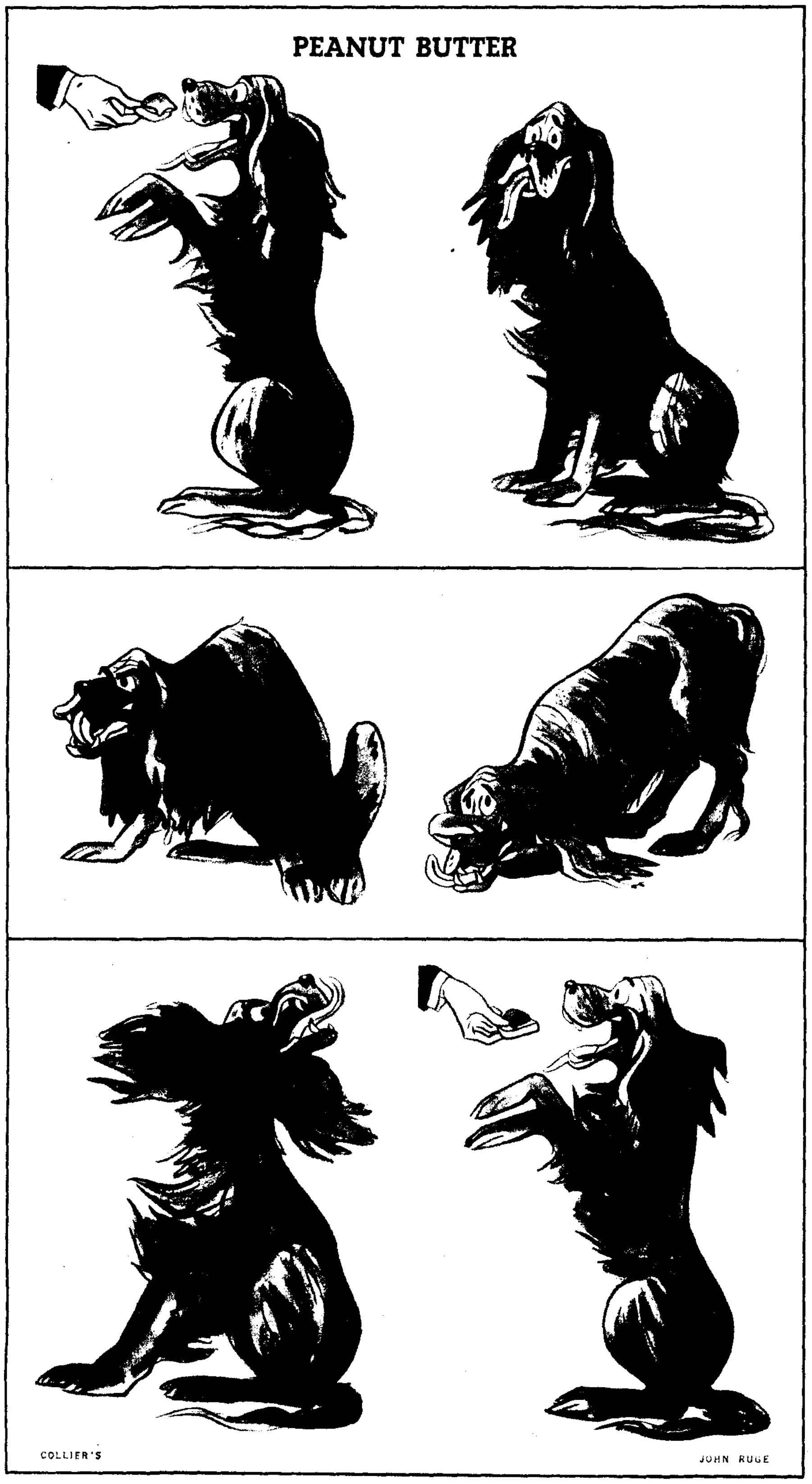
"Practically all faults of construction and installation in this building," the report continues, "were due to lack of supervising power such as would apply in communities having city ordinances. It serves to focus attention to the need of state laws on standard construction. . . ."

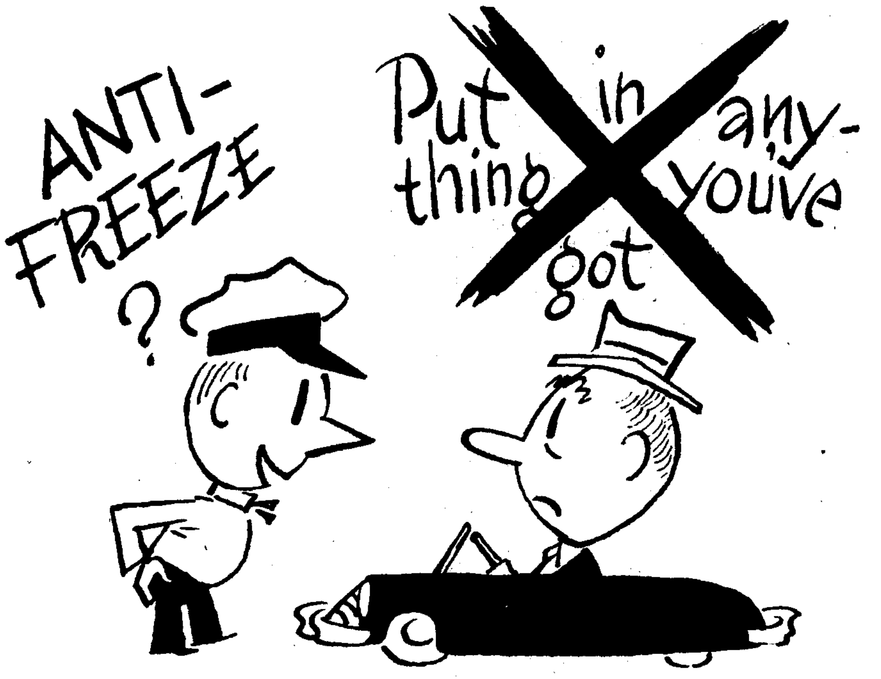
The men who make fire prevention their business have been talking for years, and still talk, about the need for community-wide and state-wide action on school-fire hazards. But they are prophets without honor. Now and then they stir up a flurry of interest. Here and there a civic group investigates, finds, with naïve surprise, that yes, actually, here in their fair community, the schools are firetraps. The civic group loudly demands reform; the newspapers carry big, satisfying headlines. But when Fire Prevention Week rolls around the next year, most or all of the firetrap conditions remain.

Winchester, Massachusetts, Beware!

James K. McElroy, a National Fire Protection Association engineer, carries in his wallet a small oblong of green burlap wainscoting. He told me, "This is the stuff that was used on the walls of the corridors of the Winecoff Hotel." (The Atlanta, Georgia, hotel disaster of 1946 in which 119 guests were burned to death.) "It is similar to that used in the hallways of the school my own child attends in Winchester, Massachusetts. It is as dangerous as dynamite. I've complained to school authorities but nothing has been done about it." Mr. McElroy fingered the oblong thoughtfully, stuck it back in his wallet.

We've had dumb luck with our school fires—four fifths of them have occurred after school hours. This can't last, say fire-prevention authorities. We may be due for a terrible schoolhouse tragedy. Next week Collier's will publish the last of two articles on this vitally important subject.




ANTI-FREEZE?
Put in anything you've got

You should SELECT your anti-freeze

by don herold

The past few years, the problem has been to get any old thing you could find to put into your radiator to sorta prevent freezing.

But now you should call your shots.

For instance, CSC makes two excellent anti-freezes of different types—both good. I'll describe 'em briefly and briskly.

THE ECONOMICAL TYPE

First, there's NOR'WAY*—the most economical anti-freeze I know. It not only costs little, but takes less than of any other type to protect your radiator against freezing. It has a methanol base—is practically odorless—does not make your car smell as if it were on a binge. It lasts long because it contains an ingredient that helps to reduce evaporation losses. And it contains an effective anti-rust.

A PERMANENT TYPE

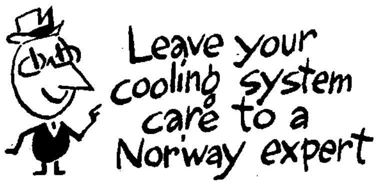
Then there is PEAK*, for motorists who prefer a permanent type anti-freeze. PEAK is guaranteed to last all season in a properly prepared cooling system—won't seep—circulates freely—embodies an efficient anti-rust—won't hurt rubber or clog radiators . . . great stuff.

PREPARATORY AIDS

But, in preparation for winter anti-freeze, you should get a good service man to tighten hose connections, check the thermostat, and use NOR'WAY CLEANER or NOR'WAY QUICK FLUSH to purge the system of rust, scale and oil. And have him use NOR'WAY STOP LEAK to seal any leaks so you won't lose your anti-freeze.

Behind your service man stands Commercial Solvents Corporation with its extensive laboratories in which these excellent cooling system preparations have been perfected for your radiator's pleasure and your profit.

$3.50 per gallon


Leave your cooling system care to a Norway expert

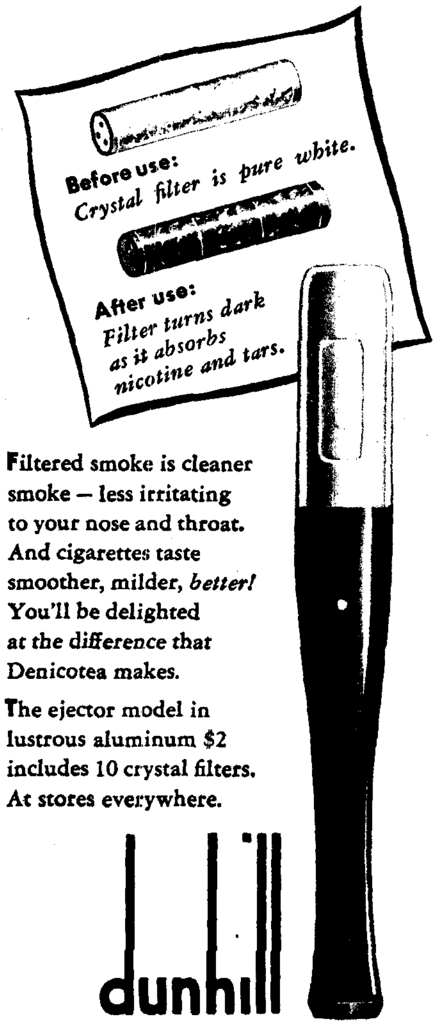
$1.25 per gallon
NOR'WAY
CSC
ANTI-FREEZE
Anti-Rust
Odorless · Economical
PEAK
CSC
PERMANENT TYPE
ANTI-FREEZE
ANTI-RUST
NO EVAPORATION · NO BOIL-AWAY

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION
17 East 42nd Street • New York 17, N. Y.

If you have smokers' cough

Many doctors recommend this crystal filter cigarette holder to reduce nose and throat irritation


Before use: Crystal filter is pure white.
After use: Filter turns dark as it absorbs nicotine and tars.

Filtered smoke is cleaner smoke — less irritating to your nose and throat. And cigarettes taste smoother, milder, *better!* You'll be delighted at the difference that Denicotea makes.

The ejector model in lustrous aluminum $2 includes 10 crystal filters. At stores everywhere.

dunhill
DE·NICOTEA
Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder
Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Ave., New York

HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S KEEPER

Continued from page 16

Herschel showed his teeth.

"Lord," exclaimed Mrs. Friedhofer, "when our boys were home, we were so crowded that we were tripping over one another all the time. But we never cared. We had plenty of love and laughter. That's what a home needs, I always say—love and laughter."

"Well, Mother, let's climb down and let these folks get settled," said Mr. Friedhofer.

The Friedhofers made the perilous descent. Alvin said briskly, "Well, let's get unpacked, huh, kids?" He threw Herschel's bag on the day bed.

"Leave that bag alone," snarled Herschel.

But Alvin already had the bag open. Herschel moved toward him, making a rumbling sound in his chest. Quickly Marylou threw herself between them. "Alvin," she said desperately, "will you go downstairs now? We're very tired."

"Nonsense," scoffed Alvin, rummaging through Herschel's neckties.

"Go, Alvin. Please go."

"Aw, all right," grumbled Alvin. "But from now on there's going to be a little life around this joint." He clambered below.

"Now, dear," said Marylou.

Herschel strode purposefully to the day bed and slammed his bag shut.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I," he said loudly and distinctly, "am leaving."

He started forward. She blocked his way.

"This place isn't so bad, Herschel. Lots of people are living in worse."

Herschel thrust his wife aside roughly, walked forward, fell straight through the hole and ruptured the inferior metatarsophalangeal ligaments of the three outer toes on each foot.

FOR the next ten days while Herschel lay in the day bed with his face to the wall, Marylou worked on her brother. With pleas, threats and bribes, she kept him out of the apartment through all of Herschel's confinement. When Herschel rose from his bed of pain, she asked triumphantly. "See? Didn't I keep Alvin out of here? Didn't I?"

And Herschel could not but admit that she did.

So they stayed in the apartment. Marylou did some clever things with chintz and decals, and the place began to look less like an abandoned mine. Herschel by no means stopped searching for another apartment, but things were not intolerable—for a while.

One afternoon when Marylou climbed downstairs to pay Alvin the five dollars she gave him every week to stay away, he pocketed the money and said, "I've got to have more dough, Sis. I lost my job."

"Oh, no," she cried. "I can't possibly."

"But I have to eat," whined Alvin. "When I had the job, I didn't have to worry about meals, I could always fix myself a snack—that's why they fired me; the boss claimed I ate my own weight every day—a filthy lie. But now I've got to buy all my meals and pay Mrs. Friedhofer five dollars a week for my room."

"All right," she said. "I'll tell you what; you come upstairs and have breakfast and lunch with me every day when Herschel is away at the office."

"What about dinner?"

"I'll fix you a basket. You can eat it in your room at night."

"All right," he said and for almost a month he was true to his word. Then he started complaining. "Marylou, it's not good for me to eat dinner alone in my room every night. I brood."

"About what?"

His underlip drooped lugubriously. "I feel like I'm not wanted. I feel like nothing is worth while. Some night I'm going to do something terrible to myself. Couldn't I have dinner with you and Herschel just once a week?"

"All right," she sighed. "I'll talk to him tonight."

And she did. After softening him with an especially good dinner, she climbed on his knee, nuzzled his cheek and said, "Herschel dear, do you realize that you haven't spoken to Alvin lately."

"Yup," he said happily.

"Couldn't we have him up for dinner one night a week?" she said rapidly. "Just one night a week. I'm sure you could stand him for only one night."

"Oh, all right," said Herschel, making a great mistake.

Because the one night a week progressed by easy stages to seven nights a week and Herschel's wardrobe was infiltrated and then occupied and things were back to their horrible prewar status.

Herschel intensified his efforts to find another apartment, but without success. His great hope, the veterans' housing project, Victory Village, was as unrewarding as the others. Shortages and labor trouble were holding up the completion of Victory Village, and applications for rental were still not being accepted.

Then Herschel got a break. He was about to leave the Evening Journal office one day when he was stopped by a reporter named Frank Gallagher. Gallagher, a spindly little man, covered housing and real estate for the Courier, which was the morning edition of the Evening Journal. "Herschel," said Gallagher, "you want to get into the Victory Village?"

"I sure do. You got some dope?"

"Yeah," Gallagher replied. "Keep this under your hat. They're going to start taking applications tomorrow."

"Thanks a million, pal," cried Herschel. "I'll get right over there now. I'll spend the night."

He started racing out the door, but Gallagher grabbed his arm. "Herschel, I want you to do something for me."

"Anything, pal, anything"

"If you get into Victory Village, can you fix it for me to get the apartment you're in now?"

"It's a deal," promised Herschel.

Herschel spent a lonely night in front of the Victory Village rental office.

Herschel was the first one inside when the office opened. He filled out forms and was interviewed by a pleasant young man in horn-rimmed glasses. "I guess that's all," said the young man after fifteen minutes' conversation.

"You mean I've been accepted?" asked Herschel hopefully.

"We'll let you know in a couple of months," said the young man.

"Is anything wrong?"

"No. Everything's fine. There's just a few more things we have to find out."

"Oh," said Herschel, crestfallen. "Well, can you give me a hint? Do you think I'll get in?"

"Officially I can't say. But"—the young man grinned—"unofficially I think you've got a good chance."

HERSCHEL wrung the young man's hand fervently and ran all the way home.

The Friedhofers were at breakfast when Herschel burst into the house. "Hey, Friedhofers," he yelled. "I got news for you. Just a minute—I'll get Marylou and Alvin."

He ran to the foot of the ladder and called them down. When everyone was assembled, he began. "First of all, I want to ask Mr. and Mrs. Friedhofer something. If I should find another apartment, would you let me turn over my lease on your place to a friend of mine? His name is Gallagher—a fine fellow, very steady and reliable."

"I have no objection," said Mr. Friedhofer. "Why? Have you found another place?"

Herschel smiled a great, big, beautiful sunlit smile. "Yes. I mean I'm almost positive. Victory Village started taking applications this morning and I was the first in line."

Marylou leaped into his arms. "Darling, that's wonderful!"

"When are they coming over here to investigate you?" asked Alvin.

Herschel faced him with a puzzled frown. "What do you mean?"

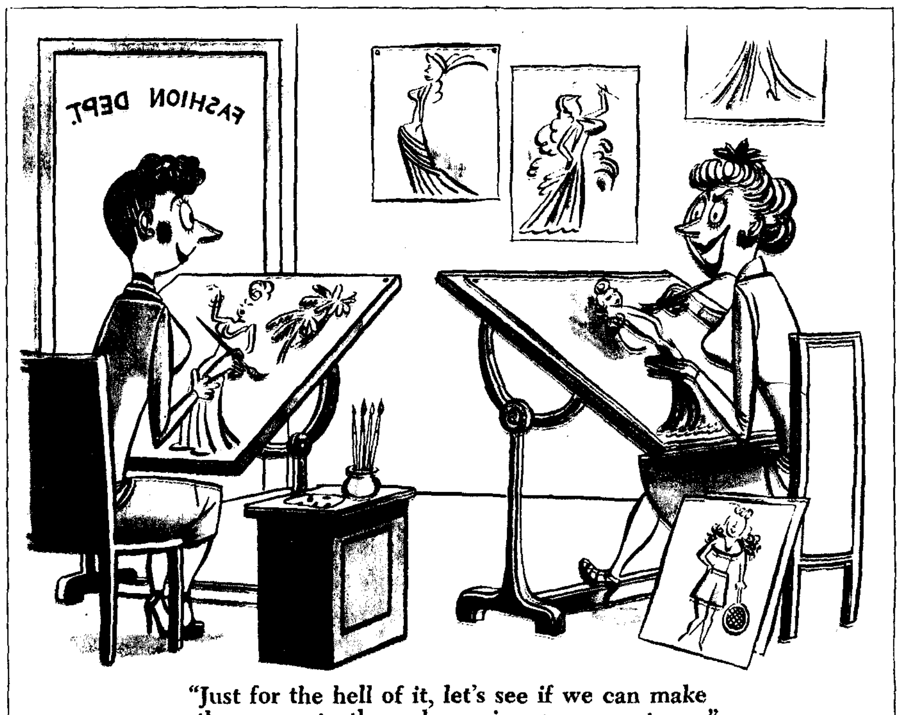
"Didn't he say they were going to investigate you?" Alvin asked.

"Well, yes," admitted Herschel. "But I thought he meant they were going to look up my credit rating and stuff like that."

"They do that too," said Alvin, "but they also come around and look at the place you're living in now."

"What for?" Herschel said.

"They want to see if your present



"Just for the hell of it, let's see if we can make them wear turtle-neck evening gowns next year"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Do You Remember Mama?

Mama Hanson is the central character of a book, a play, and a movie starring Irene Dunne.

The wonderful thing about the Hanson family was the way they faced the future with confidence. That confidence was all due to Mama. "If anything goes wrong," she'd say, "there's always my Bank Account to pull us through."

Things worked out fine for the Hansons. And they never realized that Mama's Bank Account was Mama's own myth.

"I Remember Mama" proves something. It proves that, with a reserve fund in the present, you face the future with a confidence and faith that helps you *get results.*

But the average family can't be fooled with a myth. The average family needs to know that there are *real* savings, *real* security protecting them, good times and bad.

That's why so many families have begun to save the automatic, the worryless way—with United States Savings Bonds.

Savings Bonds are government-guaranteed to pay back four dollars for every three, and in just ten years. It's an investment that's *safe*—it's an investment that *grows.*

And to make it simpler still, your government offers you two fine plans for their purchase: (1) The Payroll Savings Plan at your firm. (2) For those not on a payroll, the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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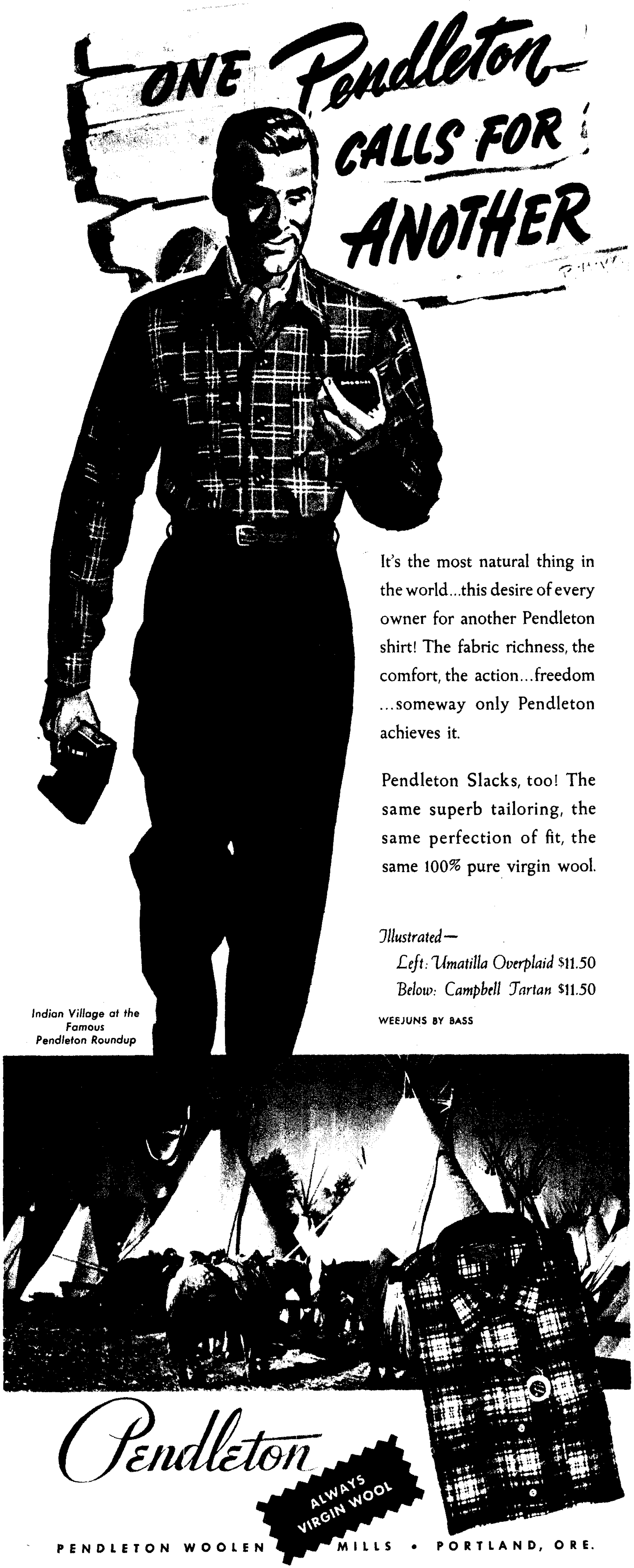
U.S. SECURITY LOAN



ONE Pendleton CALLS FOR ANOTHER

It's the most natural thing in the world...this desire of every owner for another Pendleton shirt! The fabric richness, the comfort, the action...freedom ...someway only Pendleton achieves it.

Pendleton Slacks, too! The same superb tailoring, the same perfection of fit, the same 100% pure virgin wool.

Illustrated—
Left: Umatilla Overplaid $11.50
Below: Campbell Tartan $11.50

WEEJUNS BY BASS

Indian Village at the Famous Pendleton Roundup

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS • PORTLAND, ORE.

quarters are adequate for you. If they are, you go off the list."

"Anybody can see that our place isn't adequate," said Herschel. "Cramped, crowded, lousy old furniture, no light, no air, no heat—uh, no offense, Mr. and Mrs. Friedhofer."

"I always say froufrou and la-de-da don't make a home," said Mrs. Friedhofer. "It's love and laughter that counts."

"I don't know, Hersch boy," said Alvin smugly. "Plenty of vets are worse off than you. Remember, there are only two of you, and you have two rooms. Think of all the people that are crowded five and six in one room."

Herschel and Marylou looked at each other in despair.

"Of course," said Mr. Friedhofer, "you may get in anyhow. You can never tell. But it sure would help if there were more than two of you living upstairs."

Mrs. Friedhofer clapped her hands. "I've got it!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you have a baby?"

Marylou shook her head sadly. "No, Mrs. Friedhofer. We really can't afford it now, and—"

"Fiddlesticks," interrupted Mrs. Friedhofer. "Mr. Friedhofer and I never worried about whether we could afford it or not. When we wanted them, we had them. And when they came we were always just as pleased as we could be. They filled the house with love and laughter."

"I'm afraid not," said Marylou. "We want to wait until we can give the baby everything."

"Nonsense," scoffed Mrs. Friedhofer. "Love and laughter is all a child needs, not froufrou and la-de-da. Why, we raised three boys right in this little house and they were the happiest children you ever saw."

"They certainly were," agreed Mr. Friedhofer. "Remember, Mother, what fun they used to have?"

MRS. FRIEDHOFER nodded. Her eyes were shining.

"Remember the time they tore down the fence and built that shack?"

"And when they dug that well in the basement?"

"And when Dickie brought home that horse?"

"And when Jimmy couldn't get out of the tree?"

"And the way Albert used to sing Barney Google?"

"And the time they all got the mumps?"

They stood with their arms around each other's shoulders, laughing. Suddenly Mr. Friedhofer kissed his wife's cheek.

"Please," said Herschel. "We're going to have children. But not now. We'll have to find another solution to our problem."

"I'll help you," said Alvin.

"I'm sure you will," answered Herschel caustically.

"It's all so simple," said Alvin. "I'll move upstairs with you."

"No!" shouted Herschel.

"Use your head, Hersch boy. This house is my legal address—has been for five years. I'll move upstairs with you. I don't have to tell them that I had a room downstairs. I'll just say I'm a permanent member of your household."

"You are that," said Herschel bitterly.

"But," continued Alvin, "I've really got to live with you. I've got to have all my clothes and stuff in your apartment for proof. You can never tell when they'll be dropping in to investigate."

"No," said Herschel stubbornly.

Marylou tugged at his arm. "Please," she begged. "It will only be for a little while. Isn't it worth it to get into Victory Village?"

Herschel paced back and forth furiously. "All right," he said finally. "He's up there all the time anyhow. He might as well sleep there."

"I knew you'd see it my way, Hersch boy."

"Wait a minute," cried Herschel, struck with a ghastly thought. "I want to be sure of one thing—Mr. Friedhofer, will you agree to hold Alvin's room for him and give it back to him when we move out? I'll continue to pay his rent."

"Sure," agreed Mr. Friedhofer. "Alvin's room will be waiting for him."

Alvin's belongings, most of which were Herschel's anyhow, were hauled upstairs that day. A cot was purchased for Alvin and a screen to separate it from the rest of the room.

THUS passed ten grim weeks. Each night Herschel would come home and ask hopefully if the investigator had called. Marylou would shake her head and pat his hand.

But finally it happened. Herschel was in the newspaper office talking to Gallagher. The phone on his desk rang. It was Marylou telling him the investigator had been there, had approved their application, had said they could move in next week.

Herschel leaped up with a mighty cry of joy. "Gallagher," he shouted, "I'm in. I'm going right over and sign the lease. You go over to my house and sign a lease with Friedhofer."

Happily they ran out of the building and went their separate ways.

Marylou, Alvin and Mr. Friedhofer were sitting in the living room when Herschel came in an hour later. So dazed was he with happiness that he did not notice the tense expressions on the faces of Marylou and Mr. Friedhofer.

"Hi, hi, hi," called Herschel cheerily. "Was Gallagher here, Mr. Friedhofer?"

"Yes. He signed the lease."

"Great." Herschel unwrapped a magnum of champagne that he was carrying under his arm. "This calls for a little celebration. Where's Mrs. Friedhofer?"

Mrs. Friedhofer entered the room. Her husband looked at her eagerly. She nodded. He rose and walked over to her. They smiled, kissed, smiled again.

"I don't know," said Herschel amiably, "what you two are so happy about, but it's all right with me. I want everybody to be as happy as I am. In six more days we move into Victory Village, and my dear brother-in-law goes back into his bedroom."

Marylou looked wildly at the Friedhofers. Mr. Friedhofer cleared his throat. "Uh, Herschel, I—I'm afraid you're going to have to take Alvin with you."

"You jest," croaked Herschel, the color draining from his face.

"No, Herschel," said Mr. Friedhofer, trying to disengage himself. "We need the room. We can't rent it any more."

"We couldn't tell you any earlier," said Mrs. Friedhofer.

"We didn't know," said Mr. Friedhofer. "I mean we couldn't believe it. We thought, you know, that it was just one of those things."

"One of what things?" screamed Herschel. "What *is* all this? You promised Alvin the room."

"Well," said Mrs. Friedhofer, blushing hotly, "you remember a few weeks ago when we got to talking about babies?"

Herschel nodded.

"Well," said Mr. Friedhofer, "we talked about it some more after you people had gone upstairs, and—that is—"

"Are you saying," gasped Herschel, "what I think you're saying?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Friedhofer. "We're going to need Alvin's room for a nursery."

So Alvin moved with Herschel and Marylou to their apartment in Victory Village, where he is to this day. And that is how come Happy Herschel is now called Horrid Herschel.

THE END

HAWKSHAWS IN SKIRTS

Continued from page 25

ladies' underthings and struck out on his own in the toy department.

In exclusive stores and specialty shops, it's common for affluent ladies to pay four figures for a fur coat and lift some trifle on the way out of the store. Detectives and managers long ago stopped trying to understand this peculiarity and usually let Madam have her fling at petty crime. But sometimes rich people steal valuable articles whose loss can't be ignored.

"Folks with dough always have a lot of cockeyed reasons why they steal," declared Helen Shank, a husky but attractive lass who works for a women's store. Usually they say they have kleptomania. When we don't fall for that one, they claim they've had a nervous breakdown and aren't responsible. Many tell us they're going through menopause; I've even had an eighteen-year-old girl hand me that line. Some men and women say they just don't know why they stole. Well, *we* do. They simply want to get something for nothing."

Apprehensions in expensive shops are rare compared to the seven "cases" any crowded, popular-price store averages every business day in the year. The lady flatfoots in such places and their employers are haunted by the fear that they will be sued for false arrest.

Experienced detectives refuse to apprehend nonprofessionals unless they actually see wrongdoing with their own eyes. They take long looks at shoppers' bags and boxes. A clothes carton carried lightly *might* be empty for an illicit purpose. Capacious knitting or shopping bags with little in them *could* be meant for hiding stolen merchandise. Apparently well-tied parcels may be rigged with a free end that opens inward to receive articles, then snaps back to normal position.

If there is a cross these women hawkshaws have to bear, it's the rule forbidding them from apprehending suspects in the store itself. An article isn't stolen, cautious managers maintain, until it is taken off the premises unpaid for. Many thieves think they have nothing to fear from a solitary woman out in the open. But with the first move to break away, they find their arms being twisted to the accompaniment of a fast shove into the store. If they start to run, a nylon-stockinged leg trips them up. The agile may recover their footing, but they seldom make a getaway.

Gloria Voss, who weighs all of 115 pounds with her coat on, has had more than her share of fights with scrappy characters. She works for a women's apparel chain store and sees a lot of toughies. Some have attacked her with scissors and nail files. An old offender delivered a fast one-two that blacked her eyes. Gloria considers these routine encounters.

Last year she apprehended a woman shoplifter who wrenched away and hopped a bus just before the doors closed. The vehicle was moving when Gloria caught up, but she jumped in front and flashed her badge. Once inside, she moved swiftly in on the shoplifter. Suddenly the woman pulled out a long hatpin and threatened to gouge out Gloria's eyes. She made a quick stab, but the detective was quicker. Using a judo trick, she knocked the hatpin out of her antagonist's fist.

"There was nothing to it," Gloria said airily. "I hate to admit it, but a traffic cop who heard the screaming passengers had to get the dame out for me. Scared? Sure I was. Just *you* try jumping in front of a moving bus sometime."

Busy Days at Holiday Seasons

Like other women store sleuths, Gloria begins her working day at about ten o'clock and knocks off at closing time unless she has to charge prisoners in night court, in which case her daily stint can last until midnight. In the busy Christmas and Easter seasons, it's not unusual for her to apprehend a dozen wrongdoers a day.

"We don't waste time on pros—slap 'em into jail and get 'em out of circulation is our motto—but small-time amateurs we usually let go unless they get fresh or start rough stuff," Gloria explained. "We give 'em a break and at the same time don't tie ourselves up in court when we should be guarding the store."

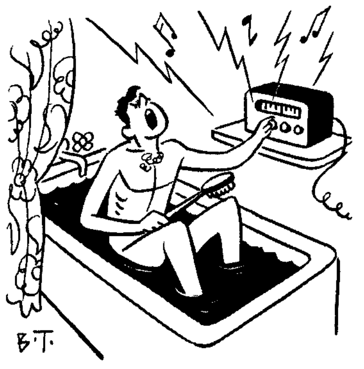
Recently she interrogated a girl caught stealing a $50 coat, and let her go with a warning. To her amazement, the girl returned the next day and arrogantly declared that she wasn't a thief at all, but a writer getting material.

"I'm sorry you didn't tell me that yesterday when I let you go free," Gloria said pleasantly. "I would have given you plenty of material—a visit to the precinct police station, a few days in jail, trial in court and a nice, interesting stretch in the House of Detention."

Like other women store detectives, Gloria says that she could write a book about crime. "But where would I get the time?" she asks. "Folks would clean out the store before I finished the first paragraph!"

THE END

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



BARNEY TOBEY

ON THE BEAM

Consider these lines a command deterrent
To mixing your H_2O with current.
When hands are wet, don't plug in the toaster—
Of fingers it *could* become a roaster.
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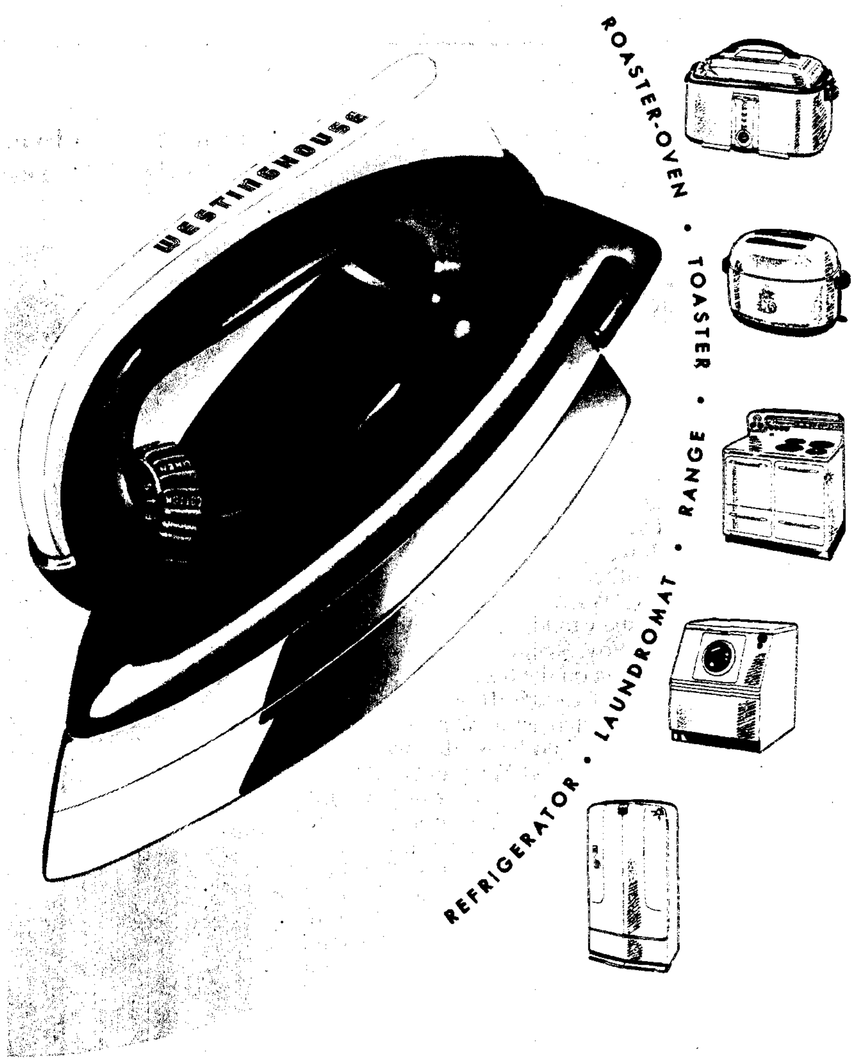
—Margaret Fishback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Collier's MOVIES

The Week's Preview

By KYLE CRICHTON

SINCE general ideas are now as much to be avoided in Hollywood as buried land mines, there has been an attempt to unearth stories that are different without being dangerous. Jerry Wald at Warner Brothers has been trifling for years with the notion of doing Johnny Belinda, the old Broadway play about a deaf-mute girl who is brought back to life by a young physician. Now he's done it and Jane Wyman plays the girl and everybody feels right good about it.

Someday a serious analysis will have to be made of Miss Wyman and this is as good a time as any to start it. Not the definitive study, of course, but just a little wondering on how a girl who had played in every Warner Brothers stinker for years finally found herself in The Lost Weekend, went on from there to The Yearling, and now tackles Johnny Belinda. When every other Warner actress was being suspended regularly, Wyman was as docile as a dope. On occasion she would enter the office of her producer, Mr. Bryan Foy, Keeper of the B's and say:

"Get something going on the fire, Brynie, old boy, or there will be a slight overdraft at the bank."

Brynie would do a switch on a yarn done eleven times before, the script would be written by a small man with a pair of shears and Wyman would perform the usual. We speak of her as "Wyman" because she is now important. You don't refer to Oscar P. Socrates and John N. Cicero, do you?

Brackett and Wilder dug her up for The Lost Weekend out of some queer theory of logic mixed with voodooism. This was a Paramount job. M-G-M then tapped her for The Yearling, which was so long in preparation that a generation of fawns had passed and a succession of youngsters had grown to manhood while waiting for their assignment. Johnny Belinda was hers by divine right, and halfway through she wished she were back with Mr. Foy.

The reason: To play a deaf-mute girl, you must act like one. Wyman spent months in preparation. She so thoroughly worked herself into the part that her friends feared she would never work herself back out. To understand this you will need a brief survey of the plot, to wit:

Belinda is a deaf-mute girl on a desolate farm on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. She helps at the mill, grunts like an animal instead of speaking, and in general resembles a disaster. There is a young doctor (Lew Ayres) who becomes interested in her case, studies a French method of sign language and begins the work of bringing her closer to the community.

As she blossoms and begins to take part in the community life she becomes attractive to the native boys and particularly to one well-tempered heel played admirably by Steve McNally. He attacks her, and leaves town. It becomes plain soon thereafter that she is to be a mother. Her father (Charles Bickford) goes mad with rage, but she refuses to name her attacker. The gossipy town assumes that it must be the young doctor.

The baby, Johnny Belinda, is born and an idyllic existence starts for the girl. It is not idyllic for Lew Ayres, so ostracized by the gossips that his practice is ruined and he is forced to leave town. The scoundrel (McNally) now returns. He has married in the meantime but suddenly becomes overwhelmed with parental fervor and determines to have Johnny Belinda. One device is to have the court rule Belinda incapable of rearing her child. McNally goes to visit the baby, taking his wife with him.

Jane Wyman lived as a deaf-mute for six months before playing mother to Johnny Belinda. The result is a good, warm, human interpretation of a very moving role

A gathering storm hangs ominously over the desolate Canadian farm. Belinda and the young doctor (Lew Ayres), who has opened the world of humans to her, hurry the animals to shelter

McNally's wife sees the terror in Belinda's eyes and says, "Let the poor girl keep her baby; she loves him." Nothing doing, says Steve. He starts climbing the stairs to Belinda's room. She shoots him entirely dead. There is a dramatic trial, things look black for Belinda despite the efforts of Lew Ayres, but all is saved when the wife rises in court and shouts the truth. Soft fade-out, assumption of marriage for doctor and Belinda. Happiness.

In preparation for the part, Wyman studied for six months at a school for the deaf. She stuffed her ears with cotton and learned to read lips. This requires perfect timing in pantomime because deaf persons, in translating, are always an interval behind in their reactions. Jane is right-handed; to acquire a mute's sense of uncertainty in every motion she deliberately became left-handed. There was also the matter of being human as well as dumb and this required long observation of actual cases. Here, she was helped by a young Mexican mute. Since the best way to act deaf is to *become* deaf, Wyman played all scenes with wax in her ears.

This, then, is the up-to-the-minute report on Sarah Jane Fulks Durrell Futterman Wyman Reagan, known professionally as plain Jane Wyman. Durrell and Wyman are stage names, Myron Futterman and Ronald Reagan are ex-husbands.

Although her career was routine enough after she got started in Hollywood, it took her a long time getting there. The family thought she was a pretty cute kid and brought her out from St. Joseph, Missouri, at the age of eight to be the Shirley Temple of her time. They retreated under cover of darkness and returned in 1929, when Jane was fifteen. She made a nuisance of herself for four years and got nothing but occasional jobs as a dancer in musical films.

She went back to the University of Missouri and caught on as a radio singer. She did lots of traveling, singing for stations in the Midwest and South, got married and divorced. She set out for Hollywood again. She got some small jobs and then landed in My Man Godfrey. Warners took her from there.

She has no illusions about the movies. Last year she was runner-up for the Academy Award for The Yearling, and since Warners considers Johnny Belinda their big job of the season, mutterings will be heard in the purlieus of Burbank if she is overlooked again for an "Oscar." She has a feeling that if she ever thinks an acting job is perfect, she's through.

"Sometimes you're good and sometimes you're bad," she says, "and the time eventually comes when they put you out to pasture. All I ask is that they let me pick my own whistle stop when they exile me. I know some mighty fine dull places to avoid." ★★★

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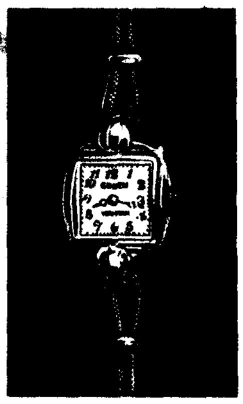

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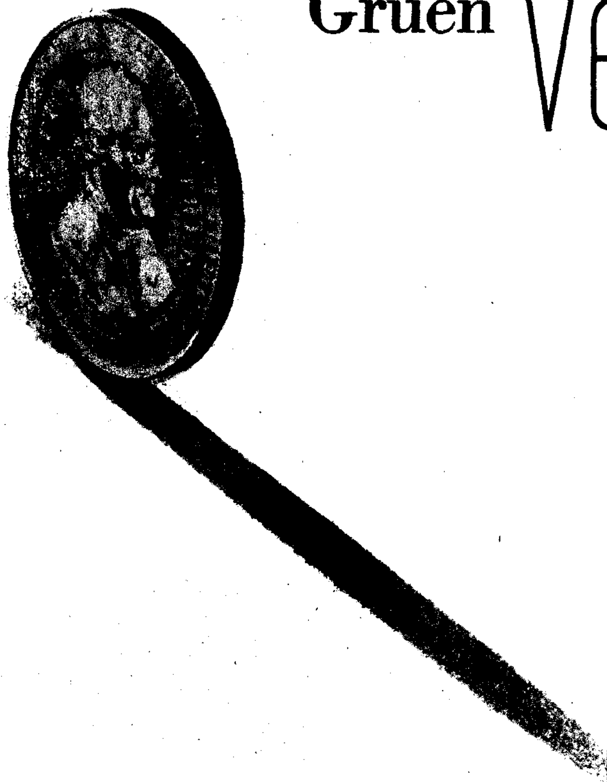

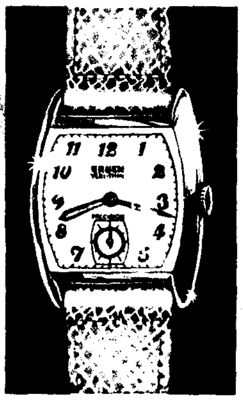

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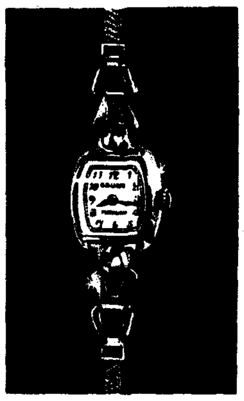

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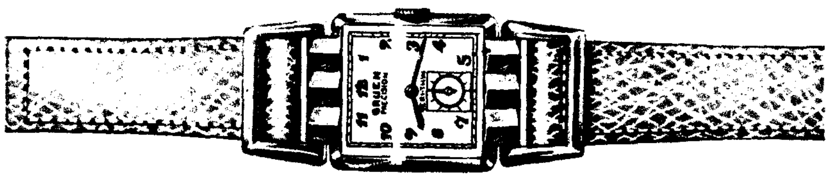

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MARRIAGE '48

Continued from page 27

You're always bumping into people you know. What's so odd about it?"

"We must ask them to have a drink with us, Henry."

Carol had turned and recognized Lilith. Both women nodded and waved and bared their teeth in a manner that suggested tribal custom. Davis rushed toward her like a long-lost lover.

Nothing would do but a celebration to mark this happy meeting. No sooner was it arranged and the champagne ordered than Lilith regretted the whole thing. With far too much enthusiasm Davis remembered his only meeting with her and her wonderful strapless dress.

"You looked terrific," he commented. Turning to Henry, he added, "I bet you two went out and raised hell that night."

OUT of the corner of her eye Lilith watched Henry. He drank his champagne too quickly and had his glass refilled too often. Here was the skeleton beckoning out of her closet again. It was necessary to change the subject quickly. She fished around for something to talk about, and remembered the Snyder couple.

"They haven't found a place to live yet," Lilith said, "but they're going right ahead and having a baby."

Carol Barnes blushed. It was the first time since she had greeted Lilith that Carol showed signs of life. Evidently she and Davis had been quarreling before they saw Henry and Lilith, and had been grateful for the interruption. She smiled at Henry and asked, "When?"

"I don't remember precisely. I'd have to look up the records in my office. I wish they'd find a place to live," Henry went on. "It's tough for them, staying with relations. But you can't help admiring a couple of kids like that, taking things the way they do."

"I guess they're not afraid of responsibility." Carol's eyes had become bright, her cheeks rosy. She looked straight at her husband.

"We're going to need more champagne," Davis said.

Experience with three husbands had given Lilith a sort of second sight. She recognized trouble when she saw it, and in a perverse way was glad the young Barneses were at odds. If anything went wrong with their marriage her own would, by the law of statistics, be safer.

"Aren't you going to dance with me?" she asked Henry. When they were out on the floor, she added, "I wanted to get away so they could fight it out between themselves."

"Fight out what?"

Lilith glanced back at the table. Davis had begun to sulk again.

"You're out of step," said Henry.

Lilith laughed. With a few drinks in him her husband became possessed of the spirit, if not the skill, of Nijinsky. Lilith followed his steps good-naturedly.

The mirror beyond the bar reflected the dance floor. A lone man, crisply tailored and wearing a carnation in his buttonhole, watched Henry's maneuvers. As the swiveling couple turned, the man uttered an exclamation and slipped off the bar stool. A moment later he tapped Henry's shoulder. With amazing rapidity Lilith transferred herself from Henry's arms to the embrace of the stranger.

"Basil Schneck, you rat!"

The stranger kissed her hands and lips. "My sweet," he muttered with such heat that the carnation in his lapel almost wilted.

"Where've you been all my life, Dreamboat?"

"London," Basil Schneck said, "Paris, other fleshpots."

"All this time, Basil, and not one little teeny tiny love letter."

"But I thought of you constantly, Sweet. Day or night, sleeping or waking, I muttered to myself—into the *petite marmite* at Fouquet's, I muttered, 'Where is she now, my dear dream of fair womanhood?' Have you been true to me?"

Other dancers frowned at them for blocking the floor. The stranger put a possessive arm around Lilith and started to lead her off.

"Thanks for the waltz, Madam," said Henry.

Lilith stopped. "Oh, I forgot. Basil Schneck, Henry Fowler." As an afterthought she added, "Henry's my new husband."

Basil Schneck stared as if he could not believe what he saw. He murmured felicitations grudgingly and led Lilith off. After they had fitted their steps together, he asked her, "Why did you marry him?"

Lilith laughed. "Business was bad that week. I had nothing better to do," she said.

"How long's it going to last this time?"

"This time it's for keeps," Lilith said. "You may not believe it, you old cynic, but I'm quite in love with Henry."

"That's what you say to all your husbands," Basil said.

They danced on in silence. Back at the table Henry was drinking champagne with his sulky hosts. Marriage changed so many points of view, thought Lilith. It was always so much more fun to drink a lot and change dance partners when one was single and had not to worry about the secret thoughts of a spouse.

AFTER a time she slipped off to powder her nose and rest her feet.

She found Carol Barnes in the ladies' room, looking at herself and groaning in disgust. "What a fright I am!"

A few months before, she had been a radiant bride. She was sallow now, her eyes sunken and lusterless. Lilith turned toward her impulsively. "Look here, you don't have to be so tense. We all have to go through it, you know. Marriage isn't what they told you in the storybooks."

Carol offered a strained smile. "The stories all end in the wrong place, don't they? You dream of yourself as a bride in white satin and—"

"Are you having a baby?" Lilith asked.

Carol almost jumped off the seat. "What makes you ask me that?"

"I was watching you when we talked about Helen Snyder. Don't be afraid to tell your husband. Men are usually prouder than women."

"What makes you think I'm afraid?" Carol asked harshly.

"You mentioned responsibility. Are you afraid, or is it your husband who's been saying it's too early in your marriage to accept it?"

"How did you know?" gasped Carol.

"This isn't my first marriage."

"Have you children?"

"No, I haven't," said Lilith. Two very young girls had come into the room, filling it with their chatter. They oppressed Lilith and she left.

Back at their table things were not going too well. Basil Schneck had joined their party and insisted upon ordering more champagne. Henry drank steadily and glumly. When Lilith sat down beside him, he ignored her.

On their way home she tried to woo him back to his old genial mood. "I hope, darling, you weren't too annoyed about Basil. He's an old friend."

"On the contrary I'm delighted that you found a partner whose rumba suits you so perfectly."

"Don't be a fool, darling. Basil's just a business contact. A terribly important wholesaler. He's got hold of some of the

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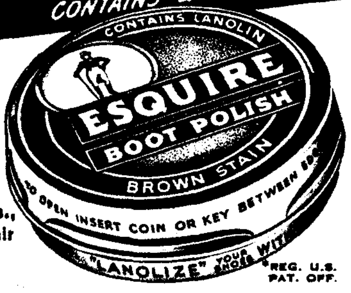
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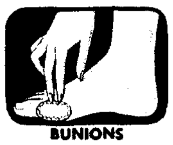
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best French stuff that's been brought into this country since the war. Louis Quinze from some of those fascinating old châteaux where the nobles played at being farm hands and milkmaids."

"I'm fascinated."

"Stop making husband-noises," Lilith said. "If I'm nice to Basil, he'll let me have first look at his imports."

"Just how nice do you have to be to an important wholesaler?"

"Don't be a fool, Henry. I'm a businesswoman."

Her rudeness annoyed him. "Is he the one you went out with that night?"

"What night?"

"The night you sneaked out."

It was quite obvious that Basil was not the man she had danced with in her strapless gown. If Henry had listened attentively, he would have known that she had not seen Basil for ages. But Lilith did not remark this to Henry. Pride kept her silent.

Henry thought she was being sulky and retreated into himself. They drove home in silence, and in silence undressed and went to bed.

CHAMPAGNE or no, it had been a foul party. Davis Barnes was disgusted. He'd found Carol's friends, the Fowlers, dull and snobbish.

After Davis had gone through the third red light, Carol begged him to drive more carefully. As always, this made him angry. "What are you worrying about? You know I always have control of the car."

"But you'll lose your license—"

"Why are you getting so temperamental?" he interrupted. "Nothing I do seems to please you any more."

Carol did not try to defend herself. She knew that criticism made Davis as sensitive and bitter as a child.

Always, when they arrived home at night, Carol paused to breathe a prayer of gratitude. She seldom bothered to argue about his driving any more. She looked around her at the peaceful rooms, loving the house because it was her own, adult and solid.

Davis made straight for the radio.

"Oh, no, not at this hour. Please!"

Grimacing, he turned it off. "I must say you're getting temperamental."

The word made Carol wince. It was his latest and favorite. "Play it if you like," she snapped and started for the bedroom. She wanted to carry her secret into the silent darkness.

Davis stood at the door, barring her exit. "What's the matter with you lately? Why are you so nervous?"

"Please, I'm tired."

"I want to talk about it now. We've been stalling long enough. Something's happened to you lately, Carol. You've changed. You used to be such a good little sport. When things didn't go your way, you'd laugh and take it. Now you're acting like a woman."

"I am a woman."

"A wife, the missus, raised by the marriage ceremony to a post of holy righteousness. You sit above the world and judge and everyone else is wrong."

Carol went scarlet. "Perhaps that was my mistake. I should have started acting like a wife sooner. Maybe you'd have understood—" She could not go on. She swayed against Davis' shoulder.

He led her to the sofa. "Damn it, Carol, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you." Contrition restored his charm. He put his arm around her, and gave her his handkerchief. "Don't cry," he begged softly.

Carol dried her tears and looked at him. Softening, she said, "Maybe it's my fault, too. I'm a shrew, a vixen, a spoiled baby. Perhaps it's because I'm so terribly in love with you, and underneath I'm jealous. I wish you weren't so unbearably attractive."

At once Davis felt better. "You've got nothing to worry about, Babe. Girls have always liked me, and I've liked a lot of girls, but there was only one I ever wanted to marry."

She held herself tight against him, feeling the strength of his arms and enjoying the warmth. "I guess you're right, dear, I am getting temperamental. You'll have to forgive me." She had decided, quite suddenly, to quit stalling and tell him straight out.

"Forget it," he said.

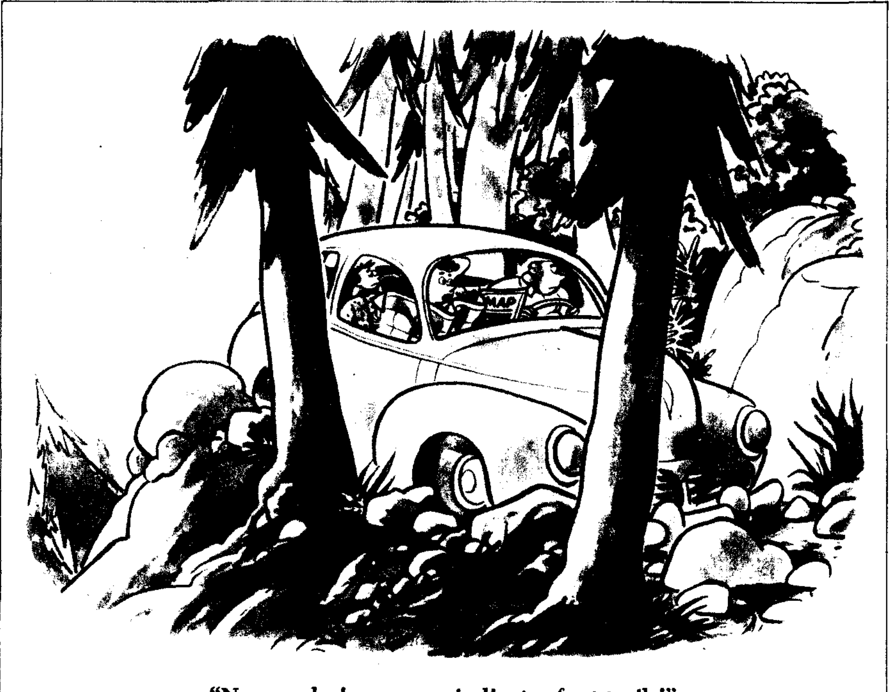
"But I'm likely to get more so. Terribly, terribly temperamental. You see," she drew a deep breath, "I'm going to have a baby."

Davis' profile might have been carved of marble. His eyes were as hard and clear as gems. His arms had slid down, away from Carol's body, and the fists kept clenching and unclenching.

His point of view was very well known to Carol. They were modern young people, they had discussed the problems of marriage and had decided to wait a while before they had a family. Davis' arguments had been very convincing, he had a store of facts and glib quotations. His favorite and most frequent had been the statement of a judge who had said that one of the commonest causes of divorce was the assumption of excess responsibility by young husbands and wives who had not given themselves time to become adjusted.

"Are you angry?" she whispered.

He turned and looked at her. His red,



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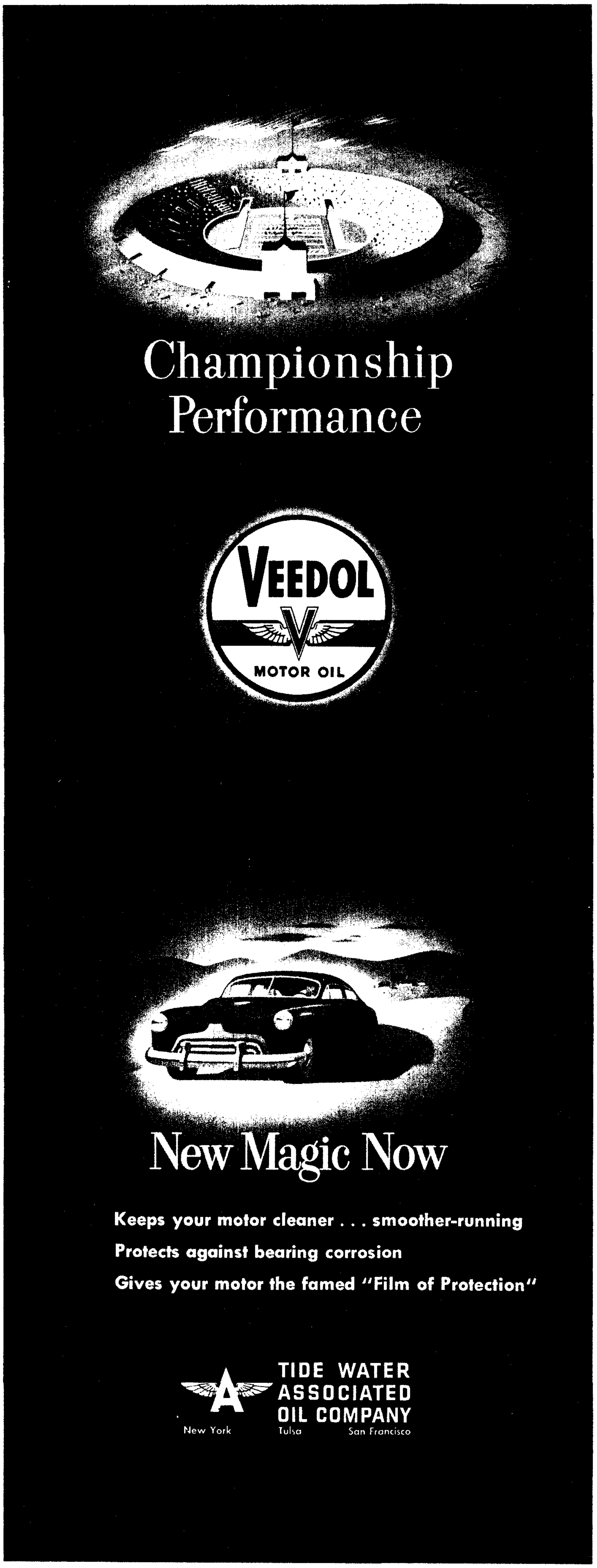

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childish mouth worked but no words came out. When finally he spoke, his voice was a hard whisper. "Have you told anyone?"

"No, not yet, I—"

The cold fury melted and Davis opened his arms to her. "Don't tell them," he said, "let me do it." . . .

All the others had gone and Helen stayed alone, listening to their talk and laughter die away. With the girls at the machines and the power humming, with the forelady snooping about and the activity of the working day surrounding her, Helen liked the factory. But now, alone in it, with only a cone of yellow light from the single lamp above her head and no companion except the papier-mâché mannequin she felt uneasy.

She heard a creak and footstep. A pair of hands fastened like a bandage over her eyes. Her shriek was more of joy than of terror for she knew that only one pair of hands would bind her eyes in this fashion. "Hi, Bill, you got here early."

"Say, what's the idea, calling me at the plant? Why can't we go home and eat?"

"You call it home?"

"So that's it? You didn't feel like cooking supper. Wanted to go out stepping?" he teased. "Why didn't you tell me, straight out? I'm getting sick of it myself, sneaking in and out of Mildred's kitchen like we didn't pay our rent or something. What do you feel like, Chinese or spaghetti?"

"Stan came around here at lunch hour," Helen said. "Mildred sent him, I bet. No more kitchen privileges, she says."

Bill's eye had wandered over the rows of machines to the papier-mâché lady with her brief bathing suit and ample curves. "Hey, look at Jane Russell."

"What are we going to do about eating, Bill? She won't let us cook no more on the electric plate, and if we can't use the kitchen, it means eating all our meals out. That'll cost about a million dollars."

BILL had raced across the loft for a better view of the mannequin. "Some classy chassis."

"You big wolf," said Helen fondly. "I bet I know why Mildred's making it hard for us. She's guessed about the baby."

"She's got to know sometime, Helen."

"What are we going to do, Bill?"

Bill's shoulders drooped. "You're asking me! If there's an empty flat or a home that we haven't looked at yet—"

"Well, there is." Triumphantly Helen took a bit of paper out of her pocket. "A lady down the street told Mildred about it. Her brother's girl friend manages the building, and there's a three-room vacancy. The lady phoned and the manager promised not to let no one else have it if we get there by six."

Bill looked at his wrist watch. "It's twenty-five till. Where is this place?"

"El Santo Street. It's near downtown."

"What you waiting for?" Bill demanded.

"It's sixty a month."

They stood for a while as silent as the papier-mâché figure. Bill thought of the past, just before the war, when he and his mother had lived on sixty-five a month, and owned a good '33 car. Helen was gripped by a terror of facts. How long would she be able to go on working at the factory, saving for the future?

"We could tell Mildred it was rented by the time we got there," she suggested.

Bill grabbed her arm. "If we want a home to live in, we better get going."

El Santo Street was a grimy corpse. The houses were large, ornate, and ancient. Number 929, the house they were seeking, had begun to lean over and rest, as if on a crutch, upon a spidery staircase at one side.

On the disintegrating front porch waited a family, mother, father, children and suitcases. Bill started toward them belligerently, but Helen seized his arm and led him toward the stairs at the side.

"This lady's brother's girl friend lives on the second floor, Mrs. Stout, her name is. She's the manager."

The woman who answered their knock did not look as if she had ever been anyone's girl friend. She was lean and sour. "Nothing vacant," she snapped and started to close the door in their faces.

Bill thrust his foot in. "We were sent by Mrs. Wozzeck. She's the friend of Charlie's sister."

"Oh, you're the ones. I was just about giving you up. The other party's got their money ready."

"So have we," Bill said.

"It's upstairs."

Following Bill and the manager up the long, lean staircase Helen brooded upon the advice given her by Dr. Fowler. She had not told Bill because she knew that her husband would be soft with her just as Henry Fowler, accustomed to rich and self-indulgent patients, thought an expectant mother ought to coddle herself and take things easy.

The living room and kitchen had once been a single chamber. Now a plywood wall divided them into two cramped rooms. The bedroom was better, bright and large as the architect had meant it to be, and with a balcony beyond a graceful, if dirty, bay window.

"That other party's been waiting since three o'clock. They got their money ready but I promised Charlie's sister I'd give you folks the first chance," Mrs. Stout said.

Bill had not said anything, good or bad, about the apartment. "Some paint and a little elbow grease'd help a lot," he remarked, not daring to look at Helen.

She was determined to show herself a good sport. "Curtains, too. They make a lot of difference."

Bill accepted this as enthusiasm. He looked as pleased as a kid on Christmas morning. "We got all our Saturdays and Sundays to work on it."

Helen could see the rooms cheerful and clean with shelves built in and flowered oilcloth trimming the edges. She wanted blue paper in the bedroom and crisscross curtains. The big window with the balcony would be a nice place for the crib. "Thinking it over, Bill, this might be a good place for a ba—"

Bill interrupted, "Yeah, the bay window. I always liked bay windows."

"How many in the family?" asked Mrs. Stout.

"Just the two of us," said Helen.

"We're taking it," Bill said.

A smile flickered on Mrs. Stout's lips. "I don't know if Charlie's sister told you, but there's a little extra. A bonus for fixing up the place. The landlord won't rent without a bonus. Three hundred and fifty—"

Anger flashed through Bill. He had never seen the landlord, knew nothing about him, not even his name, but the unknown became Bill's enemy, symbol of all his grievances. What had the landlord been doing when Bill was out in the Pacific, filthy, feverish and in constant danger? Bill had looked at enough places to know that a bonus was part of every rent deal, but common arithmetic proved that the landlord was getting almost a half year's rent for the bare promise of decorating the place.

Mrs. Stout listened impatiently to his arguments. She had heard them all before. It was not her fault, she said, if the landlord demanded a bonus. She was his employee, she had to carry out orders.

Helen squeezed Bill's hand. For the second time whispered, "We could tell Mildred it was rented when we got here."

MRS. STOUT gave them no time for indecision. Her feet clattered down the bare wooden stairs. Left alone in the apartment, Helen and Bill stood quiet and dejected.

"The view's nice," Helen said.

"Gives you a nice feeling, having all that air and space outside."

"And no neighbors looking in."

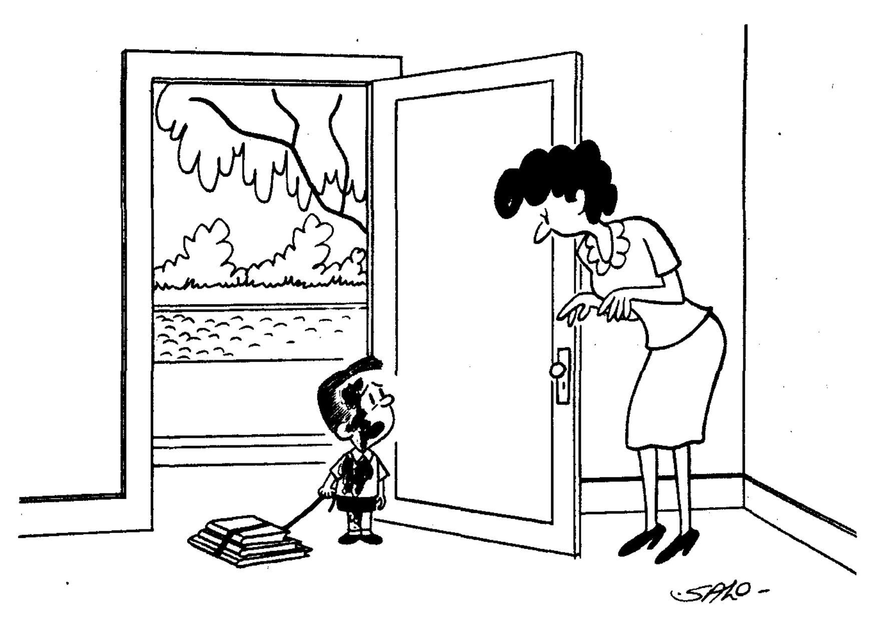
On the staircase they heard footsteps and through the twilight rose the voices of Mrs. Stout and the people who had their money ready. Bill rushed to the door, flung it open and stood on the threshold as if he were guarding his home from intruders.

"We've taken it," he shouted and brandished his checkbook.

Helen's knees were weak and she leaned against the wall as Bill took out his fountain pen and wrote a check. The bonus plus the first and last months' rent amounted to four hundred and seventy dollars. This would not leave enough for them to pay cash for the furniture. Helen felt as if she had broken her marriage vows, because she and Bill had promised each other, right at the start, never to get into debt.

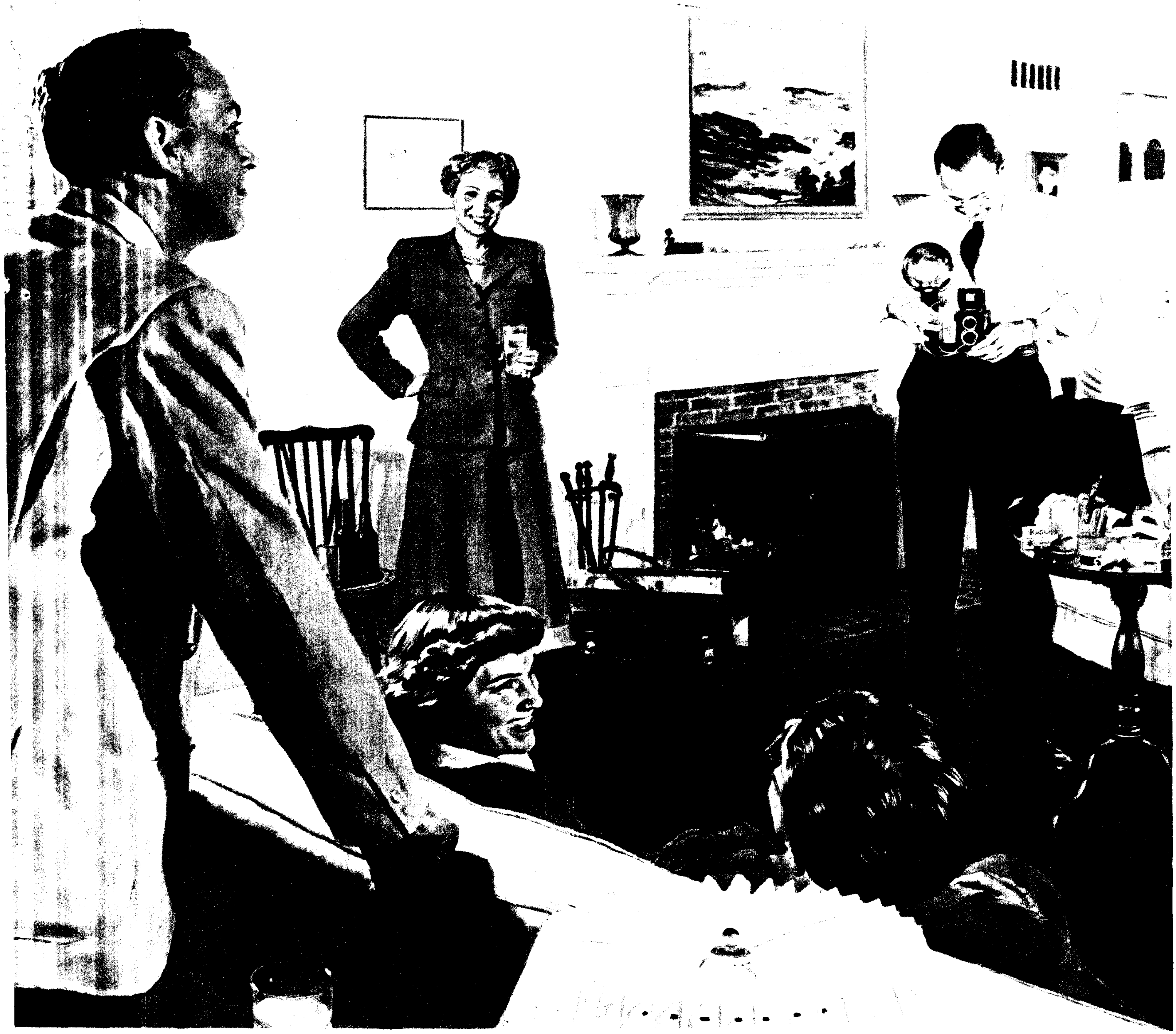
Bill was more cheerful. He felt that finding a home was as important as a wedding and called for celebration. They went to their favorite Italian joint for beer and *pizza*. Since this was to be their last party for a while, Bill felt free to drink as much as he wanted. The more he drank the more certain he became that he would not mind giving up treats and shows.

Helen watched him spend money like



"All the kids are bringing tomatoes in their lunches instead of apples. Can I have one in my lunch tomorrow?"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH



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...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

water but she had made up her mind that she would never nag her husband. By the end of the evening her cheeks ached from the effort of smiling. . . .

"Don't you want to please me?" Margery Sears asked Davis Barnes, Jr., over the telephone.

"Yes, of course, but I'm busy."

"That's what you said yesterday."

"Today it's true," Davis replied insolently. Outside, in the used-car lot, loud-speakers were calling his name.

"You used to be glad for an excuse to get away from the office."

"Look, Babe," he said, "I'm working. I've got a job here, and besides I have an important date in just twenty minutes."

"With a girl? My successor?"

The mockery enraged him. "Quit, Margery. You got what you wanted out of me, didn't you?" He remembered the argument with his father over the discount he had given her on an almost new convertible. "I'm sorry, I haven't time to talk now, I'll give you a ring sometime." And he hung up.

Through the office window he saw the Dependable Davis banners fluttering in the wind, and the famous four acres of used cars. The loud-speakers had quit calling his name, and he supposed one of the other salesmen had taken his customer. His father, he noticed, was nowhere in sight. The telephone rang again.

"I'm busy, Lizzie," he told the switchboard girl. "Got an appointment."

"Just a minute, Junior. Your wife wants you."

"Tell her I've left for the day."

He knew why she was calling. Fridays, when his parents came for dinner, Carol always phoned to beg him to be on time. His mother lifted her eyebrows at tardy meals.

HE DROVE fast, with an eye out for lurking cops, the radio playing and his mind on the coming interview. By breaking only three traffic laws he managed to reach the club in ten minutes. The reception clerk told him his guest was waiting in the bar.

"Sorry to have kept you, sir." Davis offered the disarming smile which he had always found so successful with traffic cops. "A customer kept me on the phone."

"It doesn't matter," Henry Fowler said, "I've already ordered a Scotch."

Henry Fowler wondered why he had accepted Davis' invitation. He did not like the fellow nor hope to better their relations. He had tried to decline, but Davis had got him on the telephone while a nervous patient was waiting and had been so insistent that Henry had agreed to stop in at the club for just one drink.

"You may wonder why I called you," Davis began. "Frankly, it's that I wanted to know you better, Dr. Fowler. We didn't get much chance last night. Too many women around, and frankly, I was a bit tight."

"So was I," said Henry.

"Must be a relief for a man like you to be in an atmosphere like this once in a while?"

"Why?" asked Henry.

"To get away from women. In your work you must get pretty well fed up."

"I chose my work," Henry said.

Davis held his glass tilted before his mouth like a telephone. "Tell me," he began cautiously, "are all women in that state—are they always so temperamental?"

At once Henry understood. Grinning, he repeated Davis' evasion, "So your wife's in that state, young man? Congratulations." He offered his hand. Davis accepted it limply.

"So she's temperamental?" Henry went on. "Just how do you mean?"

"Well—sort of nervous."

"I don't see why. She ought to be as happy as a lark," Henry said. "This is the time in her life when a woman should be at her best. Everything in her nature, physically and spiritually, should be at its creative height. Are you making her unhappy?"

Davis pouted. "I don't quite get you, Doctor. And you don't know Carol. I think she's afraid of responsibility. She's rather spoiled, you see. Her mother had four boys and they were almost grown men when she was born. They've always babied her, and frankly—" Again he lifted his glass and again his way of holding it suggested indirect communication, as if he would have preferred a talk that was not face to face. "I was just wondering if, at this time—well, you see, we really haven't had much time to get adjusted. We haven't been married long—"

"I know how long it was," Henry interrupted. "I was married the same day. And if I were you, I'd consider myself the luckiest man in the world."

Davis shrugged. "I suppose I ought to be throwing my hat in the air and shouting. But I don't happen to be made that way. Frankly, I'm worried about Carol's taking on so much responsibility."

"Why don't you let her speak for herself?" asked Henry. A man who used the word "frankly" four times in five minutes could not, he decided, be honest with himself.

"She's temperamental, she doesn't always know what she wants, and frankly—" Davis paused, frowned, twisted his glass in his hands, and blurted out, "Look, Fowler, isn't there some way—"

"So that's why you wanted to see me!" said Henry, jumping up in sudden rage.

Davis had again assumed the rueful disarming manner. "I'm sorry if I said anything that offended you, sir. I know how you medical men are about your ethics. So I'm a heel."

"You are indeed."

"Believe me, I'm sorry. Have another drink, sir, and tell me how a heel can make himself into a gentleman."

Henry softened. The younger man's remorse had a ring of honesty about it. Henry did not wish to appear stuffy. "Just one more Scotch," he said and sat down again. "Why are you such a heel?"

"Perhaps I'm a little spoiled, too. You see, I have a mother."

WHAT TO WEAR?

Dior, creator of the erstwhile New Look, who says he deliberately "made women look like umbrellas to make them style-conscious," now announces: "I shall now furl the umbrella."

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So designers have decreed.
Yesteryear the prankish fellas
Had you looking like umbrellas—
Waited till the stanchest hold-out
Had capitulated, sold out—
Then announced to all the world:
The umbrella would be furled.

Gals, you ought to bust a placket!
Straight of skirt and strait of jacket
Will you go till prankish men
Yank the rip cord once again?

—Ethel Jacobson

"That's happened to other men and they've managed to recover."

Davis laughed heartily in appreciation of the doctor's humor.

"You have no right to blame your wife," said Henry who had a bit of the schoolmaster in him and enjoyed nothing more than delivering a brisk lecture. "You're also the product of the machine that turned her out. The products are handsome and slick on the surface. The flaws don't show, but they exist just the same because the machine, the sort of civilization we've built, moves too fast for an understanding of its uses. That's why we're all so frightened."

"Frightened?" Davis did not like the word. "What have I got to be afraid of? You can't say that about me. Why, when I was in the Air Force—"

"Enemy planes are easier to face than humanity. When you have to face a human situation, you fellows are lost. You haven't been briefed, you haven't anyone else's decisions to depend upon, you have to think for yourself—"

THE lecture was growing irksome. Its inferences did not please Davis. "What's all that stuff got to do with my problem? My not liking domesticity doesn't make me a coward."

"You don't like domesticity? Then why did you get married?"

"Why not? Everyone else does."

"With a point of view like that, it's no wonder marriages fail," Henry said. "It takes real character to let yourself be dependent enough to stay married and happy."

"Don't you mean independent?"

"Dependent," Henry said. "Sufficiently dependent upon another person's love to overlook the flaws and irritations of living together."

A bellboy came to their table to tell Davis that he was wanted on the telephone. Although it was Carol with her inevitable reminder that he was to be on time for dinner tonight, Davis was not ungrateful. He had endured quite enough of the doctor's sermonizing. But he was gentleman enough, in spite of being a heel, to thank Henry for accepting his invitation and to assure him that the advice had been helpful.

In a way it had. Davis was not a man to dodge a challenge. He had been called a coward. To prove that he was brave enough to endure the irritations of domesticity, he not only exceeded the speed limit in hurrying home to his wife, but he stopped to buy her a large bouquet.

There was nothing Carol needed less. Her garden was in full bloom and every vase in the house filled, but she was so happy that she cried over her husband's thoughtfulness, which seemed even more precious because her mother-in-law was witness to it.

Davis was moved by his wife's tears. He saw how deeply she loved him and how dependent she was upon his affection. "You must forgive Carol for being temperamental," he told his parents, and because he wanted to prove himself a man of character, added, "you see, we're going to have a baby."

Their joy was touching. Carol wept, Mrs. Barnes wept and Mr. Barnes gripped his son's hand in manly inarticulate joy. The very next day, he promised, he would transfer some of his most gilt-edged bonds to Davis, and put his son's name on the deeds to a couple of valuable building lots. His good deed thrice-blessed, Davis resolved to go on in this heroic fashion, overlooking flaws and irritations, and meeting each new challenge like a squadron of enemy planes. He imagined himself, at some future date, drinking at the club with Henry Fowler and telling him modestly, without boasting, of his marital and financial success, and of his large and beautiful family.

AS HE sped home to his wife, the flaws and irritations of marriage were also on Henry Fowler's mind. Henry decided that he had no right to preach virtues which he was unable to put into practice. He saw himself as Lilith must have seen him last night, a stuffed shirt irritably disapproving her innocent pleasure in meeting an old friend. Basil Schneck was not the sort of man Henry liked, but there was basically nothing wrong with him. To condemn a man because he danced well and knew all about French antiques was priggish and narrow-minded.

In this mood of self-criticism Henry decided to make amends for his intolerance and stopped to buy his wife a gift. Not flowers for Lilith, but fresh caviar and French champagne, bless her extravagant little heart!

"Surprise, honey," Henry shouted as he came into the apartment.

Lilith came out of the kitchen, looking

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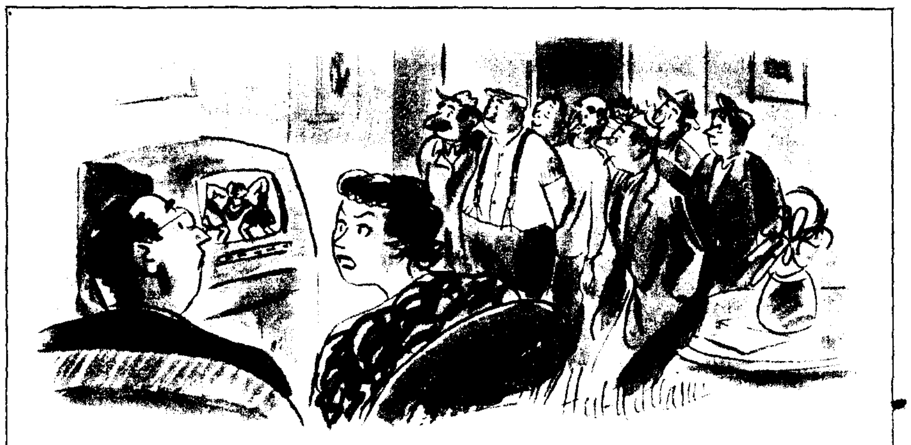


"Do you suppose Junior is outside selling tickets again?"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

excited and beautiful with her cheeks on fire and an apron tied over a dinner dress. "I've a surprise for you, too." As she kissed Henry, she called over her shoulder, "Come in, Surprise Darling."

Surprise Darling was Basil Schneck in shirt sleeves and an apron. He carried a tray with a dark green bottle and glasses, plates, lemon, chopped egg and fresh caviar.

"Look," cried Lilith, "isn't Basil an old dreamboat? See what he's brought me. Fresh caviar and Moet Chandon '37! And Henry, he's taking us to dinner at that dreamy Russian place where everyone's quite, quite mad and they serve all the food on flaming torches."

Henry disliked foreign restaurants, deplored madness and considered flaming torches pure nonsense. But he had declared himself a man of character and in loyalty to his principles, could show neither disappointment nor jealousy. Vowing tolerance, he suffered in silence through an evening of heavy food, sad songs and the balalaika, an instrument he particularly disliked.

This was not the end of the infection set off by Lilith's meeting with Schneck. Basil led, Lilith followed merrily and Henry marched after them to places where goulash was accompanied by Brahms, crepes Suzette by a *chanteuse*, fried chicken by jam sessions. When it came to *lasagne* and a corny but divine dog act, Henry was about to offer his wife complete independence and dine alone on coddled eggs. At this fortunate moment Basil's bankers called him back to New York.

THE night of Schneck's departure Henry opened the caviar and champagne he had bought for Lilith and thanked Heaven for his patience. Had he shown intolerance or jealousy of the important wholesaler, he might forever have lost Lilith. Now, he thought, her restlessness had been satisfied and she would settle down to a complacent home life. Lilith seemed content as a kitten, spending her evenings at the hearth, listening to good music and wearing comfortable slippers. She no longer complained when Henry was called out at night by his patients, and Basil's name was never brought up. Between the first and second Schneck episodes, there was an interlude of bliss.

It might have remained that way, too, if Henry had not, on a Saturday morning in the rainy season, telephoned from his office to tell Lilith he had discovered a gem of a house. Lilith laughed. Henry knew as much about real estate as she knew about the latest discoveries in the field of obstetrics.

Houses were Lilith's hobby as well as her business, and she had developed an attitude of cynicism toward the promises of real-estate agents. Henry, on the other hand, had never thought about architecture, property values and termite clearance.

"Please come and look at it, Lilith. This is a bargain, only nineteen five." His voice made it sound like nineteen dollars and five cents.

"Then it's worth only six thousand and will need twenty thousand dollars' worth of repairs," she said.

"If you keep thinking about prewar prices, we'll never find a place to live. This place is a real bargain. The owners moved back East."

"I can't say I blame them," commented Lilith, looking out of the window. The rain was now coming down so heavily that it no longer seemed liquid. "Must we go and see it today, Henry?"

"Why not?"

For answer she sneezed. "I think I'm getting pneumonia."

"You don't have to pamper a cold," Henry said. "If it's any worse tonight, I'll give you penicillin. Besides, I think the rain's going to stop."

"Says you?" responded his wife tartly. But she agreed to look at the house.

HALF an hour later Henry blew his horn and she rushed through the rain to his car. Although she had come only a few feet and was wearing a hooded raincoat and high boots, she felt soggy. In the heat of the car she began to steam.

Since she had been such a good sport about coming out, she felt privileged to air her views about the purchase of a house. Although she agreed that the apartment above her shop was not large enough for their combined whims, hobbies and careers, she did not want to buy a house in the inflated market. Henry had a laboratory in his office, and could mess around there. The overflow of books could be kept in the balcony above the shop, and they got along quite well without having the maid sleep in. In six months, she said, prices would go down and they could save thousands.

Henry did not answer. His energy was concentrated on driving. The streets were whirlpools and cars crept along in second gear. Birds, animals and real-estate agents remained in whatever shelters they had found for themselves. Henry, always efficient, had stopped on the way to pick up the keys.

They turned a corner and started up a hill. And suddenly the storm slackened. A few lethargic raindrops spattered down and then the day became bright and golden.

"You see?" said Henry and smiled as generously as if he had been author of the miracle.

He had stopped the car beside a stone wall overgrown with honeysuckle and ivy. Beyond a stretch of unkempt lawn stood the house, a California mongrel out of Spanish mission by Tudor cottage. An arched door, meager paned-glass windows and paint of a shade that suggested moldy pistachio fondant contributed to the gruesome whole.

"Well," asked Henry after a long silent interval, "aren't you going to come and look at the inside?"

"Why should I?"

"Please don't be so cynical. That way,

you'll never find anything to please you."

"It's the most awful specimen in a city famed for the world's worst architecture, and I'd cut my throat before I'd be found dead in it."

"Naturally, if you cut your throat you'd be found dead," observed Henry, hurt because she had failed to appreciate the miraculous manner in which he had caused the storm to end. "At least you might come and look at it."

With the dignity of a queen advancing beneath a ceiling of crossed sabers, Lilith walked along the path to the front door. The trees were so lushly overgrown that Henry had to hold up the boughs as she passed through. The mists were evaporating and the sun was shedding its golden light upon the abundant architectural errors. They stepped into a long gray tunnel of a living room. At its far end were French doors darkened by vines and boughs.

"Nice and bright," said Henry cheerfully.

"Like a grave."

"It's been shut up. Let in a little sunshine and you'll see the difference. We'll cut away that brush first thing."

"Henry Fowler, do you actually mean you'd consider living in this spider's nest?"

"Spiders live in webs. And look at those trees, dear. It'd take you twenty years to grow them like that."

"I wouldn't even try." Lilith sniffled and turned her back to the alleged view. She saw a new horror, a rounded fireplace that stuck out from the wall like a swollen belly. "I'm supposed to have taste," she said in what she considered a cool and reasonable voice. "If any of my clients found me living in a place like this, I'd have to shut up shop."

"Might not be a bad idea."

LILITH could not believe it. Here he was, this capricious creature who had told her that he adored her for her independence, demanding that she give it up to lead the life of a parasite! It was sickeningly similar to the things she had suffered in her former marriages.

There were a thousand replies she might have made, but she was silent. Henry chattered on of the house's virtues. Certain of his remarks were true. The adobe walls and tile roof were adapted to the climate, the balcony a protection against the cruel sun of summer. The grounds were large and well planted and could, with judicious pruning, be made pleasant. But Henry went haywire, found everything to his taste, the floor plan, the arrangement of rooms, the library with the bookshelves from floor to ceiling, and best of all, an extra lavatory that could easily be made into a laboratory.

Determined to break through her stubborn silence, Henry announced, "Well, this is it, Mrs. Fowler. Your new home."

"So you've decided?"

"Don't be stubborn. Perhaps the house isn't an architectural achievement but just because you're a decorator, we don't have to live in a museum."

"And just because you're a doctor and like to cut up old cadavers, we don't have to live in a crematorium." Having delivered herself of this mot, she returned to the car.

Henry took his own good time about locking up the house. In the front yard he paused and pulled out the FOR SALE sign.

"Put it back, dear," called Lilith. Her tone was indulgent as if she were the mother of a neurotic child.

"Look here, Lilith," said Henry, "ever since we've been married, you've run our lives. You've—"

"If you mean our domestic lives," she interrupted, "isn't that expected? After all, it's a wife's duty to keep the house in order and have the meals served on time."

"I've let you have it pretty much your own way," Henry went on as if he had not perceived her sarcasm. "You've made all the arrangements and the dates—"

"Because you're too busy to care. You're not interested in buying a house, Henry. Your real home's the hospital, and you're happiest when you have to dash to it at night—"

"Better than dashing to night clubs. Or sneaking out for a rendezvous with a nameless cavalier."

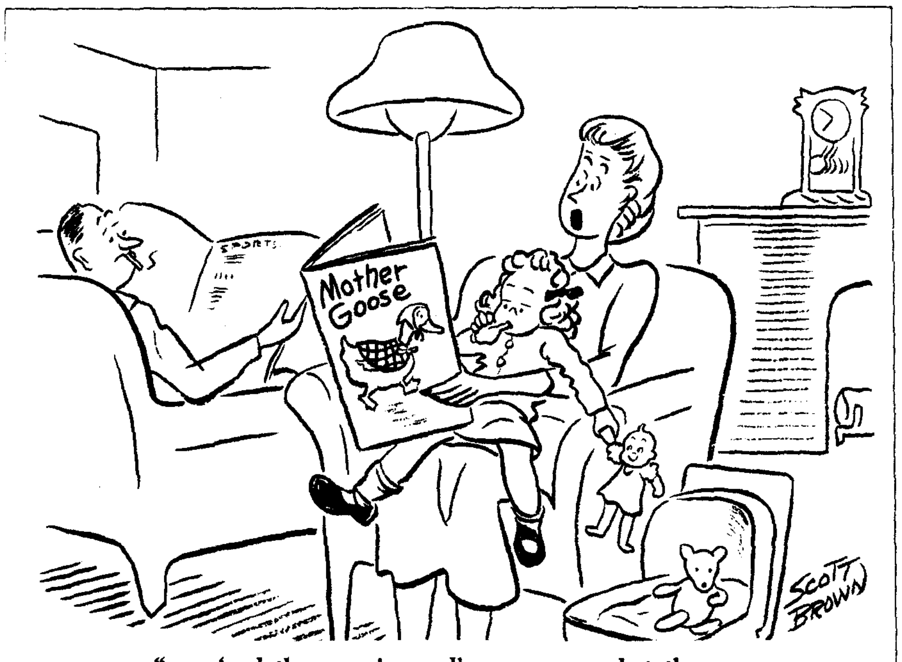
If Henry had chosen the proper time and mood, she would have confessed that she had yawned through a loathsome evening with the dullest of old suitors, the sort of man used by women as a last-minute substitute. But now, she attacked Henry, reproaching him for his attempts to dominate her.

The argument that followed was in the classic pattern of domestic quarrels, inaccurate in almost every detail. Finally Lilith delivered an ultimatum.

"I don't want to be nasty, darling, but if you think you can make me live in that dump, I'm through with you." Although it was Henry's car and not her own, she slid into the driver's seat and started downhill.

Henry watched as if in a dream. "Hey, you can't do that," he shouted. As in a dream, his protest was futile. He heard the motor start as the car rounded a curve and disappeared.

(To be continued next week)



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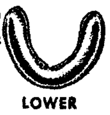

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THE BALANCE OF VIRTUE

Continued from page 15

at the tray of drinks, "you remembered I like sweet Martinis. Or is it chance?"

"I remembered distinctly," I said.

She laughed. "Hello," she said. "You look—well, not exactly older, but more grown up."

"The war had a sobering effect."

And so on. She sat down and we began to talk. She kept me waiting twenty minutes before she told me why she had come, but when she did tell me, I must say she floored me.

"I came," Em said, "because you are the only person left in the world who ever knew me"—she searched for the word—"well, intimately. Mother died two years ago."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know."

She put up a hand to stop me. "That's over," she said, "What I need now is advice. I thought perhaps—"

I smiled and Em did too. "But you were kind to me," she said, "I remember that now. And I thought you might not mind being kind to me once again."

"Of course not, Em," I said.

"Oh, dear," she said, "this isn't easy." Then she looked up and straight at me. "I've been in touch with my father."

I guess my astonishment, my unbelief showed plainly in my face.

"I know what you must think," Em said.

THIS is difficult to explain, and the only way I can make it appear believable is to fall back on the weak excuse that it is the truth: I did not know Em's father was living. In the months that I had known Em and her mother they had never referred directly to him. Perhaps neither of them ever said flatly, "He's dead," but certainly by all implication I had been led to believe that he was. Now, this was very strange.

"I might," Em said, "have told you I had a father long ago, but I couldn't then. I can't explain why exactly. Mother and I never made a conscious decision not to mention him, but for a while we didn't because it was too painful, and then we got into the habit of never speaking of it.

"I was born and brought up in the Middle West, you knew that, didn't you? Father was actually a very successful man, vice-president of the Actun Company. They make electric meters. He had a wonderful salary and Mother had her own money from Grandpa Barnes. Everyone used to say how happy we were. Father was so handsome and slim—I looked more like his sister than his daughter.

"We must have been happy. I remember it so. Of course I don't know everything. I was away at school a lot, and Father had to travel a lot, but—Well, I was at Vassar, in my second year, when it happened. I got a call from my Uncle Joseph telling me to come home. I came, and found that Mother had tried to commit suicide with sleeping pills and Father had run away with a chorus girl."

Em stopped again, looked at me and smiled wryly.

"Lurid story, isn't it?" she said. "The sort of story that never happens to you or anybody you know. Like murder. And so old-fashioned, somehow. It's the sort of thing that happened years ago. A chorus girl. But my father did it. Of course I never went back to school. We sold the house and moved to New York, into the apartment Mother had when you and I—"

I nodded.

"Father lost his job. And so far as we ever found out, never got another. His grand passion ruined him, at least. I don't know how he's got along."

"You've never seen him?" I said.

She shook her head.

"Or tried to get in touch with him?"

"Certainly not. Would you? If someone had shattered your life like that? Would you have gone calling?"

"Perhaps not," I said. "Still, he was your father. Maybe he had reasons."

I heard an old tone in her voice. "No reasons are good enough to break up a home, drive your wife to the point of suicide, desert your child—"

"Oh, come on," I said. "You survived."

"Yes. But I still hate him."

There was no doubt about that. I got up and poured her another Martini.

"Well," Em said, "this is all leading up to something. Ten days ago I had a letter from the woman, the chorus girl. He's quite ill, and she wanted to know if I didn't want to see him."

"Really?" I said. "They're still together?"

Em nodded.

"He really loved her, and married her?" I said.

"He couldn't marry her."

"You mean your mother never divorced him?"

"Certainly not. Why should she?"

"As I remember your mother," I said, "she wouldn't have cared. I suppose it was you who wouldn't let her."

Em looked troubled. "Oh, that doesn't matter. It was such an awful time. He wrote me lots of letters, and I returned them unopened. I didn't know—"

She took a swallow of her drink, then put it down carefully and wiped her hands carefully. "Believe this. It's been a long time. When I thought he might die, I— Well, I wrote him a letter. Oh—try to understand this. I couldn't bear to see her. I wrote him and said if I could come to see him some time when she wasn't there, I would."

I shook my head at her slowly. "You'll never learn," I said.

She shut her eyes. "He sent me back a sheet of paper. On it were two words, 'Never mind,' and his initials."

"A gentle answer," I said.

"But that wasn't all. The woman—Alice—wrote me again. She said she was away every evening until ten o'clock. From five till ten. For me please to come."

"I think I like her," I said.

"What shall I *do?*" Em said.

"Do you want to see your father?"

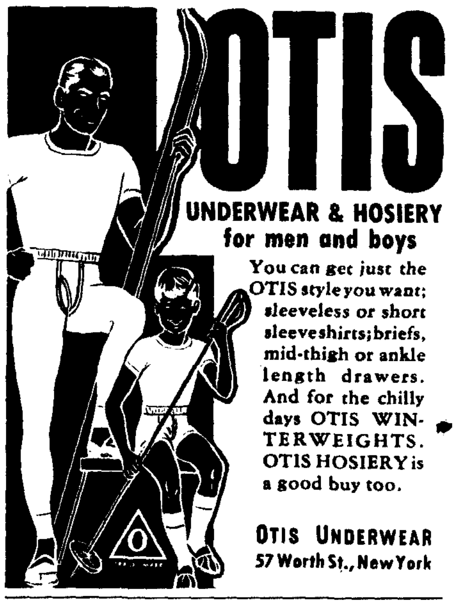
"Yes." She was crying now. "Yes. God knows I want to see him."

"Then go," I said.

It is useless to expect anyone else to share the overpowering reaction I had to Em's story about her father. As plain as the nose on your face—and you need not have even my meager knowledge of psychiatry to see it—there was the reason for the collapse of our marriage. Whatever her relations with her father before he left her mother, they became by that act exaggeratedly strong, so that any man who stood in the place of protection was automatically suspect, distrusted and rejected.

I wish, however, to point out the strength of my feeling only to make natural the fact that, when Em begged me to go along with her to see her father, I told her I would. If for no other reason, I had to satisfy an immense curiosity for what he would be like.

TWO days later we went to an address in the West Seventies in a dismal block of indistinguishable houses. We rang, and were eventually let into a dark hall by a fattish woman with a bandanna wound around her head. She listened to Em's question with an air of patient truculence, not looking directly at either of us, and then pointed: "One flight up, on the left. The door's open."



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We climbed the stairs. The place smelled of—well, old house. Em knocked on the left door, we heard a low "Come in," and we entered.

The room was white. At the window was a table covered with little pots of green ivy. There were several overstuffed chairs and books, and in one corner a large gold harp. It was not a beautiful room, nor an expensive one, it was simply a good room, one that looked lived in and enjoyed.

On a sofa, under a yellow quilt, lay Mr. Delamar, Em's father. He was thin, the skin over the bones of his face was drawn tight, and he looked terribly ill, but he was a very handsome man. He seemed younger than I expected.

At first he raised his eyebrows, but then he recognized Em. "Well, Em," he said, "you came."

You could hardly hear Em's answer. Then she went over and took his hand. In a moment she remembered and turned to me. "This is—" she said, and introduced me.

"Yes," Mr. Delamar said, "I heard about you."

I WILL not detail the next ten or fifteen minutes. The talk, after we sat down, was of the "How are you, you haven't changed" variety, with references to times and places I knew nothing about. But it was all surface talk; it had nothing to do with the reality of father and daughter in that room. But it was easy, and perhaps necessary. In any case, Em lost her nervousness.

But suddenly Mr. Delamar had enough. He took a cigarette from the table beside him and lighted it slowly, then as he held the match up to blow it out, he looked at Em and smiled. "My dear," he said, "I hope you didn't come here expecting to find me repentant upon my deathbed. Because you'll be disappointed. I have never for a moment regretted what I did."

"Father," Em said, "I just wanted to see you."

"I think," Mr. Delamar said, "you are a little tardy for me to take that statement seriously. Why did you come?"

"To see you."

"But why?"

Em made only the slightest movement of sitting up in her chair. "I thought it would be interesting to meet the man who wrecked my mother's life."

For a moment Mr. Delamar looked at his daughter unbelieving, and then he burst out laughing.

"Ho!" he said. "You are a sententious young woman. Let me tell you something. If your mother's life was wrecked it was by your uncles and maybe you. I knew your mother better than anyone, and I know that if she had been left alone, she would have got over me in two months. She got over everything with epic speed."

Perhaps I should not say it, but I was beginning to find Mr. Delamar one of the most sensible men I had ever met. Certainly the air was cleared now for anything anyone wanted to say.

Em went on, however, headfirst. "Will you tell me why you married her?"

MR. DELAMAR considered. "Because I was moral and ardent on the same unlucky evening. No. That's not fair. I was in love with her. But, oh dear—" He slowly blew the smoke from his mouth. "I put up with her inanities for eighteen years. That was enough."

"I should think you might have been accustomed to them," Em said.

"No," her father said. "No. I imagine dullness, boredom is the one thing in the world you cannot become accustomed to. If your mother and I had fought I might never have left her. Anger is at least something. Your mother was nothing. Not mean, not kind, because both of those states require action."

He turned to me. "You must remember what she was like. The most inoffensive woman in the world. But is that what marriage is to be—inoffensive?"

He shook his head and turned back to Em. "You don't remember me. You never knew me. Almost the only contact we ever had was when you wanted something: clothes or money. But I wasn't just that shadowy figure you and your mother made of me. I was someone who had been living and feeling many years. And what you must also understand is this: I had not grown old as your mother had. So I was two people."

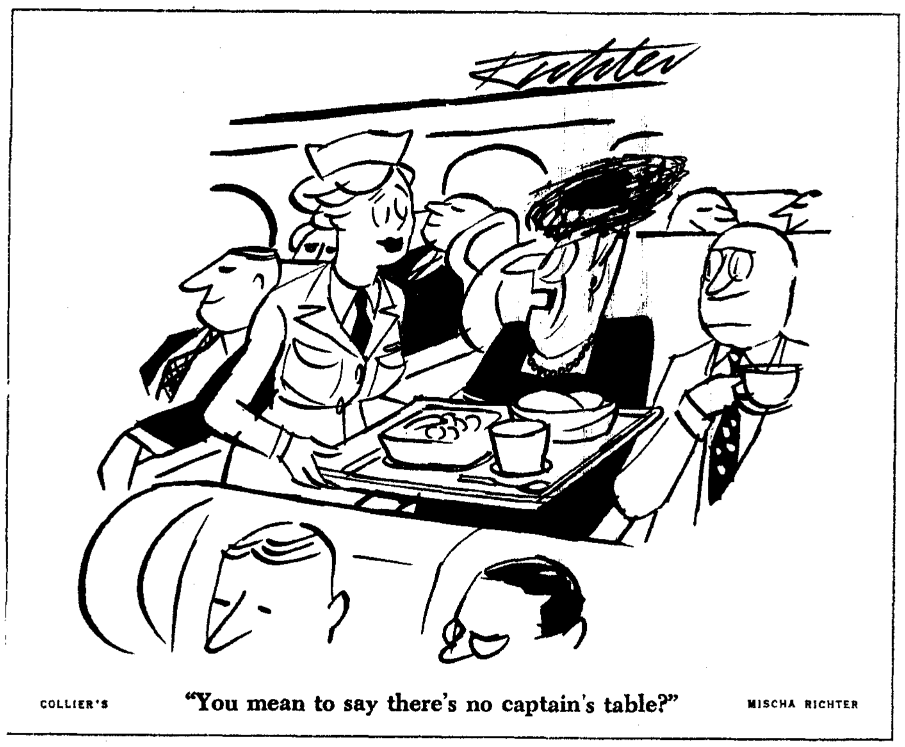
He smiled and looked at me. "You understand what I mean, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Part of me was virtuous," he went on, "I had a strict religious upbringing. I was trained early and well. And I had a taste for virtue, too. I never have and never will escape it. And I do not want to escape it, for it gives a good deal of color to the world."

He shifted his weight and adjusted a pillow under his shoulder. "But I was also a man who passionately enjoyed the world. All of it, with a passion. I liked people and places and food and drink. I liked to laugh. I liked to work. I liked to *do* things. I liked to enjoy. And all those eighteen years that my virtue kept me prisoner in a world of nothing I had one shining, high objective: I wanted to make all those things possible."

"And have you?" Em said.



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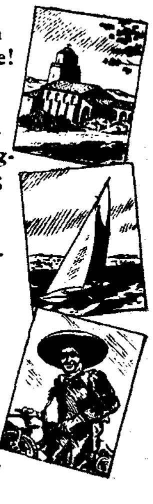

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"Oh, yes," her father said, "I have. That's the disappointing part of the story for you. I have been perfectly happy." Then suddenly he sat up and pointed a finger at Em. "With Alice, you see, when you cut her, she bleeds."

Em put a hand to her face as if she had been struck.

He leaned back. "I left your mother one night when she fell asleep over a book she was reading at half past eight. I sat and stared at her for twenty minutes, and I thought: This is not twenty minutes, this is eighteen years, so I went up and packed. When I came down, I had to shake her to wake her so I could tell her I was leaving. The scene presents itself to me now as pure farce."

He closed his eyes for a moment before he went on. "I might as well tell you that I know it was you who kept your mother from divorcing me. I disliked that for two reasons—first, because I wanted a divorce, and, second, because it appeared to me that you were showing undue vanity in carrying on so. After all it was your mother I left, not you. I had no reason or wish not to see you again. But I will say this: I was in one way pleased, because it showed that you at least had passion enough to feel strongly about something. That meant you would get along. I felt sure that from somewhere you had virtue, and I knew that if you could balance your virtue with passion—"

He stopped, and his eyes closed again. "I pray you can balance them equally," his voice had now become very low and he spoke with difficulty. "Equally. Not all out of scale. As I did."

For a full moment, I believe, there was silence. I sat and looked blankly at the pleasant room, and became conscious for the first time of the traffic noises outside.

"Father," Em said.

He shook his head. "I'm tired now. Come back some other time."

THERE was, however, to be no other time. Mr. Delamar died of uremia two days later. But I was not to know this until some weeks afterward, for I did not hear again from Em.

I had expected to. Perhaps "expected" is not the right word, better to say I wanted to. For with all that had happened, not only my emotions but my interest had been roused; I wanted to see strange old Mr. Delamar again, also, I wanted to find out what reaction he was having on Em.

I had liked him. Even in his fragile state, he had shown a pleasant fire and a certain wit. But all of that had not put together an understandable picture.

And poor Em! What would the visit do to her? She had so obviously been looking for comfort, for love; would she be able to stomach her father's icy medicine? I wanted to see her.

But I did not. At the end of a week I called her apartment, but there was no answer. I called the next day and the next. Still no answer.

Almost a month later I had a letter—a long one—written from Key West. I think the best and most hopeful thing I can do about Em is copy it out. It does not explain everything, of course not, but it made me feel very good.

The first part of the letter was the flat statement that her father had died, the funeral arrangements, reasons for not seeing me, her hurried departure south and so on. Then, in a different shade of ink, and indeed a bolder hand, the letter continued. I had the impression the second part had been written some time after the first.

"I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you," it went. "I'm here with Alice. Further, I give you the news that she is my stepmother; Father married her after Mother died.

"I'm afraid I'll have some difficulty explaining to you this sudden switch in my attitude. I am still in such a confused state that I am not completely sure myself. Just as a starter let me say I was ripe for conversion. I really wasn't doing very well going my own hard way.

"She was a shock when I first saw her. I don't know what I expected—but I had used the words 'chorus girl' for so long, that I wasn't prepared for the good, pleasant, and yes, intelligent woman I found. She *did* once dance in a chorus, but that was a long time ago—she is ten years older than I—and all I can say is, if this is the result, I wish I had danced in one too.

"But what first struck me was her grief at Father's death. I, his daughter, could feel how much more real it was than mine. She really loved him—theirs wasn't just an arrangemen., an affair, a marriage, they were in love. She made me understand all the things Father said that day we saw him, things which had been hardly more than words to me. You didn't know—but the reason she wasn't home from five till ten was because she worked as a hat-check girl to make enough money to keep them. They had nothing else— My dear, I never offered to do anything like that for you, did I?

"I had always thought of her, of course, as the Villainess, the Other Woman, but those designations don't fit the fact. I brought her home with me after the funeral, selfishly, because I couldn't stand being alone, but then after a day or two I couldn't let her go. This was not selfish for once. I did not want her to have to be in their apartment without Father.

"Strange what happens to you after both your parents die. Suddenly you are the older generation. There is not so much time left.

"What I realized through Alice—I can't exactly explain this—is that there is no reason to expend that time in ugliness and hate. *How* I regret the years of pleasure I might have spent with her and Father. Maybe I am wrong, maybe Father *had* to die for me to be able to realize it. In any case, I regret them, and so many other things, too.

"Alice refused at first when I told her I wanted her to come down here with me. I think she consented only when she realized she could do the same sort of good for me that she had for Father—Strange how the Delamar family has had to turn to this woman.

"I needed a balance—you remember what Father said?—but for passion. He was wrong, I did not have 'from somewhere' virtue. I hope you will not think me maudlin when I say that it appears to me that I had none. Believe me, I am not asking for sympathy, I am only taking a cold look at myself. I think it's about time.

"Alice—of course she does not know she is doing it, and would think me mad if I told her—is teaching me virtue. Not convention, virtue. I can't explain how. Maybe I can make you understand by indirection. My passion, you are well aware, must be redirected. So, I think I can learn to love if I can learn to be kind at the same time. Alice is kind.

"Oh, dear. I wonder if you have read this far? But I *am* so interested in what is happening to me.

"What about you? Is New York as wretched as the papers say? Are you working?

"Look here. We have a house, quite a big one. The beaches are magnificent, the fishing fine, and such food. Is there any chance you would like to come down and write here for a month or so? We can guarantee you quiet when you want it and enough fun.

"And oh, my dear, I would so like to try out my new self on you!

"Come?

"Yours,
"Em."

THE END

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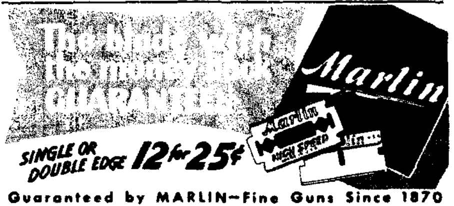

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HOLD FAST, MY LOVE

Continued from page 22

coil of nylon rope. There was about three hundred feet of it, yet it weighed hardly more than his own hundred-foot coil. His eyebrows raised in surprise.

"Not bad," he said. Then he came to the wicker-covered flasks of brandy. "I'm very sorry, old chap," he said, "but as Leader, I simply cannot permit you to carry this along."

"Leake," Harvey said, "how long have you been climbing mountains?"

"Fifteen years."

"The dogs of Saint Bernard," said Harvey, "have been climbing them for nearly a thousand years and they *always* carry brandy."

Elinor Holmby tittered and quickly put a hand over her lips. She stared at Harvey, puzzled. In his flannels and sweater, wearing that absurd floppy hat and standing beside all that utterly unorthodox junk, he should have seemed ridiculous to her, but instead he had somehow contrived to make Terry Leake, for all his lean romanticness, seem ridiculous. It bothered her.

She watched Harvey efficiently roll his blanket soldier-fashion, sling it around his shoulders, put on the lineman's belt and hang his meathooks, spikes and flasks from it. He laced on the boots, stood up and slung the rope over his shoulders. Then he threw out his chest, faced the mountain and held his right hand stretched toward the sky.

"Excelsior!" he shouted.

Elinor laughed. Leake frowned and said, "I say, Elinor, what's that mean? Is it funny?"

"At the moment," said Harvey, "no. It means 'Forever upward.' "

"Oh, I say!" cried Leake. "Not bad—not bad at all!" He too raised his right hand. "Excelsior!"

Then, with a long, rangy stride he walked to the first sharp rising cliff and began to climb. Elinor and Harvey followed him. When they reached the cliff it towered over them, a great jagged wall. Harvey took her hand, drew her to him and before she had a chance to protest, lightly kissed her.

"That's for goodby," he said.

She looked at him scornfully. She had not thought he would lose his nerve so easily. "So you're not going to climb up after all," she said slowly. "I'm sorry, Harvey—really sorry."

"Of course I'm going to climb up," he said. "That was goodby because I haven't the faintest idea that I'll ever get down again. Maybe if I drink enough brandy—"

There was a sound of stones falling all about them. They looked up in time to see Major Leake, surrounded by bits of shale and pebbles, come sliding down some twenty feet of the cliff in a cloud of red dust. He landed with a small thump, taking the jar on bent knees, rolled over backward like an acrobat and up onto his feet again.

"Slipped," he said, jovially. "Silly, what? Jolly good slide, though!"

"It was a pip," said Harvey. "I enjoyed watching it."

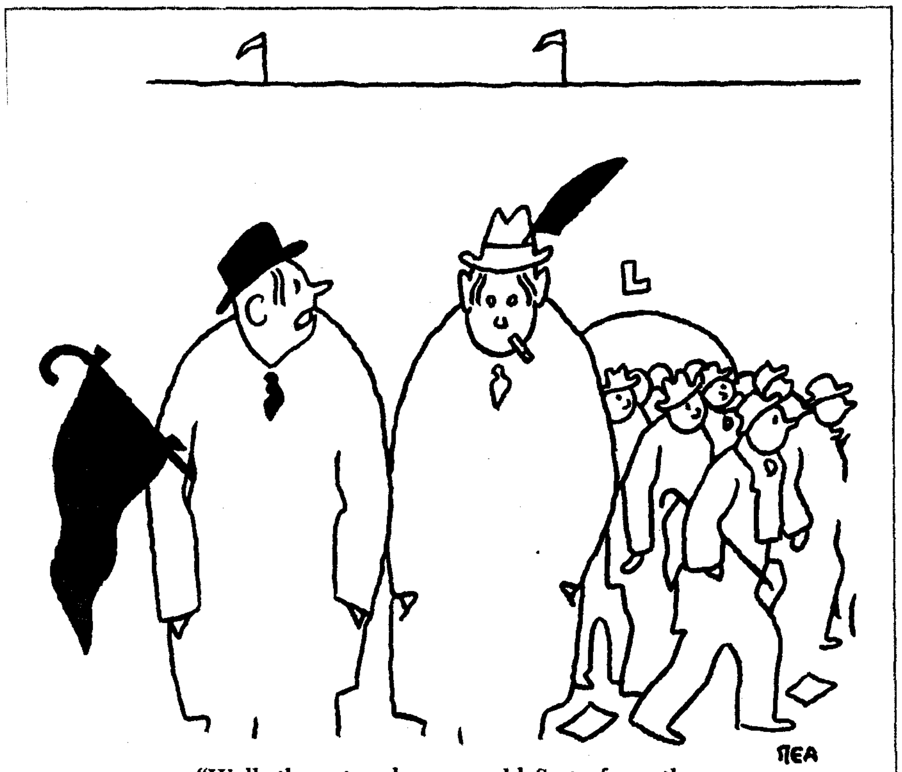
"It was rather fun, you know," said Leake. "I say, you chaps, rock's a bit shaly along here, for a beginner anyway. We'll rope up." He unslung his coil, left a length of about twenty feet between him and Elinor and fastened the rope to her belt, then repeated the operation with Harvey, and cried, "Excelsior!" and started up again.

He climbed now with a steady rhythm and grace, and with natural aptitude and skill. Elinor followed him. As the rope paid out, Harvey took a deep breath and, digging his spiked boots into the rock, leaned against the mountain and began to propel himself upward. At the end of ten minutes, he was breathing hard and his fingers ached and felt weak. Above him he could see Elinor's brown legs, in front of him the stone face of the mountain. That was the compass of his world because he dared not look down.

AN ETERNITY later, they reached the ledge, and Harvey breathed a prayer of thanks. The major had, he felt, grossly underrated this ledge. It was a full foot wide and it felt to Harvey like home and mother. Panting, he leaned against the mountain, his hands clinging to the meat-hook handles stuck into the rock above him.

"Rest!" ordered the major.

Nobody could possibly rest in a place like that with their hands stretched over their heads like men on the rack. Harvey put the scientific part of his brain to work and, a moment later had run a piece of his rope through his belt, then up through the hook handles and pulled it



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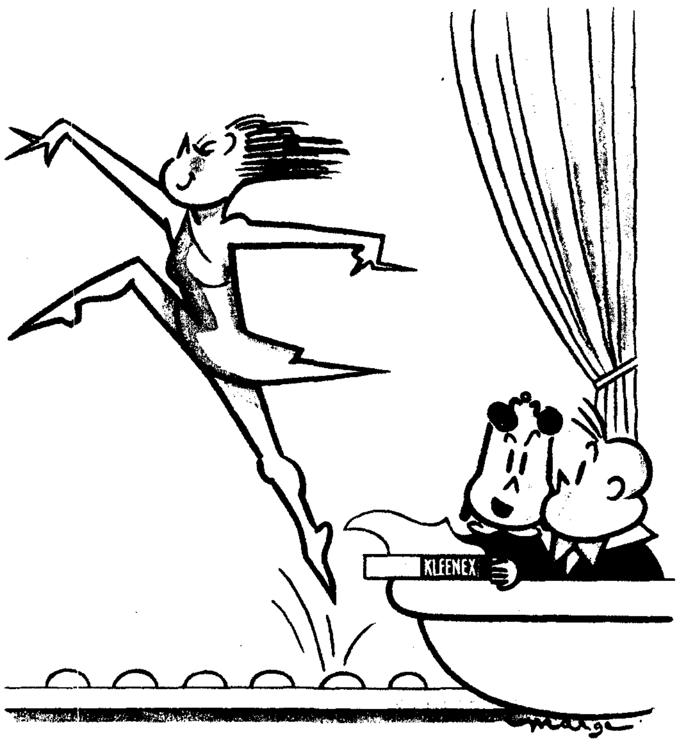

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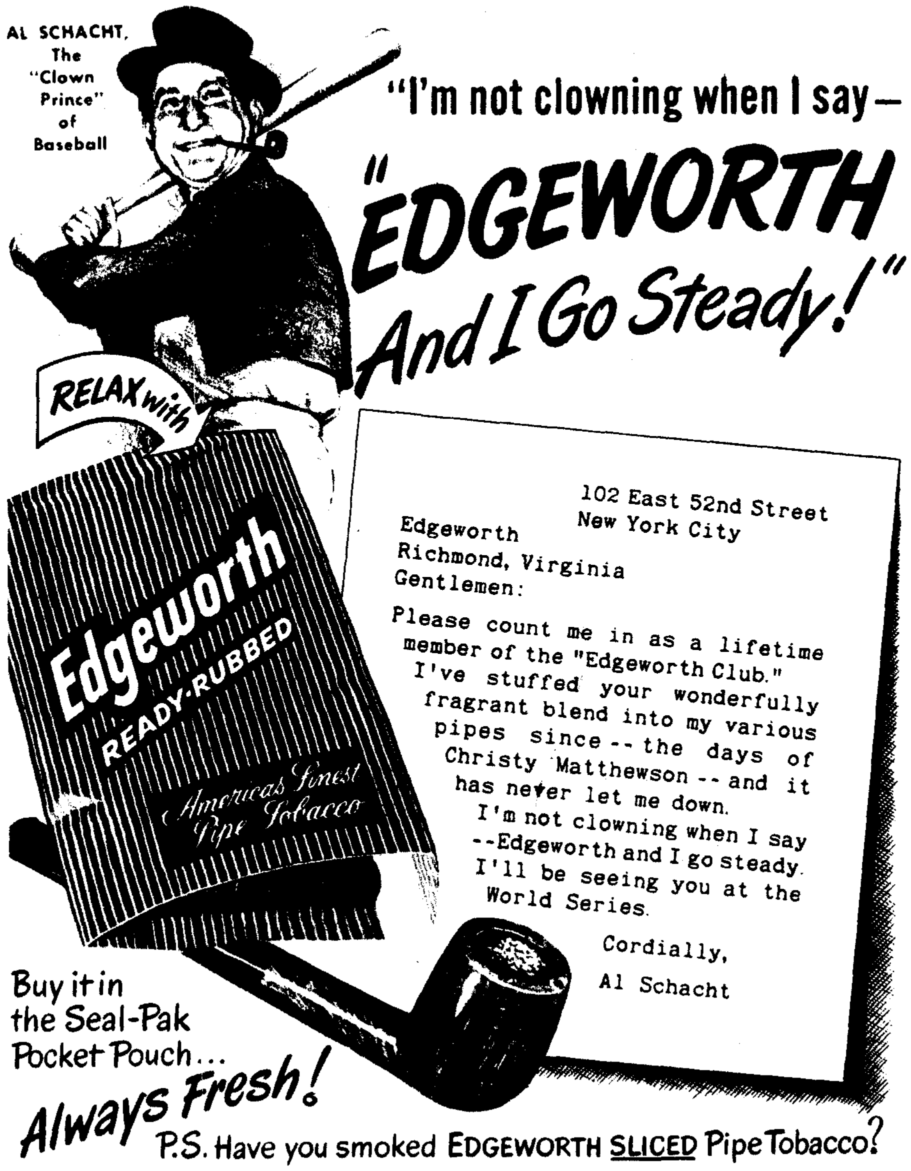
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tight. He was now, he felt, almost as snug as a window washer on the eightieth floor on a windy day. For the first time, he looked down. Then he promptly fainted, his head flopping against the face of the mountain, his body sagging outward against his lineman's belt.

"My word!" said Leake. "Look at him!"

When Elinor saw Harvey Jones apparently sitting on some seven hundred feet of space, her stomach turned over and her heart began to pound.

She was hideously conscious of the fact that if those meat-hooks broke loose, there would be no Harvey. With an ache, she realized for the first time that a world without Harvey would be quite unbearable.

"You know," said Leake with awe, "there is such a thing as having too jolly *much* nerve! Never in my life heard of a chap calm enough to hook himself to the face of an escarpment and take a nap. Gives me chills. Hi, *Jones!*"

"Hush," cried Elinor. "We mustn't startle him—like with sleepwalkers, we must wake him gently."

Elinor moved along the ledge beside Harvey, reached out a hand and gingerly ran it over the back of his head under the absurd hat. Presently Harvey stirred, started to straighten, sagged again. Then with his eyes still closed he groped at his belt until he found a flask, unhooked it, screwed off the cap and placed it between his lips.

"My word!" said Leake again who had slid up beside Elinor. "Drinks in his sleep! What a chap!"

Harvey waited until the brandy took hold, then opened his eyes and smiled.

"Harvey!" cried Elinor. "Will you please pull yourself back up out of space this instant? And will you please not fall asleep again? You've terrified both of us!"

Harvey's smile broadened. He realized he was competing well—and he would never have to admit that he had fainted.

"It's all very well for you," said Leake "Apparently *you* don't have nerves—but if you fall, *I* fall. We're roped together you know, old chap."

HARVEY pulled himself upright. "What about Elinor?" he said.

"Oh, *Elinor,*" said Leake as though just remembering her presence, "Why I suppose she'd fall too, naturally."

Harvey let his eyes meet Elinor's. He smiled and color flooded her face and she lowered her lashes.

"The reason you can't picture him helping with the dishes," said Harvey softly, "is not because he's a romantic adventurer. It's because on the maid's night out he'd have dinner at his club."

"I think," said Elinor, "that I hate you." She raised her voice. "Let's go on up, Terry."

She moved away along the ledge to where Major Leake was now hammering a *piton* into a small fissure. When it was secure he produced a *Karabiner*—a steel ring with a clip—and fastened it to the *piton* so he could loop his rope through it, pay it out as he moved and when the rope was used up, let go one end of it, pull it back, fasten a fresh *piton* in the wall and do the same thing over again.

The arrangement gave the comforting feeling of security—especially if you had three ounces of very expensive brandy relaxing you. Harvey nodded in approval and, feeling much better, followed the others as they worked their way around the face of the cliff, climbing steeply as the ledge itself climbed. As the brandy took a firmer hold he even dared look down again, but he quickly turned his eyes back upward. At the end of another half hour, the ledge suddenly widened to a depth of almost ten feet, and here the wall above them was no longer straight, but actually leaned out over them.

Harvey realized they must be just under the plateau at the top of the mountain that he had seen from the jeep. He walked to the inside of the ledge, sat down and took another drink. This time, Elinor joined him. Leake, standing facing outward chanced to turn his head just as she raised the flask.

"Put that down!" he ordered.

"Really, Terry!" said Elinor.

"As Leader, my orders *must* be obeyed—for the sake of all of us!" said Leake. He started toward Elinor, the spikes on his right boot caught in the rock as he moved, and his ankle turned under him. "Blast!" he muttered between clenched teeth. "That's torn it."

It had indeed torn it, for when he took off his boot his ankle was already swollen to twice its normal size. It was going to be some weeks before Major Leake would walk another step.

"I suppose," Harvey said quietly, "that now it's going to be up to *me* to get us off this damned mountain."

No one answered him. "Do you know, Major," Harvey went on, "I'm almost ready to lose my temper. Myself, I'm just a sucker, but Elinor Holmby happens to be a nice girl and *I* think you've got sort of a hell of a nerve getting her into a spot like this."

ELINOR leaped to her feet. "How dare you say *he* got me into a spot?" she said. "You'd think I'd never climbed a mountain before! Why, I've climbed every single worth-while peak in this country and three in Mexico! And *you* talk about getting *me* out of here! How dare you?"

Harvey was stunned. "I'm sorry," he said. "But you never told me."

"You never asked me," said Elinor. "Here, give me that blanket and those rations you've got wrapped up in it and those bottles of brandy." Mutely he handed them over. She covered Leake with the blanket, tucking it in all around him, put the brandy and the K-rations beside him. "I'll get help, Terry—by tonight, I hope. There's probably an easier ascent up to this plateau from the north. I'll have a rescue party come up that way and hoist you." She got to her feet. "By the way, you don't happen to have studied the rest of this climb on a *carte terrain,* have you?"

Terry Leake smiled wanly and shook his head. "No," he said. "On a small mountain like this I always think it's so much more fun to take it blind just as it comes. I don't even know if there is a way up from here or anywhere else nor what's on the plateau when you get there."

"That makes it much more fun," said Harvey.

Elinor gave him a sharp look. Then, savagely, she drove a ring spike into a crack, picked up the end of her rope and ran it through the ring. Harvey got to his feet.

"I think, Major," he said, "it would be simplest to fasten the end of *my* rope around your shoulders."

"Good Lord, no!" said the major. "Fasten it to the spike."

Harvey smiled. "I mean," he said, "it's a hell of a long rope and if we do get up and you're hooked, why we can hike you up without coming down for you."

"Let's go," said Elinor.

She stepped out onto the narrow part of the ledge, steadying herself with fingerholds. Harvey got out his meat-hooks and in angry silence they moved off into the afternoon sunlight. In a few minutes Elinor paused and when Harvey came alongside her, pointed. Just beyond them the ledge dwindled to nothing and the cliff wall, both up and down, was sheer and smooth. She looked up.

"Not even a fly could make that," she said. "It's a pity. The plateau is only about forty feet above us. Now we'll have to go all the way down the way we came. And—" Harvey heard her voice quaver and suddenly, standing there on that tiny ledge against the vastness of the mountain she looked infinitely small and helpless. "And I've never made a really dangerous descent like that without professional guides. I don't know if I—"

"Look," said Harvey. "Even if you could get down without experts *I* couldn't get down without a parachute."

"But what else can we do? We can't stay here—we'll have to go down."

"Come back where it's wide," he said presently. "So I can think."

Grimly, taking the lead, he inched his way back to where the major lay sleeping now, cozily wrapped in the blanket and brandy fumes. They sat down. For perhaps five minutes there was silence between them. Then Harvey stood up and unlimbered his rope.

"The hell with it," he said. "I'm tired of fooling around. I'm going up."

"But, Harvey—you can't—nobody could and you aren't even a mountain climber!"

"No," he said. "I'm an engineer. And this is an engineering problem." He took fifty feet of the rope and tied it on the spike ring. Then he fastened one of his meathooks to the free end. "If I get up," he said, "untie that and tie it around yourself and I'll haul you up. If I fall, haul the body back here if you can. If you can't, cut the rope, but don't let me know before you do it."

"Yes," said Elinor in a small voice. "What are you doing now?"

He had taken off his wide-brimmed hat and was fastening it to the spike of the hook.

"Making a sail," he said. "This nylon line's very light and the wind's coming right at us."

With that he walked to the edge of the ledge, seized the part of the rope made fast to the spike with one hand and leaned forward. Then he threw the other coiled end high into the air. It snaked out of his hand and, as the wind caught it, blew in and over the top of the overhang. He stepped back and began to pull gently, and presently the rope grew taut. He pulled harder. It held and then, giving himself no time to think, he swung out over the solid earth a thousand feet below him and began climbing hand over hand toward the top of the overhang.

When he reached it, he thought the rope had given way and he had fallen, because strong hands seized his wrists and he found himself looking into the face of the jeep driver. He walked well away from the rim and sat down. Incredibly the jeep driver's jeep was there too. He looked up at the man in wonder.

"How did *you* get here?"

"Drove," said the man. "I always drive up the trail on the north side to ride folks down. They always come up the west side. Nice picnic it is—more of a hike than a proper climb." Suddenly he looked sharply at Harvey. "Say, how did *you* get here? This south side's unscalable, don't you know that?"

"Yes," said Harvey. "I certainly do." He shook his head, to shake out the memory of those awful seconds on the rope. "By the way, yell down and tell the girl waiting there to be sure and bring the brandy when you haul her up."

"Unscalable," said the driver. But he went back to the edge of the cliff.

HARVEY watched him lie down and start shouting to Elinor and suddenly a wave of great sadness came over him. Elinor Holmby was sunrise and sunset to him. She was all there was of beauty and, as he had started up the rope there had been a look in the gray pussy-willow eyes that had told him he had at last reached the unapproachable place where they dwelt. She would marry him. He knew that, but, as he thought about it now, he saw ahead of him an endless and dreadful vista of mountains all over the world waiting for her to climb them—with him—so he and she could share their pleasures together. No, he thought, no man could love a woman that much—and yet—

Then she was on her knees beside him and tears were flowing from the pussy-willow eyes, and she was clinging to him.

"Elinor," he said. "About this getting married— Of course, you know how much I love you. I was just thinking—"

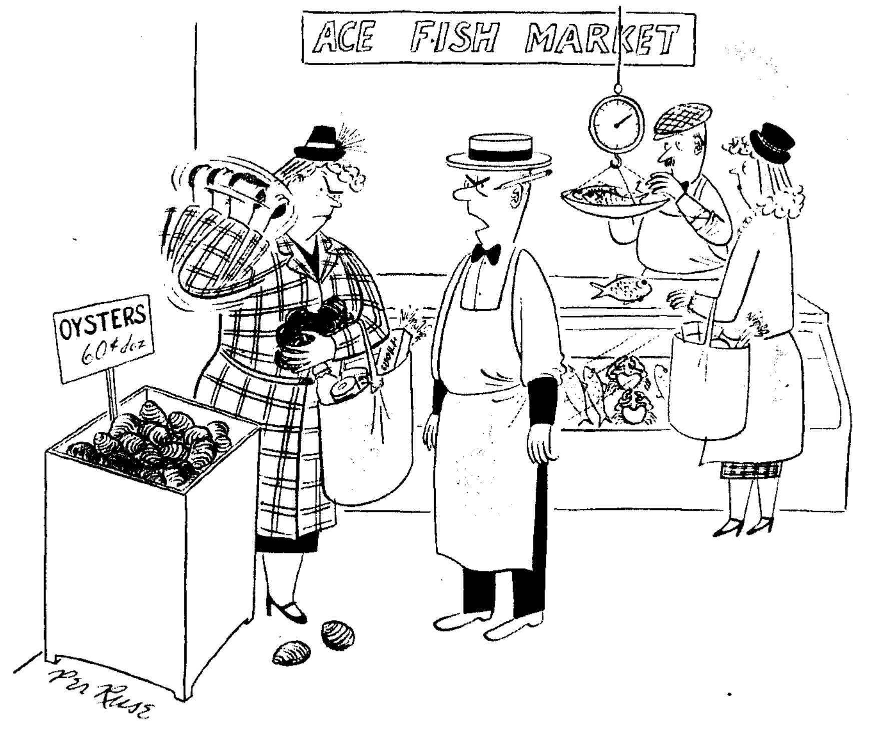
"Of course *you* know how much I love *you*," she interrupted him. "I found that out today and of course I'll marry you. But on one condition."

"On one condition?"

"I simply cannot go through watching you take the kind of chances you do again. I'll marry you on the condition that you'll solemnly promise me never to climb another mountain."

Harvey smiled. "Well, I don't know," he said. "Now that I've sort of got the hang of it, I—" He broke off. One could tempt fate just so far. "Well, all right," he said. "I promise."

THE END



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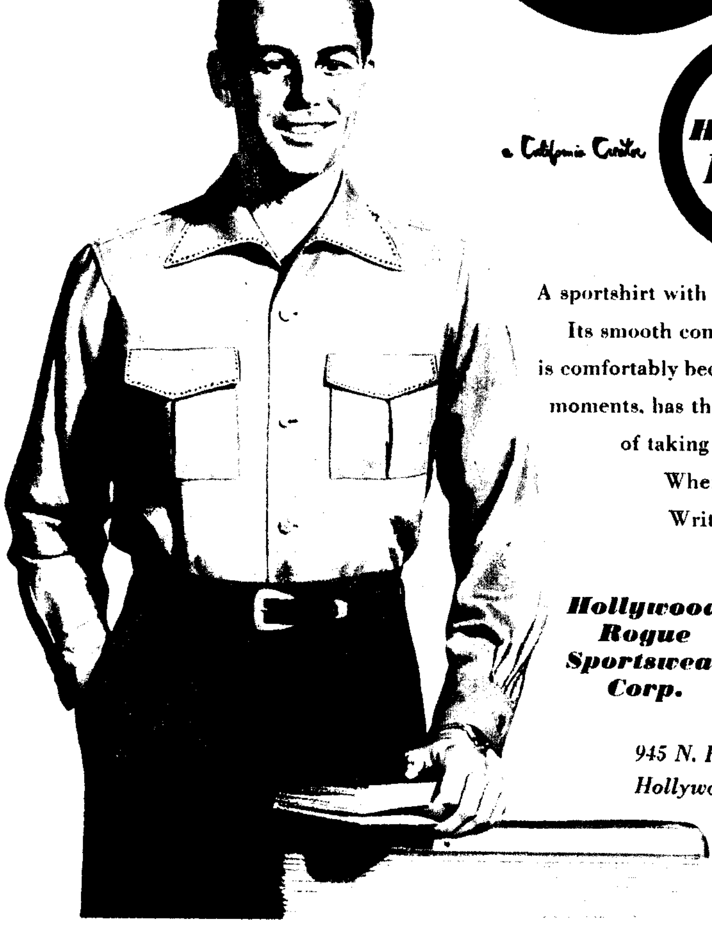

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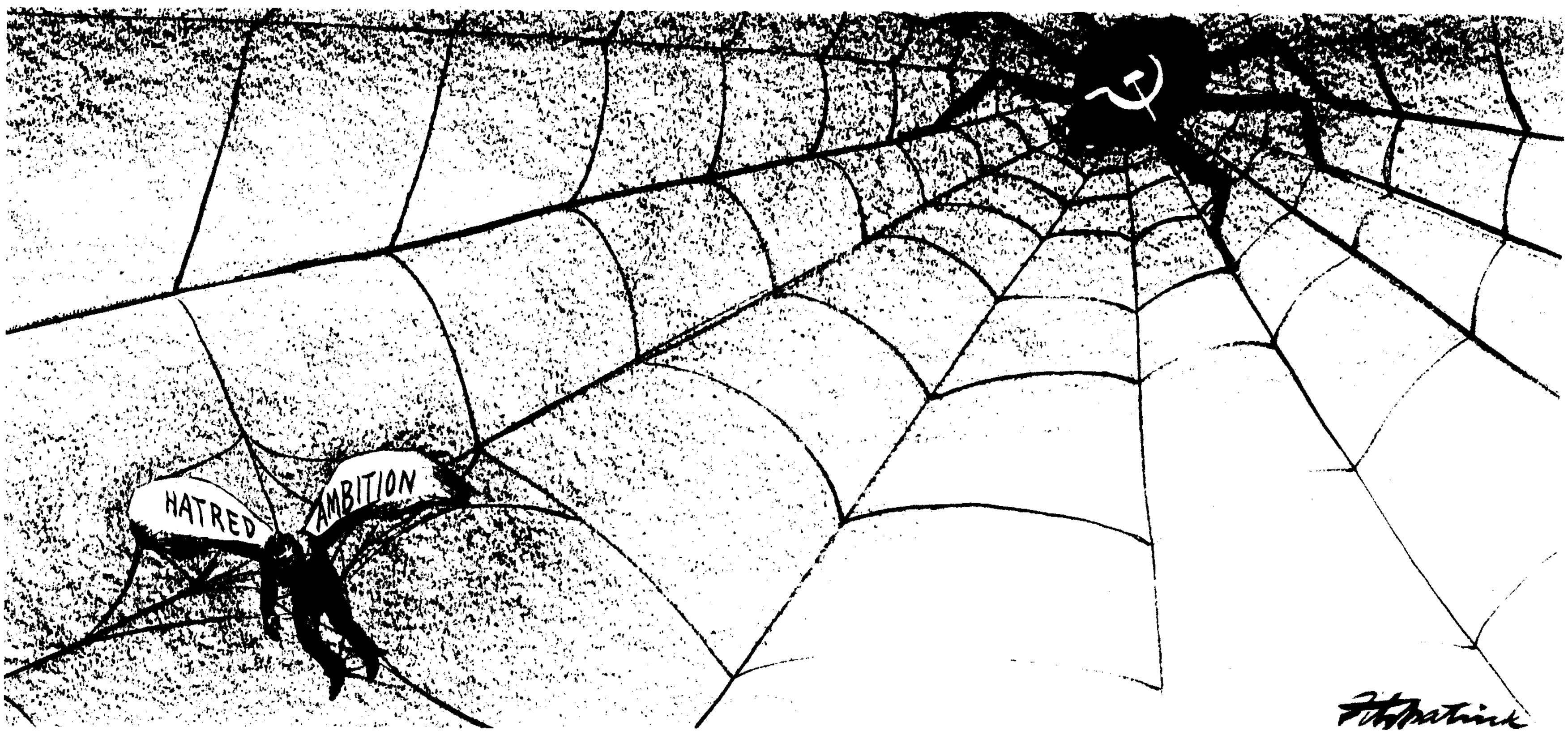

Collier's believes...

HENRY WALLACE is the voice of Russia

NO ONE WOULD have guessed a few years ago that by 1948 Henry Agard Wallace would have become the Russian-endorsed candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Few would have guessed that there would be a Russian candidate. Fewer still that Henry Wallace would be cast for the role.

A curious situation has developed. Not since George Washington was President and Citizen Genêt presumed to put French interests in the Revolutionary War above what President Washington regarded as American interests has any foreign power been so deeply involved in American affairs. The opposition between American ideas and Russian Communist doctrines, however, has become the principal cleavage in the world today.

In contrast to Russia, the United States is definitely the home of the free and the chief hope of all other people who aspire to remain free or to win freedom. Consequently, the issues being argued during this Presidential campaign are actually a world debate that is of concern everywhere. Henry Wallace, born sixty years ago this October 7th, has somehow come to be the Russian spokesman in this struggle.

Of the fact that Henry Wallace is the voice of Russia there can be little doubt. Communists claim him as their hope, and not without reason. Again and again he has made Russian opinions his own without even understanding the meaning of the words he used. His attack on Bernard M. Baruch and the Atomic Energy Commission was merely one example in a long record. In the atomic-bomb discussion Henry Wallace first agreed to correct misstatements he had made concerning the Baruch report and later refused to do so on the ground that the man who had written his (Wallace's) comment was in Europe and could not be reached. On many other occasions both in what he said and in what he refrained from saying Henry Wallace acted as a puppet for the Communists.

The Philadelphia convention that nominated him for the Presidency was manipulated by known Communists. Wallace himself frankly admitted that he would accept the support of the Communists. Not everybody who votes for Wallace in November will be a Communist, but up to now his campaign has been directed along Communist lines.

This is indeed a strange development. Henry Wallace's father was Secretary of Agriculture in the Republican Cabinet of Warren Gamaliel Harding. Henry Wallace was born in Iowa, in rich country. He inherited a prosperous publishing business from his father. He was a lively editor in his own right. When he went to Washington in 1933, he was backed by Republicans as well as by Democrats.

Somewhere along the line Henry Wallace strayed from the common sense that is so abundantly distributed in Iowa. First he picked up with curious economic doctrines such as creating artificial scarcities, killing little pigs and what not, as a way of producing abundance and prosperity for the multitudes.

Then he fell into the habit of hating political opponents and rivals. Hate does not wear well, and soon by virtue of his hatreds and doubtless of his ambitions, Henry Wallace had shed his old friends and associates. By the time he finished his one term as Vice President he was the loneliest man in the Senate side of the Capitol.

Then came the disappointment of not being renominated as Vice-President and the feud with Harry S. Truman, senator, Vice-President and President. To oppose President Truman, Henry Wallace has had to oppose the American foreign policy approved both by Democrats and Republicans.

Henry Wallace became the spokesman of Russia because Harry S. Truman and Thomas E. Dewey united in expressing and in upholding a bi-partisan foreign policy which happens to be in the great American tradition.

It is tragic that a once so promising American should permit himself to be the spokesman of Russian Communist imperialism at such a time in world history. Henry Wallace is paying the heavy price of hatred and unrestrained ambition.

He will poll a considerable vote in November. Some experienced observers think he may get as many as 7,000,000 votes. But he will neither defeat Mr. Truman nor elect himself. If President Truman is not elected Henry Wallace will not have caused his defeat.

Meanwhile, Henry Wallace will have destroyed the remnants of faith in him and friendship for him that have survived from his simpler Iowa days. It is a dreadful thing to earn the contempt of a majority of one's fellow citizens. Henry Wallace is doing that by failing to think and speak and act as an American in a time of national and of world crisis. . . . W. L. C.

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